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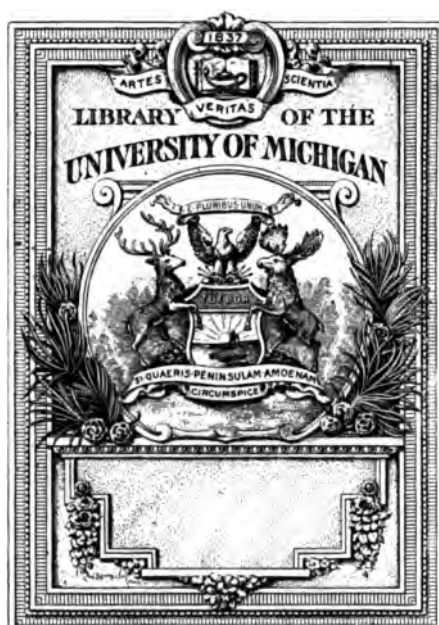
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXVII

MARCH, 1908—AUGUST, 1908

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE AND 35TH STREET

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MARCH, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The humour of school and college examinations is perennial. The latest specimen that has come to us was contributed by one of the high schools in this city, where a girl in the department of history was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper when turned in was found to contain the following sentence: "Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food." The teacher who conducted these examinations was puzzled to know just whence this particular information had percolated into the girl's mind. So, calling her up, she asked the question.

"Why," was the ready answer, "that's just what it says in the history."

The book was sent for, and the passage examined. It was found to read: "Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."

✱

We notice that a number of ex-Confederate soldiers and also a number of influential Southern journals, such as the *Richmond News Letter*, have expressed their regret that a monument should have been erected by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy to the memory of Captain Henry Wirz. Wirz was a Swiss mercenary soldier, not even naturalised in the Southern Confederacy. He, with John H. Winder, was in charge of the prison-pens at Andersonville,

**The
Wirz
Monument**

Georgia, in which some fifty thousand Union captives were confined from February, 1864, until the approach of Sherman's army on its way northward. Wirz was tried with every due formality. He was found to have been guilty of the most brutal conduct toward his prisoners, and he was very properly hanged. Had Winder not died a natural death, he, too, would have been hanged, for he was even worse than Wirz—not merely because he was the principal official in command at Andersonville, but because, besides being cruel and malignant, he was a common thief who robbed his prisoners and refused to let them receive the stores which were sent them from the North. We are glad that many ex-Confederates have protested against perpetuating the recollection of Wirz; but we were already quite sure that no Southern man—at least no Southern man who bore arms for the Lost Cause—would have sanctioned the erection of a monument to a common malefactor. Of the fifty thousand prisoners under Wirz's care, fully a third died in the dreadful, loathsome pens where they were huddled together. The charge against Wirz is not that he gave them insufficient food. At a time when General Lee's own soldiers were nearly starving, it was evident enough that abundant food could not be furnished to captive enemies. But Wirz had it in his power at least to allow his victims the enjoyment of fresh air and pure water. Instead of this he huddled them together under conditions of indescribable filthiness, caused the



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, MRS. OPPENHEIM AND MISS OPPENHEIM AT THEIR HOME IN
SHERINGHAM, ENGLAND

brook which ran through the prison yard to be polluted, and when he saw the wretched skeletons with hair and beards matted with ordure and dying by the hundreds every week, he gloated over their misery, and declared: "I am killing more Yankees here than Lee is killing at the front."

We commend these facts to the

Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy, and we would remind them of something else that is a matter of record. So dreadful was the condition of the Union prisoners in 1864, that a distinguished Georgian, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, wrote to another well-known Georgian, General Howell Cobb, urging that the prisoners be released and sent North under a strict



THE SKIPPER'S WOOLING

From the London Sketch

parole, since to keep them in Andersonville was infamous. To this suggestion General Cobb himself partially assented. This, then, represents the opinion of humane and honourable men who were Southerners and Georgians. When the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy have unveiled their monument, it will not be a memorial to Wirz, but rather a lasting proof of the vindictiveness, the narrow-mindedness, and the ignorance of which some women are capable. As a matter of fact, we do not for a moment suppose that the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy care anything for Wirz. They have singled him out because they know that his name is loathed and hated all through the North, and they wish to gratify an undying feeling of resentment. When they hear what Northern men and women say about them, they will be delighted; for they will have done just what they meant to do—that is, to touch us on the raw. Nevertheless, we

may venture to point out to them that they have made a serious mistake in choosing Wirz as an excuse for reviving bitter feelings. There is another man connected with the story of the Civil War who is far more hated at the North than Wirz. His name, in fact, is never spoken of except with execration. We are surprised that the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy should have overlooked him, and that they should not have reared a still more lofty monument to him. His name is John Wilkes Booth.

✻

Several months ago Mr. James L. Ford reviewed in these pages a book of short stories called *At the Actors' Boarding House*, by Miss Helen Green. Mr. Ford very justly praised the book; and yet somehow we feel that he did not praise it quite enough; and therefore we are



ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS.

Author of *Clementina's Highwayman*



HELEN GREEN

going to say a little more about it. We do not find fault with any one who, after carelessly turning over its pages, throws it aside as being ephemeral and rather cheap. It is badly printed. Its stories are obviously dashed off to meet the requirements of the daily press. Some of them are obviously written merely to fill space. Nevertheless, when you read them carefully you will see that here is a writer who

has something new and fresh to tell, and who can give you a section of real life in the raw, from personal experience. If Miss Green would only take a little more time to compose, she would win, and she would deserve to win, a very large circle of readers. No one before has given us so realistic a picture of the existence which centres around Irving Place—the loves, the jealousies, the makeshifts, and



THE NEW HOME OF THE FRANKLIN INN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

THE BOOKMAN



ESA DE SAVALLO, MARQUESA DE ALPENS

of *The House of the Lost Court* is a Spanish man in whose veins there is English and n blood. She has a splendid old castle in ut spends much of her time in London. e goes about wearing a mantilla. It is said is very fond of American men, and if she means to marry an American husband.

ries of the vaudeville performers ke up a little world in themselves. s no adventitious literary colour sketches, and none is needed. ing is set down quite pitilessly. e Shine's boarding house is a sm which becomes just as real to e Maison Tellier, or the Pension . We come to know the blondies washing out their stockings wash-bowl, or fighting for first table where they are served with l eggs and "cawfy." We seem met the gentlemen who are g off" Mrs. De Shine for an board bill, and currying favour by petting her wheezy poodle, he slang in the book is something us, far surpassing anything which red the mind of Mr. George Ade, e of it is so professional as al-need a commentary. But there s here, and there is humour, and een has done for one section of rk what was done years ago for section by Messrs. Harrigan and

Hart, of whom Mr. Howells wrote with sympathetic appreciation. Why, indeed, should we read seriously the ballads of a Parisian such as Aristide Bruant and regard them as the last word of naturalistic poetry, and then neglect or flee at these stories by Miss Green, which are far more interesting and which omit the outrageousness and the blasphemy which make Bruant's verses unnecessarily execrable. We should like to have the appreciative reader turn to four stories in this book by Miss Green, and read them carefully. They are "Making the Prince into a Good Sport," "The Code of the Hills," "Mary Had to Have Her Broadway," "The Rival Landladies," and "A Woman of the Hills." After reading these, it will be impossible not to read the rest, and to make the acquaintance of Diamond Flossy, Emma the Slavey, Anabelle the telephone girl, and Allen and Allen.



When this book first appeared, very many of those who read it asserted that Helen Green was a pseudonym, and that the book must have been written by a man. No woman, they said, could have known so intimately the rough life of the Far West, the ways of swindlers, and the thousand and one details of a certain type of professional actor. Nevertheless, they were wrong. Miss Helen Green is a writer on the staff of the *Morning Telegraph*, with which she has been connected for more than three years. Her experiences, however, have been remarkably diversified. She began, when only fourteen, breeding horses in South America. After that, she went to the Canadian Klondike and took up gold mining. Later she worked an opal mine in northern Idaho, and spent a year or more in a mining camp in Nevada. In 1900, she travelled around the world, and finally settled in Colorado, where she bought a house with a bit of land, ten miles outside of Denver, where for several years she has spent her vacations. She is intending now to purchase a ranch in eastern Nevada. As a special writer for the *New York Herald*, she formed a large acquaintance with theatrical people, the results of which are to be seen in the



THE GATEWAY OF THE MARQUESA DE ALPENS'S ANCESTRAL HOME IN NORTHERN SPAIN

book which we have mentioned. Miss Green is now in her twenty-sixth year, and has compressed into a little more than two decades more experience and observation than usually belong to a dozen ordinary lives. If what she has written has not yet received serious notice, this is due to the timidity and conventional traditions of those persons who are usually called critics, but who confuse their own dulness of perception with "the dignity of literature."

✻

The announcement of a new novel by Frank Danby (Mrs. Frankau) is in itself always a matter of considerable interest, and in the case of *The Heart of a Child*, which is to appear some time this spring, there is, in addition, a story. The late Owen Hall, the author of *The Geisha*, *The Gaiety Girl*, *The Little Cherub*, *Floradora*, *The Silver Slipper*, *The Girl from Kay's* and many other popular musical comedies, was a brother of Mrs. Frankau. In the early part of last year

he fell in poor health, and although the illness was not regarded as serious, Mrs. Frankau suggested he should accompany her to Nauheim. They decided upon three weeks at Harrowgate, where the Nauheim treatment is carried on, as a preliminary, and in the first few days there planned to write a book together that should deal with the life of a Gaiety girl from the inside. In three days the plan of the story had been sketched out, and Mrs. Frankau credits her brother with doing the main part of this work. On the evening of the fifth day, in their rooms at Harrowgate, the two discussed with some little vehemence what should be the end of the heroine. Upon this point they differed entirely. Mr. Owen Hall thought that the Gaiety girl who married a peer, however virtuous and self-respecting she had been up to that point, would infallibly fall morally when she was exposed to the far greater temptations of a society life. Mrs. Frankau, on the other hand, argued that individual character and temperament would tell. They discussed the matter until midnight, when Mr. Owen Hall retired,

and Mrs. Frankau sat up and wrote a short synopsis of the end of the story as she saw it. In the morning Mr. Owen Hall was discovered by his valet dead in bed. An aneurism, unsuspected and undiagnosed, had burst.

it." It was not only that the end, about which they had debated, was difficult to arrive at, but the whole character and development of the story assumed a different aspect. As was the case with *Dr. Phillips* and *Pigs in Clover*, many of



FRANK DANBY

In the first spasm of shock and grief Mrs. Frankau abandoned the projected book. When, three months later, she was persuaded to take it up again, to use her own words, "she found it would not come in the way her brother had arranged

the characters of *The Heart of a Child* are drawn from life. Lady Dorothea, for instance, was a well-known figure in London society a few years ago. If she were not guilty actually of the crime attributed to her in the book, she has been

guilty of so many social misdemeanours that she deserves the fate that is meted out to her here. Colonel Forbes and the case in which he figured prominently revived an unforgotten scandal.



In some notes about Mrs. Frankau which appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* four or five years ago we spoke of her quarrel with George Moore, whose literary disciple she had been. In a short autobiography which she has recently written she makes no allusion to the quarrel, but gives George Moore the credit for the publication of *Dr. Phillips*, her first success. The book was written by Mrs. Frankau to amuse her husband. He had broken his leg and was suffering from the tedium of a long convalescence. She wrote the chapters in the afternoon when he was resting, and read them to him in the evenings when they were alone. All the characters were drawn from life. It was her amusement to see him recognise them under their different aspects and in the new circumstances that she invented for them. About this time George Moore was in the habit of visiting the Frankaus occasionally. He was then engaged in writing *A Drama in Muslin*. He is a very conscientious worker, keen for the "human document." One of his heroines had to write a letter to a friend with a certain confession in it. The words she would use, and the exact way she would express herself, puzzled and escaped him. Mrs. Frankau wrote such a letter as she thought he wanted and sent it to him. In his enthusiastic acknowledgment he added a postscript: "I am sure you could write a novel; why don't you?" This led her to show him the first few chapters of *Dr. Phillips*, and it was he who took it to the publisher. The book was very widely reviewed and had a tremendous sale. It ran through seven English editions in a few months, and over one hundred thousand copies were sold in America. Mrs. Frankau received altogether £25 for it, having sold the book outright.



Probably none of Mrs. Frankau's characters has left a stronger impression on readers than Louis Althaus, the "veneered

cad in a golden frame" of *Pigs in Clover*. In her autobiography Mrs. Frankau tells us something of the original of this character. It was after she had lost interest in the "Independent Theatre," the first of all London society's form for the improvement of the drama, that she made the acquaintance of a brilliant violinist, and wasted a year or two trying to discover the secret of his curious existence. He was quite an extraordinary personality. To use Mrs. Frankau's words, "he had, so to speak, the finest ear and the crudest eye of any one I ever met. He lived supremely happy and self-content in quite impossible surroundings, spending innumerable hours before a looking-glass playing upon his little wood and catgut instrument, letting the pageant of life pass him unheeded. The good and evil in him, his superficial amiability and difficult, strange temper, his constantly asseverated love of money and passionate belief in its desirability, combined with his utter carelessness as to making or keeping it, made him psychologically the most interesting human study. I subsequently used him for Louis in *Pigs in Clover*, although he was quite incapable of Louis's crime and is really generous and completely honest. He sat, as it were, for the head; the figure was obtained elsewhere. But from the time I met him I supposed another novel was inevitable. Following quite consciously in George Moore's footsteps, I, too, have always felt the necessity for a human model from which to paint."



No matter what the exact truth is about the present condition of the London *Times*, whether the recent announcement that Sir Arthur Pearson had become the master of its destinies was premature or otherwise an indiscretion, the situation in regard to that famous newspaper is unquestionably one that would shock the Briton of 1860, or thereabouts, if he were to confront it, almost as much as if he were to return to find a British Republic or to witness the realisation of the battle of Dorking. For from the first decade of the nineteenth century until the

**The Story
of the
London
"Times"**

later eighties the *Times* was not a newspaper in the accepted sense so much as it was a national institution. Bulwer-Lytton said that if he desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of British civilisation, he would prefer not England's docks, nor her railways, nor her public buildings, nor even the palace in which she held her sittings, but a file of the *Times*. In Bulwer's novels, in Dickens's, in Thackeray's, the *Times* appears in the light of an integral part of the English social system. Any other newspaper might be regarded as an individual business enterprise, the exploitation of which in a work of fiction would be as much out of place as suspiciously generous allusions to the establishment of some eminent Bond Street bookmaker. But to write about the *Times* was like speaking of the Royal Family, or the House of Lords, or the Tower. Heroes and heroines of social position were ushered into the world and out again through the medium of its columns. In hours when he should have been more diligently employed Mr. Arthur Pendennis dawdled over it in his chambers in the Temple; it changed the course of events by bringing to Newcome the news of the death of Lady Kew; it was a substantial part of the Lares and Penates set up by the Bayneses, the Bunches, and the MacWhirters during their months of exile in Continental cities. *Punch* summed up the national attitude in the skit on the British tourist who found himself being overcharged and threatened: "*Je paye, but je write to the Times.*" Nor was this remarkable prestige entirely lost even after the publication of the fraudulent Parnell letters. It is not so many years ago that the story was current that Mr. W. W. Astor was ambitious to control the "Thunderer."

"How much money will it take to buy the *Times*?" he is said to have asked.

"Sir," replied the Mr. Walter then reigning, "enough money for that purpose has never been coined."

■

The history of the London *Times* has been the history of a family, and whatever may have been the political condition of England at a certain period or whoever

may have been the editor in charge, even when that editor was a Barnes or a De-lane, its story will be divided into the reigns of John Walter the First, John Walter the Second, John Walter the Third, and Arthur Walter. In 1784 the first Walter, who had been a merchant and publisher by turns, and who, as an underwriter, had been ruined by the capture of an English fleet by a French squadron, purchased Printing House Square. After an unsuccessful attempt to print books by means of type representing monosyllables and short words instead of letters, he turned his attention to journalism and in January, 1785, issued the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*. Three years later the name of the paper was changed to the *Times*. The first few years of the paper's existence gave but little promise of its future prosperity and greatness. As a result of his telling the truth about the powerful Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester, John Walter the First was put in the public pillory at Charing Cross and subjected to the horrors of Newgate Prison, whence after a period of sixteen months' confinement, he was released at the instance of the Prince of Wales. This John Walter died in 1812, but nine years before he had retired from the management of the paper to be succeeded by his son, then twenty-eight years of age. John Walter the Second was, in a measure, the pioneer of modern journalism. He kept a light cutter running to and fro across the Channel during the war with France, obtaining French newspapers from the local fishermen and supplying exclusive information at a time when French newspapers were contraband in England. The news of Mack's surrender at Ulm in 1805 was printed in the *Times* five days before the official information reached the government. The paper grew steadily in power. It could not be influenced and it came to be feared. In 1810 an attempt was made to curb its independence. No letters intended for it were permitted to go into England. Captains of all incoming ships were forced to surrender despatches addressed to the *Times*. The government did everything in its power to injure the paper, at the same time in-

timating to Mr. Walter that he could have his despatches delivered promptly as a matter of governmental favour. The *Times's* only response to this approach was to send out more special correspondents and to beat the official despatcher oftener than ever. The *Times* man, Henry Crabb Robinson, who went to Altona in 1807 and sent to the paper an account of the military operations along the Elbe, may be said to have originated the war correspondent's profession.



Two years after Waterloo, the editorship of the *Times* was assumed by Thomas Barnes, who remained in the chair until he was succeeded by John Delane in 1841. One of the striking chapters in the paper's history was the part it played in the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. The *Times* has never been a party organ, and during this crisis its expression was that of fearless, independent opinion. A year later Greville wrote of an article in the *Times* that it made "as much noise as the declaration of a powerful Minister, or a leader of the Opposition could do in either House of Parliament." During 1831 the *Times* had steadily resisted repeated attempts on the part of the Tories to enlist its influence. The Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister, was one of the last to hold out against recognising its growing power. When Greville, in 1834, urged him to seek the support of Barnes, the Duke admitted that he had made a mistake and added that he did not think the *Times* could be influenced. At another time he said: "The ——— might be played with, but not the *Times*; Barnes is the most powerful man in the country."



Great as were the influence and power of the *Times* in the earlier part of the century, the paper reached its apogee during the editorship of John Delane, which extended from 1841 to 1877. Among the great deeds of these years may be mentioned the *Times's* campaign during the railway mania of 1845; the paper's struggle with the French Government in the matter of the delivery of its

news from the East; its services in exposing inefficiency and corruption during the war in the Crimea; and its bringing about the downfall of the Aberdeen Ministry. In 1845, Guizot, Louis Philippe's Prime Minister, resenting the paper's hostile attitude toward the French Government, took measures to delay the delivery of *Times* despatches from the Punjab. In order to evade this delay, Mr. Walter organised a service which brought the news from India to England without once touching French territory. A messenger met the English mail packet at Suez, and as soon as the *Times* consignment was handed to him, he rode with it on a dromedary to Alexandria—a distance of nearly two hundred miles—thence sailing in an Austrian steamer to a port near Trieste, and making his way to London via Ostend and Dover. On October 31, 1845, Guizot, to his astonishment and humiliation, read in the columns of the *Times* news which only appeared later in the Paris journals.



At the outbreak of the Crimean War the *Times* sent William Howard Russell, afterward unpleasantly known in this country as "Bull Run Russell," to the front, and his letters had the effect of arousing all England to indignation over the condition of the troops. There was gross mismanagement and inefficiency in the commissariat, and the *Times* correspondence awakened the conscience of the British nation to the sufferings of the half-starved, ill-clad men of the rank and file of the army. "Howard's letters," wrote one historian, "were no mere catalogues of battles lost and won; they did not enumerate the dead and wounded in the soulless accents of statistics. They brought the actuality of the war in Russia—the whole story of pain and horror and despair—into the very heart of England. Nor was the value of these descriptions confined to their power of conveying to the public true impressions of what actually passed; for, besides possessing a talent for narration unmatched until then in the annals of English journalism, Russell was an acute and unsparing critic of military

operations. He met the indignation and exasperation of the Headquarters Staff at the audacity of his condemnations with an unflinching courage that was in complete accord with the traditions of the paper he represented. Delane himself, as well as Kinglake, went out to the Crimea, and while the historian was noting minutely the disposition of the troops in the battle of the Alma, the *Times* correspondent was writing his memorable account of that engagement seated at a plank placed by two sappers across a couple of barrels to serve as a table."

■

In his somewhat sensational *Memoirs*, M. de Blowitz gave an inside account of some of the great "beats" which augmented the *Times's* fame. De Blowitz's connection with the paper as Paris correspondent began in 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, and although the special privileges granted him by statesmen like Thiers were undoubtedly due rather to the position of the paper for which he wrote than to any great liking or admiration for the man himself, his sagacity as a journalist and his services to the *Times* and to the cause of European peace cannot with justice be questioned. There is no reason to doubt his accounts of the French War Scare of 1875 when Moltke had mapped out the plan of an immediate and unprovoked attack on France, of the rage of the Duc Decazes when he learned of England's secret purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and although there was a fishy ring to his story of how he secured his great "beat" on the Berlin Treaty of 1878, the fact remains that through his agency the *Times* was able to print the full text of the treaty two hours before it had been signed by the Congress of Ministers in Berlin.

■

A phase of the subject of vast interest is the peculiar organisation of the *Times*. It is understood that the various shareholders of the paper have drawn their profits from various departments; that to one has belonged the earnings of the "Birth and Death" column, to another the Dramatic Page, to another the Literary

Page, to another the Financial Page. In an article written about fifteen years ago for *McClure's* Mr. James Creelman enumerated the members of the *Times* staff; and its organisation is probably much the same to-day. First there is the Editor, who has absolute control, but who writes nothing himself. Chief among his assistants is the Foreign Editor, and then comes the Financial Editor. There are six permanent editorial writers, and five others "on call." In addition the editor at times employs famous experts to write on their specialties. Some idea of the handsome remuneration that a leader writer on the *Times* receives for his work is suggested by a passage in the biography of James Macdonell, Journalist. At the time Macdonell was not even on the regular staff, but merely contributed four or five leaders a week. Yet these, he said, assured him a handsome income. After the leader writers come the intermediate grades—the Colonial Editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the dramatic critic, and the geographical writer. In the legal department there are eighteen trained law reporters for the civil courts, seventeen for the police courts, and eight for the assizes. London is mapped out into nineteen districts and to each district a man is assigned to cover all news outside of the regular departments. Then there are the labour reporter, the golf reporter, the cricket reporter, the football reporter, and the special writers for fires and railway accidents. Finally in each of the six hundred and seventy electoral districts of Great Britain there is a *Times* representative.

■

A famous *Times* story, a story which suggests very strongly a certain chapter of George Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*, has to do with Lord Randolph Churchill when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Salisbury. Churchill had become dissatisfied with his chief, and on the night of December 22, 1886, he drove to the *Times* office and told Mr. Buckle, the editor, that he had decided to resign and was going to

give the *Times* the privilege of announcing his resignation exclusively in the morning.

"Your attitude will be friendly to me, of course?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Mr. Buckle.

"But for such a piece of news! Why, there is not another paper in England that would not be grateful."

"That is true. This news is very important, and will make a great sensation. But if you wish you can take it to some other paper and we shall not print a word of it. Only the *Times* cannot be bribed."

"At least," said Lord Randolph, "you will let me see to-night what you are going to say editorially."

"Not a word before it is printed," replied Mr. Buckle. Churchill was obliged to yield, and the next morning the *Times* printed the news of his action and an editorial censuring him for deserting his party leader.

While in a political sense the prestige of the *Times* was impaired by the publication of the Parnell letters, it maintained its dignity until it became involved, a few years ago, in the enterprises of Messrs. Hooper and Jackson in exploiting the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This work was generally regarded as being both inadequate and obsolete, and as having outlived its usefulness in America, and yet the *Times* undertook its sale and lent its great name and its resources to the task. That was bad enough, but with the formation of the *Times* Book Club the patience of the British public gave way altogether. The avowed object of the *Times* in organising the Book Club was to double its own circulation. When the English publishers, whose interests were vitally menaced by the venture, offered a stout opposition, the newspaper proclaimed itself the champion of cheap literature, printing figures to prove the publishers' rapacity. The struggle which followed has been exceedingly bitter and the result seems to be the thorough discomfiture of the *Times*. To it is unquestionably due the willingness of a number of the stockholders to agree to a sale of the prop-

erty. It is reported that the *Times*, under the new management believed to control it now, will break away entirely from any affiliations with the *Encyclopædia* and the Book Club.

An almost forgotten chapter in the life of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman had to do with his poem "The Diamond Wedding" and the events surrounding it. The poem appeared in 1859, when

Mr. Stedman, as a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, was working desperately hard at journalism in New York in order to support a young wife and infant child. The newspapers at the time were devoting a good deal of space to the extraordinary marriage of the beautiful Miss Bartlett, the daughter of a lieutenant in the United States Navy, to a Cuban by the name of Oviedo, who was very old and ugly, but also very rich. For his own amusement, and without the slightest idea of having it published, Stedman wrote a poem satirising the affair. A friend persuaded him to send it to the *New York Tribune*, where it was printed. The next morning Stedman literally awoke to find himself famous as the author of "The Diamond Wedding." The following extracts from the poem will indicate its nature:

But now, True Love, you're growing old—
Bought and sold, with silver and gold,

Like a house, or a horse and carriage.

Midnight talks,

Moonlight walks;

The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh,
The shadowy haunts with no one by,

I do not wish to disparage;

But every kiss

Has a price for its bliss,

In the modern code of marriage;

And the compact sweet

Is not complete

Till the high contracting parties meet

Before the altar of Mammon;

And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower

That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell
 How it befell
 (Since Jenkins has told the story
 Over and over again,
 In a style I cannot hope to attain,
 And covered himself with glory!)
 How it befell, one summer's day,
 The King of the Cubans strolled this way,—
 King January's his name, they say,
 And fell in love with the Princess May,
 The reigning belle of Manhattan;
 Nor how he began to smirk and sue,
 And dress as lovers who come to woo,
 Or as Max Maretzek and Jullien do,
 When they sit, full-bloomed, in the ladies'
 view,
 And flourish the wondrous baton.
 * * * * *

She stood such a fire of silks and laces,
 Jewels, and golden dressing cases,
 And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls,
 That every one of her dainty curls
 Brought the price of a hundred common
 girls;
 Folks thought the lass demented!
 But at last, a wonderful diamond ring,
 An infant Koh-i-noor, did the thing,
 And, sighing with love, or something the
 same,
 (What's in a name!)
 The Princess May consented.

On account of the sensation made by "The Diamond Wedding," Lieutenant Bartlett, the father of the bride, was furious, and sent Mr. Stedman a challenge to fight a duel. The young journalist replied with a prompt acceptance. The naval officer, however, finally backed out on the ground that Stedman's family was not socially the equal of his own. Many years later Stedman and Mrs. Oviedo, who had become a widow, met and became very good friends. The bride of "The Diamond Wedding" was herself of a literary turn of mind, and contributed to the magazines. Another strange circumstance connected with the affair was the fact that Lieutenant Bartlett met his death as the indirect result of a friendly action on the part of Stedman. During the war the officer went to Washington to obtain authority from the Navy Department to raise a thousand men as mariners as a basis for a naval brigade

for use in the Union Army. Stedman, who was then in confidential relations with the Government, introduced him to Secretary Cameron and Secretary Welles, and these heads of the War and Navy departments gave him the requested authority. He was put in charge of the Rip Raps at Fortress Monroe, where he met his death by falling off the battlements.

While as a general rule we are inclined to deplore the rashness of the author who, in order to secure the publication of a novel which is met with repeated rejection, himself turns publisher, there have been a number of notable exceptions. Among these there is the case of Mr. Archibald Marshall, whose *Exton Manor*, which has been so successful in England, is about to appear in this country. In 1901 Mr. Marshall wrote *The House of Merrilees*. For two years the book went the round of the publishers. It was rewritten in 1904 and began to go the round again. Finally Mr. Marshall and two others founded in 1905 the publishing house of Alston Rivers. *The House of Merrilees* was the first book issued by the new firm. It had a very wide success.

Mr. Marshall is a Cambridge man, and his name is another in that long literary list by which Cambridge has so far outstripped her great rival, Oxford. Mr. Marshall's college at the University was Trinity—the college of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Macaulay. In the same "Great Court" in which the young undergraduate had his rooms were the rooms in which Thackeray lived, and Marshall tells of how he used to pass them and wish that he might follow in the great satirist's footsteps. He has always retained a great affection for Cambridge, and his first book, *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*, published in 1899, has been described as the Cambridge *Verdant Green*.

After leaving the University Mr. Marshall went into business, but soon found

that he had no aptitude for it. He spent a year in Australia and returned to England by way of the United States, where four of his father's brothers and one sister had settled years before. While in this country he stayed chiefly in Minneapolis. In 1897 he came to America again with R. C. Lehmann, when Mr. Lehmann was here for the purpose of coaching the Harvard University crew. At one time Mr. Marshall intended to take orders in the Church of England, but eventually settled down to write. In 1902 he was married and went to live at Beaulieu in the New Forest, the "Exton" of *Exton Manor*. In the summer-time he lives in a transmogrified group of coastguard cottages on the coast between Rye and Winchelsea. Henry James is a near neighbour.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been saying things about the American novelists of the present time.

**Literary
Tyranny**

Their sad condition arouses in her a combination of pity, indignation and contempt. She

writes:

A certain arbitrary school of writers here has erected a narrow, conventional standard, a hard-and-fast rule to which the would-be author, with a message all his own, is bound as to some Procrustean bed, whose painful limitations are repressive of genius, and bring all who come within its influence to one dead level of sameness, of mediocrity, of hopelessly middle-class effort.

We thought that we knew something about what is going on among American writers to-day, but we must confess that it would trouble us to track down to its lair this "arbitrary school of writers," who, according to Mrs. Atherton, deprive our geniuses of "virility, originality, elemental fire." Somehow or other we cannot see that Mr. Jack London, for example, is being molested by anybody's "secret tyranny," or that he is lacking in elemental fire. And, so far as we have observed, the two Toms—whose last names are respectively Dixon and Lawson—are not wriggling helplessly in a Procrustean bed. And as for the public at large, it seems to purchase with great cheerfulness

the books of Mr. Tarkington and of Mrs. Atherton herself. Can it be that Mrs. Atherton has what some persons call a "grouch"? Or is the main difficulty, perhaps, to be found in the fact that most would-be authors have no "message of their own" at all, and that they are simply writing to fill space? We are pretty sure that genius, like love, will find the way, in spite of any of these secret tyrants—tyrants, so very secret, that it would doubtless trouble Mrs. Atherton to name them.

■

Professor Thomas Day Seymour, who died recently, had been Hillhouse Pro-

**The Late
Professor
Seymour**

fessor of Greek at Yale for many years. Those who read the notice of his death must have been surprised to learn that

he was still under sixty, for he was one of those men who early take on the external appearance of age. Professor Seymour belonged to that diminishing band of Hellenists who mingle ripe culture with an impressive erudition. Benignant and kindly in bearing, he was a conspicuous figure among American classical scholars and was rarely absent from any gathering of philologists. He had no whims or fads—unless one may so style his consistent vegetarianism—and his good sense was felt in the conduct of those learned societies of which he was an influential member. He will be most distinctly associated with his long-continued and sympathetic interpretation of Homer, whose poems he loved, and concerning whom his last and most valuable book was written.

■

The Simple Spellers have just issued another list—a small one of seventy-two words—which shows how they would like to have others spell. It

**The
Lost
Legion**

is rather a good thing that they should issue this list just now, because they were in

danger of being forgotten entirely. A few more months, and nobody would be able to say precisely what the Simplified Spelling Board was—whether it was a

body of human beings or some kind of an abacus. So this list is like a long whining wail coming out of some remote pit. Few of us will pay any attention to the list, but we are mildly interested to know that the Simple Spellers are still alive. In the statement which they have sent out along with their new manifesto, they remark that their previous list has been adopted by twenty thousand persons. We never gave the Simple Spellers credit for a great deal of modesty; but we must confess that they have now understated their own case. We are sure that the number of illiterate and ignorant people in the country must be more than twenty thousand. We shouldn't be at all surprised if an educational census were to reveal the fact that a million Americans had been spelling in the simple way even before this new list came out. The untutored million were probably writing about "tooth-ake," and "egs," and "sissors," and "tungs," and they will go on doing this, not because of the Simple Spellers, of whom they have never heard, but because they do not know any better and have never received more than an elementary district school education of about two winter terms.

The death of Edward Alexander MacDowell at the age of forty-six has removed the foremost of American composers and one of the most original musicians of our time. The mental malady which came upon him three years ago had put a definite end to his career; so that in one sense the world had lost him even before his final illness. The catastrophe occurred not very long after he had resigned the chair of music in Columbia University; and there are some who honestly believe that the circumstances attending his resignation had some share in unbalancing his mind. It is only right that the facts should be explained quite accurately and fully; since those who loved MacDowell and admire his rare genius ought not to feel the additional distress which comes from a misapprehension of the truth.

The letter which Professor MacDowell wrote at the time of his resignation on January 18, 1904, has been widely circulated in the press. In it there occur the following sentences:

The research professorship offered me by the President [Dr. Butler] consisted of my lending to Columbia the use of my name, with no duties, and with no salary. I immediately refused it, as I was unwilling to associate my name with a policy I could not approve of.

My department has been pecuniarily very successful and has given a large profit to the University over and above expenses.

Many of those who read these sentences must have believed that Columbia University had sought to enjoy the prestige of Professor MacDowell's reputation without rendering him anything more than a titular equivalent, and this, in spite of the alleged fact that the Department of Music had added greatly to the resources of Columbia. In other words, it has been privately asserted by certain of the musician's friends that he was treated with something less than the consideration due to so eminent an artist. The truth is that when Professor MacDowell wrote the words which we have quoted, he was already suffering from the malady which was soon to blot out his fine intelligence; for the actual circumstances were very different from those which he then described. MacDowell's nature was extremely sensitive. He had the almost morbid temperament which often goes with genius. His gifts were wholly creative rather than didactic. As far back as 1882, when he was still studying in Germany, the death of his friend and teacher, Raff, threw him into a most abnormal condition for many months, though he was then a youth of only twenty-one, and physically strong. His mind, indeed, was exquisitely poised, and could not endure the excitement of the unexpected any more than it could bear the necessity of regular and formal academic work. Routine was hateful to him. The thought that he must devote definite hours to fixed duties, filled him with a sort of horror. Hence it was unfortunate that he should have undertaken the func-



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THE LATE EDWARD A. MACDOWELL

tions of a professorship with an implied obligation to lecture and give instructions at definite times.

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So it happened that, after he accepted the chair of music at Columbia, he ceased composing. As a matter of fact, he had few students, for only now and then did one appear who was sufficiently advanced for him to teach. The average music student at Columbia required more elementary training, and this was given, not by Professor MacDowell, but by his assistant. Therefore, in reality, he had no drudgery to perform. He was really

free to come and go precisely as he pleased, to do just what he would, and to give himself up, whenever he desired, to his inspiration. Nevertheless, he felt hampered by his position, and he somewhat morbidly exaggerated the duties which it entailed. Finally, recognising the fact that he could not compose and yet nominally even remain a teaching professor of music, he sent his resignation to President Butler.

✱

His letter was a great surprise and he was asked not to make it absolute, but to accept a research professorship, giving



MISS SARA DEAN

him no duties to perform, but with an adequate salary, the amount of which was to be fixed after further consultation. Professor MacDowell agreed very cordially to this arrangement, which was, indeed, equally advantageous to him and to the University. But already his mind had become abnormal; and very soon, without waiting for further action on the part of Columbia's trustees, and without conferring with the President of the University, he renewed his resignation in a peremptory form, writing at the same time the letter to President Butler which has been so widely circulated and which is filled with the morbid fancies of a mental invalid. There was no occasion for Professor MacDowell to resign. He might have remained at Columbia in the enjoyment of an ample salary which would have given him abundant leisure to abandon teaching and devote his entire time to composition.

Of course at the moment no one suspected why Professor MacDowell acted as he did. His withdrawal was regarded with equal amazement and regret. Soon after, however, it became plain that he was the victim of an incurable disease. It was then that President Butler as one of the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation moved and carried a resolution which suspended all the rules, and secured to

MacDowell an income for the remainder of his life. These facts have been here set forth, not only in justice to the governing body of Columbia University, but in justice also to Professor MacDowell himself; since the manner of his resignation is to be ascribed to the decline of his mental powers rather than to any desire on his part to act unfairly or to produce an impression that could but pain his friends and make it seem as though he had suffered an injustice. The present writer may add from his own experience that some time before these events occurred, Professor MacDowell gave evidence both in his manner of speaking and in his acts, of an unsettled state of mind. This evidence was not regarded very seriously at the time; but looking back upon it, one cannot doubt that it foreshadowed the melancholy end of which all the world is now aware.

WINIFRED JAMES
Author of *Bachelor Betty*



HAROLD BEGGIE

S. BEGG, THE ARTIST

J. H. BAIN, OF "THE TIMES"

From a Photograph taken in British Columbia

Miss Sara Dean, author of *Travers*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, returned to her home in San Francisco, after four years passed in Europe, Egypt, India and Burma, only a few

**Sara
Dean**

months before the earthquake. She began collecting the material for *Travers* the very day following the shock, when she turned her back on the consuming city and sought refuge in a tiny bungalow an artist friend had built on the sand dunes near the ocean. Miss Dean has given a vivid picture of the terrors of hunger and privation of these days. It was an actual shoulder-to-shoulder struggle for such poor rations as the place afforded. Eleven had sought refuge in the little bungalow, old women and children among them. One man of the bluff, pioneer type was stationed at a corner taking down the names of those who had fled to this remote district. These names were to be published in the newspapers, for families were far scattered and with absolutely no means of discovering one another's whereabouts. This pioneer saw Miss Dean taking notes and asked her what she was doing. She replied that she was going to write up the earthquake.

He shook his head gloomily: "Peter Dean's daughter isn't going to write anything that will help give poor old 'Frisco a black eye, is she?"

This Peter Dean was a forty-niner who went to California from the East when still a boy. He tried his hand at mining, but that did not satisfy him long, and after many ventures he settled down to the life of a rancher. As late as the seventies he still drove great herds of cattle across the desert and the prairies. He and his men had more than one Indian fight. Once all were killed except him and his partner. For four years Miss Dean's mother took up her residence in Boise City, Idaho, and here Miss Dean and one of her brothers were born. It was at an early age that these children entered upon the restless career that was typical of the region and time. For days the parents balanced them upon their knees to guard them against the lunges of the stage-coach that was bearing them up toward the Columbia River country. From that time the most of Miss Dean's life was spent in San Francisco. Her feeling toward the West and her attitude toward writing are best told in her own words: "The West, the real West, the



From photographs, copyright, 1908, by Winifred Holt, of her bas-reliefs of Helen Keller and May Sinclair

vivid West, has always had an irresistible charm for me. The long stretches of sun-baked, glaring, alkaline desert fairly possessed me with a sense of their tragic beauty. A vast mesa with its grey-green sage-brush, cactus, and distorted, tube-like yucca, the unbelievably blue mountains tipping up at the horizon lifts up my entire being with a sense of its unfathomable epic grandeur. All of nature takes on there a deeper tinge of mystery; I live there even more intensely than I do in mid-ocean. I would study half a lifetime if I might put on canvas one phase of this changing, unutterable majesty."

✻

Harold Begbie, the author of *The Vigil*, which is to be published some time this month, is the son of a Suffolk rector, who was the son of General Peter James Begbie, a noted writer on Indian military history and a great linguist. His maternal grandfather, General George

**Harold
Begbie**

Swyney, was a contributor to the *London Times*. One of his relations was the famous Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, who is said to have hanged some of the men he condemned, and who certainly established single-handed law and order in British Columbia. Harold Begbie, connected almost entirely with military people, went to literature and journalism practically without influence of any kind. His early efforts were almost entirely of a poetic nature, and they met with only moderate success; but while still a boy he had verses in the *Globe*, *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Pall Mall Magazine*. His first real opportunity in journalism came as a result of meeting E. Kay Robinson, under whose editorship of the *Civic and Military Gazette* of Lahore, India, Rudyard Kipling won his first fame. Harold Begbie's poem, "The Handy Man," published during the South African War, brought him into widespread notoriety.

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From the *London Globe* Mr. Begbie

went to the London *Daily Mail*, where he passed two years of exceedingly active journalism. While with the *Daily Mail* he experienced thoroughly the whirligig of London, met everybody, saw everything, and lived in a round of excitement. While these two years were not entirely congenial to his temperament, they taught him a great deal of life. At present he is living and working in a Suffolk village on the North Sea. His methods of composition vary; but this is an average day: Breakfast, 8.30. Correct previous day's work. Luncheon, 12.30. A walk of ten miles. Tea, 4.30. Hard writing till 7.15. Change for dinner; dinner at 7.30. Music. Work from 9.30 till 11 or 12 at night. His best hours for creative work are between 5 and 7 and after dinner. When engaged upon a novel he works incessantly, neglecting exercise and shutting himself away from his friends. He finds it always easier to write after reading a favourite author for several days.

We print a picture from a copyrighted photograph of a bas-relief by Miss Winifred Holt, daughter of Henry Holt, the publisher, of Miss May Sinclair, the author of *The*

**Two
Bas-reliefs**

Helpmate and *The Divine Fire*, for which Miss Sinclair sat to Miss Holt in England last summer. Miss Sinclair says that she likes this bas-relief better than she does any of the photographs that have been taken of her. We also print a picture from a copyrighted photograph of a bas-relief by Miss Holt of Miss Helen Keller, who is well known as the author of her *Autobiography*, her *Optimism* and a number of magazine articles. Miss Holt is the secretary and organiser of the New York Association for the Blind, and also started the Buffalo Association for the Blind and the London Ticket Bureau for the Blind. The New York Association in its two brief years has already established the Blind Men's Workshop at 147 East Forty-second Street, and a central building with offices, salesroom for the work of the blind, etc., at 118 East Fifty-ninth Street. It has also carried out, under the immediate supervision of Miss Edith Holt (Miss Winifred Holt's sister) the most



HARRIET T. COMSTOCK
Author of *Janet of the Dunes*

complete and detailed census of the blind of New York State that has ever been taken.

Something of a tempest has been stirred up recently by the action of Madame Marcelle Tinayre, the very talented author of *La Maison du Pêché*, in refusing, with a certain amount of railery, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour awarded to her by the French Government. To appreciate the irritation caused by the attitude of Madame Tinayre one must understand the almost passionate

**Marcelle
Tinayre and
the Ribbon**



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MADAME TETRAZZINI, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH

devotion of the majority of the French people to the Order. As M. Jules Claretie pointed out in commenting upon the affair, the national love for the Legion of Honour is a thing not to be ridiculed. One of the causes of the rancour of the army against the Bourbons after the overthrow of the Empire was their hostility to the Order and their ineffectual efforts to cheapen it. Madame Tinayre's letter to Hebrard, the director of the *Temps*, was flippant, in bad taste, but unquestionably amusing:

DEAR SIR: It is true, I am decorated. It is not my fault. If I had merited this very striking distinction, you know that I would have done nothing to have obtained it.

When I was little I never went to the distribution of prizes. The necessity of going upon a platform and receiving a red book and a green paper crown appeared to me ridiculous and annoying, because I am at once a little timid, a little proud and a little—what shall I say—a little don't care a rap (*j' m'en fichie*). I have always remained the same. Honours have never troubled my sleep, but when they have come to me I have accepted them in good grace and with an appreciation of those who offered them. Only I never could take myself seriously as a personage. The writer perhaps should be tempted by vanity, but the woman laughs at the writer, and it is the woman who will have the last word. It is the writer who is decorated and the woman who will have to carry the decoration.

"Madame," said yesterday my dressmaker, so much moved that she plunged pins in my back, "Madame. I beg you to wear the red ribbon. It will be so becoming with your black dress."

Not even this profound thought, over which I still meditate, has decided me to wear, even on the black dress, this "star of the brave."

For it is the star of the brave, O Napoleon! Madame de Staël, who is almost a man, did not have it. The woman-hating emperor must be suffering bitterly in the other world to see this cross on breasts that do not resemble—happily—the robust breasts of his grenadiers. This added grief I shall spare the shade of Napoleon, founder of the order. I will not wear this pretty ribbon and this pretty cross because I could no longer travel in a tram car or in the



ANNE WARNER

underground without arousing the curiosity of my neighbours. "Look," they will think, "there is a woman who has been a sister of mercy and has cured the plague-stricken. She is very young, all the same, to have been a cantinière in 1870."

No; that would be too annoying.

In the first place, my little boy does not wish that his mother should be "different from the other ladies." He has said to me: "You are not going to wear that. That is for the men."

Have I brought him up badly? Will he be an anti-feminist? He was present when I learned this great news. We had dined at a friend's and had taken him with us. On returning to our house I heard the telephone ring. It was a friend, who congratulated me. I thought that he was joking. My son went to get the *Temps*, and I knew of my new glory.

Well, I slept the same as other nights, and the next morning I found myself much the same as the day before. I had not grown an inch, and I was chevalier! Ah! I assure you it appears funny to me to be chevalier.

Now I am going to tell you something: it is very amusing to be decorated—during the first few hours. But afterward, immediately afterward, it is terrible. You are ferreted out by reporters, by photographers, whom you receive without enthusiasm and who disarm you by saying, "You, too, have been a journalist." Well, yes, I have been. Don't let us prevent our confrères from carrying on their profession. Alas! I begin to dribble on account of having repeated so often the

same speeches, and my house, my pretty old house of the eighteenth century, is tainted with the smell of flashlight powders.

These are my impressions. I give them to you for what they are worth. They have the merit of sincerity. I should never have asked for the cross; I have dissuaded my friends from asking for it for me, and that is why I accept with pleasure these unexpected New Year's gifts that I owe to M. Briand. It was good of him not to wait until I became an old woman. As for me, I shall go back to work. Shall I be pardoned for believing that a book well written honours an author more than all the decoration? I shall try to write a good book.

MARCELLE TINAYRE.

This is Anne Warner's own account of her activities during the year 1907. She does not tell of the first three months, but her story of her movements after the middle of April bears witness to the industry of the modern author. She be-

An Author's Year



BETH ELLIS



OUIDA (LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

gins by telling of leaving Chicago on April 19th:

I left for Chicago on the 19th, was there two days and then went to Indianapolis. I spent ten riotously happy days in Indianapolis with my dearest friend and we had such a good time talking that the man who occupied the next room gave up going out and sat with his ear to the keyhole—we knew. Then I came to Chicago and arranged *Susan Clegg and a Man in the House* in eleven days. Then I went to New York and worked on the play for six weeks. I ought to add that in Chicago I "began" a new author whose stories are now being printed, and in New York I "began" a new playwright whose play has been staged—but, as DeWolf Hopper would say, "these little incidentals are hardly worth mentioning." Then I was ill for six or seven weeks, after which I wrote *Seeing England with Uncle John*, having done the necessary reading during my illness. I finished the book September 7th and wrote eight short stories, and then,

October 5th, I came East to see the play staged. I saw it staged. They told me that Clyde Fitch or some other body said that one's sensations were indescribable when one saw one's characters on the stage. My sensations certainly were indescribable. I have had a number of indescribable sensations lately. The amount of spiritual discipline to be extracted out of a successful farce is in itself a copious education. On my way home in November I stopped at Rochester and made a 40,000-word draft for a new book. Some one said, "Will it be funny?" and I said, "Not if I can help it." Now I am writing some short stories preparatory to beginning to really write that book. In spite of my desires I know that it's going to be funny in spots, and I feel like a child satiated with candy. But then, if candy agrees with children as well as humour agrees with most people, why shouldn't they have their fill? My place in life seems to be that of a filler anyway, and the word in all its meanings is a useful one, and I don't know that there is anything better to be done in the world than to be of use.

Just at present there seems to be no profession so closely in touch with the outdoor life as that of literature. There is hardly a man writing books who is not described to us as being keen at golf, or motoring, or riding, or tennis, or mountain climbing. Now we have a young woman, Miss Beth Ellis, the author of *The Fair Moon of Bath*, which is to be published this month, who sports her "Blue" for Oxford with as much right and authority as Messrs. Jones, Dillon and Wendell wear, respectively, the "Y," the "P" and the "H." Miss Ellis won her "Blue" for hockey, playing left wing for two years in the Oxford *versus* Cambridge match, when she was an undergraduate at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Of apparently less importance in her university career was the fact that she was laureate for her college. Miss Ellis describes herself as writing at odd moments on loose scraps of paper, in trains and waiting-rooms. She draws up a synopsis of the story beforehand, but this is always entirely changed before the book is finished. The first few chapters, before she gets to know her characters, are extremely difficult; then it comes easily. Before writing, she reads up all the history of the period, and one or two books written during that period. To her the most miserable times are just before commencing a book, when she cannot decide on plot or period. She has a queer superstition that February 18th is a very lucky date to begin a book, and generally writes her first page that day.

Louise de la Ramée, who lately died in extreme poverty at Florence, with no one to share her penury except a faithful servant and a number of dogs of which she was passionately fond, had a strange and almost uncanny personality. Although her books were very widely read and quite as widely criticised, very few persons knew anything about her as a human being. She courted isolation. She was a hater of her kind, and especially

of her own sex. *Mutatis mutandis*, one might compare her with Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*; for Ouida took to seclusion as the result of an unfortunate love affair. Years ago, in fact before she became known as a writer, she was engaged to an Italian marquis. Before long, however, she discovered that he was unfaithful to her; and from that time she ate her heart out and tasted the bread of bitterness. Oddly enough, however, considering that she was a woman, her experience did not lead her to misanthropy but rather to misogyny. Her books deserve a good deal more serious consideration than they have ever received at the hands of professional critics. Granting that she was over-intense and at times almost hysterical, she nevertheless had an immense deal of dramatic power, and in her own way was a mistress of the storyteller's art. Her pages were never dull. From beginning to end they quivered with life and genuine emotion. Thousands of those who read them eagerly and felt their fascination admired her in secret, and only in public spoke of her in a tone of depreciation. It is rather interesting to know that Lord Tennyson had the courage of his convictions and was willing to confess that he read her novels with great interest.

Of all the stories that she wrote we should single out as the very best *Under Two Flags*, published when she was twenty-seven, and *Moths*, which appeared when she was in her fortieth year. These books represent two different manners. The first is theatrical to the last degree. It is all melodrama, but the melodrama is superb, and no one should be surprised that it continues to be successful in its dramatised form. The description of the race won by Bertie Cecil's horse, Forest King, and that other passage which details the daring desert ride of Cigarette, are truly literature. On the other hand, *Moths* is a highly coloured picture of the loose cosmopolitan society which under the Second Empire displayed itself at Trouville and Compiègne. One cannot readily forget the brutal Prince Zouroff, the meretricious Lady Dolly, the innocent young girl Vera, and the impos-

sibly fascinating tenor, Corrèze. The story of *Moths* has a certain piquant flavour because some of its incidents represent the current gossip of the time. Thus, the royal personage who swallows a flea in wine because the insect has been caught in the draperies of a lady who exclaims "Qui m'aime l'avale!" was said to be the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. Ouida had an intense reverence for the aristocracy of the *vielle roche*; and some of her heroes are idealisations—figures such as she thought these noble gentry ought to be. They are all magnificently handsome, languid, muscular, and deeply in debt. They live in gorgeous chambers where costly bric-à-brac and delicately scented missives from ladies are scattered carelessly about among heaps of gold pieces and bundles of Bank of England notes. These godlike persons talk (perhaps a little too frequently) about "their Order." They are brilliant guardsmen, earls or overwhelming dukes, or at the very least, heirs to ancient peerages. Ouida revelled in describing them, and her description gave pleasure to many who accepted these pictures as authentic portraits. Of course they were quite absurd, almost as much so as her occasional quotations from the dead languages; as for instance when in *Chandos* she says of a sinister statesman that while others took for their motto *pro patria*, his motto was always consistently *pro ego*! But barring these and some other slips, Ouida was really a writer of much power, and it is only cowardice on the part of critics to refuse to recognise this truth.



One smiles in recalling the fierce attacks which were made upon her for the alleged immorality of many of her novels, especially *Moths*. The present generation, which absorbs without a quiver such books as *The Secret Orchard* and *The Yoke* and *Three Weeks*, and the cheap coarseness of the woman who calls herself Victoria Cross, would hardly venture to throw stones at Ouida now. Much of her dark and dim depravity is found rather in implications than in actual statements. She is rather fond of alluding mysteriously to the awful things which

are contained in the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus; but it is quite improbable that she knew much about these authors, and it is still more certain that those who professed to be shocked by her knew even less. After a course in Zola and Maupassant and George Moore, Ouida's most flagrant pages seem rather like Sunday-school stories so far as anything concrete is concerned. She did not need, in fact, to gain readers by attempting a *succès de scandale*. Her novels are good enough to stand a fairly severe test on their literary merits. Perhaps there are few things more characteristic of her manner and of her prejudices than the following famous passage in *Moths*, where she concentrates almost terrifically her genuine hatred of her own sex.

Useless as butterflies; corroding as moths; untrue even to lovers and friends, because incapable of understanding any truth; caring only for physical comfort and mental intoxication; kissing like Judas, and denying in danger like Peter; tired of living, yet afraid of dying; believing, some in priests and some in physiologists, but none at all in virtue; sent to sleep by chlorodine and kept awake by raw meat and dry wines; cynical at twenty, and exhausted at thirty, yet choosing rather to drop dead in the harness of pleasure than fall out of the chariot-race for an instant; taking their passions as they take sherry in the morning and bitters before dinner; pricking their sated senses with the spices of lust or jealousy, and calling the unholy fever Love; having outworn every form of excitement except the gambler's, which never palls, which they will still pursue when they shall have not a real tooth in their mouths nor a real hair on their heads, the women of modern society are perhaps at once the most feverish and the most frivolous, the basest and the feeblest, offspring of a false civilisation.



Surprise has been generally expressed that a writer whose books were so widely read should have died in abject poverty. Of course one reason for this is to be found in Ouida's reckless extravagance; yet, on the other hand, we should remember that the amount of money that

she received from her books was much less than is generally supposed. She was much more popular in the United States than in England; and as her vogue occurred before the days of international copyright, she received little or nothing from her American sales. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why she so disliked Americans. At any rate, the circumstance gives point to a little story which years ago was told about her. An American lady, sojourning in Florence, sent her card in to Ouida and was received by the erratic novelist. After a few sentences had been exchanged, Ouida discovered that her visitor was an American. Immediately her manner changed and she said with the utmost bluntness:

"I never receive Americans. I detest them. Be so good as to leave at once."

Whereupon the American woman, having no particularly witty answer in readiness, retorted with equal bluntness, as she went out at the door:

"Well, you ought to like Americans. They are almost the only people who read your nasty books!"

Ouida's general conception of our people made them low, vulgar, and shoddy, divided largely between those who were wandering pedlars and those who belonged to a somewhat higher class who amassed huge fortunes by sticking pigs. Nevertheless, to her credit it must be said that one of the most decent characters in *Moths* is that of Fuschia Leach, an American heiress who talks in a strange dialect, who is bent on marrying an English peer, but who, nevertheless, turns out to be loyal, generous, and sincere. So, after all, Ouida could be fair even to one who was both an American and a woman.

In *A Matter of Fact* Kipling told of a strange experience which befell three journalists on a tramp steamer somewhere in the Southern Ocean. Because its existence is neither the point of the story nor its explanation, simply an incident of vital importance, no reasonable person ever thinks of challenging the monster, that, stricken to death by some

submarine upheaval, comes up out of the sea, "blind, white and smelling of musk." But for the reason that it gives the final touch of solution to the series of very extraordinary preceding events, the prehistoric creature which makes its appearance in the last chapter of Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams's *The Flying Death* will unquestionably be greeted with a certain amount of hostility by any one who takes up the book in a fault-finding mood. On the other hand, the reader who has a liking for thrills in allopathic doses, and is thoroughly honest with himself in his reading, should find in the tale three or four genuinely exciting hours. One can trace the influence of the story back through *The Mystery* of a year or so ago to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*; as in *The Mystery* there is a trifle too much science, or pseudo-science, as you will; the style is possibly a little too lurid; but taking it all in all, *The Flying Death* may be honestly recommended as about as good a yarn of the kind as will be found among the books of a season. Mr. Adams knows how to work up to his situations, he has given us half a dozen very clear-cut characters, the dialogue is brisk and unforced, there are some excellent touches of humour, and the picture of the bleak loneliness and desolation of Montauk Point at the end of Long Island is drawn with really remarkable vividness. As a preliminary measure we should advise the reader to go through the book with a sharp-bladed penknife and cut out the illustrations—the frontispiece, at all events. In the text Miss Dolly Ravenden impresses us as an exceedingly amiable and attractive young woman. At first sight we were inclined to take the artist's conception of her as a kind of symbolic nightmare, quite in keeping with the uncanny elements in the story. On second thought, and in a more charitable mood, we suggest that she embodies admirably our idea of the Ogress of M. Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*, or Mother Frochard of *The Two Orphans*.

The Magistrate's Own Case, by Baron Palle Rosencrantz, somehow recalls the very trite story of the German, the Englishman and the Frenchman who were

required to write a description of the elephant. None of the three had ever seen

**"The
Magistrate's
Own Case"**

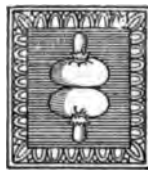
an elephant or possessed the slightest knowledge of the subject. The Frenchman promptly went to the nearest zoological gardens, surveyed the animal in captivity, interviewed the keepers as to its characteristics and habits and returned home to produce a very delightful and instructive article. The Englishman packed up his belongings and started off to investigate the elephant in its native jungle. The German locked himself up in his room and evolved an elephant out of his inner consciousness. *The Magistrate's Own Case*, well done as it unquestionably is, impresses us as being entirely too much a matter of the inner consciousness. Briefly, the outline of the story is as follows: Boys hunting for tennis balls in the park at Homburg find in the middle of a rhododendron bush the dead body of a young Englishman, Cecil Laking, Seventh Baron Faringdon. The cause of death is a knife or dagger wound in the back, between the shoulder blades, and the fact that his pocket-book, containing a considerable sum in notes, and his jewelled watch have been untouched excludes robbery as a motive. The investigation of the affair is in the hands of the magistrate of the district, De Fritz Sterner, who acts promptly, and as early as page 23 in a volume of three hundred pages has ordered the arrest of Helmuth Saarbrücken. The

remainder of the story is given up to the account of the investigation and trial. The lawyer for the defence shows that for the chain of circumstantial evidence against his client, Saarbrücken, another chain, just as damning, might be forged against De Sterner himself. In the end matters are somewhat cleared by allusions to an obscure Italian. Incidentally, the book is a brief against circumstantial evidence and lay juries.

Owing to an oversight the photograph of President Roosevelt and John Muir on Glacier Point, Yosemite Valley, in the February BOOKMAN, was not credited to the photographers Messrs. Underwood and Underwood, of New York.

An acquaintance of Mr. John D. Rockefeller is quoted as giving an account of what Mr. Rockefeller said to him a month or two ago at the close of the financial panic. "I think," remarked Mr.

Rockefeller, "that Mr. Pierpont Morgan deserves everybody's thanks for stepping in and preventing the panic from becoming far more serious. He used his resources very freely, and showed a great deal of courage in supporting the market, and keeping many financial institutions on their feet. This," continued Mr. Rockefeller sympathetically, "was all the more creditable to him, because Mr. Morgan is not a rich man."



THE HAPPY ENDING



THE happy ending is as much an Anglo-Saxon institution as Habeas Corpus or the Family. With the latter it stands in particularly intimate relationship, since most happy endings on the English stage are synonymous with the founding of new families. It is different with the French. They, like ourselves, build up their plays out of the three factors of love, tribulation and marriage. But the French, being foreigners, must go and do things wrong end first; so, instead of following the traditional English order as we have just given it, they adopt the sequence of marriage, tribulation and love, or, as they call it, *amour*. The Germans are in much the same case; but that is to be expected of a nation which eats a light breakfast, goes to bed at noon, and places its verb at the end of the sentence. The Italian and Spanish drama is merely an imitation of the French. The Scandinavians and Russians also affect the unhappy ending, but that is because Norsemen and Slavs are never happy unless they are not. On the whole, we are justified in asserting that there is a Continental type of drama and an English type, and that the distinction between the two consists in which end of the play is the happy one. In the English type it is the terminal end; in the Continental type it is the incipient end, the other end being known most often as the artistic ending. The English play may be summed up in the formula, "They lived happily ever after the departure of the other man (or woman) toward the conclusion of the last act." For the Continental play the formula would run: "They lived happily until the appearance of the third man (or woman) in the middle of the first act."

The prestige of Continental literature and of the term "artistic" has imposed on Anglo-Saxon ideals. Our young dramatists are beset with the uneasy consciousness that their endings ought to be unhappy. And though their practical sense fortunately leads them the other way, they feel that an apology, or

at least an explanation, is necessary. When advanced critics denounce the happy ending as the conventional ending your young playwright has his tremors. When the unhappy ending is also brevetted the "artistic" ending he prepares to abandon the fight. When the unhappy ending receives its ultimate sanctification as the "logical" ending young Dramaturgus packs up his tents and his royalties and flees into the night. And yet, just what are the rights of the artistic ending that it should go strutting about like a disdainful elder brother or the author of a first novel? Why, in essence, is unhappiness more artistic than happiness or death than life? If the standard be truth, then happiness and unhappiness are equally true. If our standard be the range of emotional appeal, the balance swings decidedly in favour of the happy ending, which pleases the great majority. Or, the dread suspicion rises, does the unhappy ending impress itself as artistic just because it does *not* please the majority? Ninety per cent. of those who like *Tristan und Isolde* like it because most of the people they can think of do not. The man whose library furniture is all *art nouveau* derives his satisfaction in equal part from dull tones and heavy lines and from the consciousness that most people still use comfortable chairs. In Europe they hold that a suicide at the end of a play is artistic because the bourgeois want a marriage. Obviously, that is dishonest æsthetics.

But the "logical" ending? The heart sinks. The man who would deny that the logical ending is the right ending would deny that old men have grey beards and that their faces are wrinkled. So we won't deny that plays ought to end logically. But the question still comes, By what right has the unhappy ending taken to itself the sole title to be called logical? If an eccentric old man who, during three acts, has been snuffing about the stage with nothing particularly to do steps to the footlights in the fourth act and presents the young lovers with a million dollars, the ending

is inartistic and illogical; but if a playwright drags a half-witted youth through three acts of discourse in order that in the fourth act he may shoot the heroine under the impression that she is a wild swan, the ending is artistic and logical. To make the hero, who has been convicted of murder, obtain a reprieve from the governor and marry the girl who has remained true to him, an event that occurs once in a dozen times, if not more often, would be, on the stage, illogical. To have a man blow out his brains because he is in love with the woman who had been his father's mistress, a coincidence whose ratio of probability is one to ten thousand, is logical. To win a woman by a sudden coup in Wall Street is illogical; to abandon a woman one loves on a sudden scruple is logical. An old uncle returning from Australia to London just in time to make the marriage of the poor, virtuous lovers possible is illogical; but an old lover returning from Brazil to Paris just in time to make a fashionable wedding impossible is logical. In short, good luck on the stage is illogical, bad luck is logical—an assumption we earnestly reject. We assert, on the contrary, that the happy ending is far more logical to the stage than the unhappy ending in that, for one thing, it is not irrevocably definitive. For if the fifth act closes with the marriage of the tried and troubled lovers, grumblers are at liberty to say, "Oh, well, it's not all over; they will probably quarrel in a few weeks and he will leave her." That is a justifiable appeal from the decision of the dramatist to a Future in which all things are possible. But if the fifth act ends with death, what can one say?

Logical or artistic endings in the sense of inevitable endings there are none. We except the case—common enough, one must admit—in which the dramatist has begun with his ending and worked backward to his substructure. Otherwise, happy and unhappy endings, conventional endings and artistic, are all arbitrary. It is the playwright's business to make us believe that the ending he has selected for reasons of his own is the logical one. Life is complex enough to offer him authority for any conclusion to his tale. Anything is possible if only the skilful

artist will make it probable. Truth is stranger than fiction if only for the reason that the facts of life are continually changing, while fiction is still being written on the model of twenty-five hundred years ago. There is no invincible reason why Hamlet should have died. A nature like his, given to depressed self-analysis, is really a great preservative of life. It restrains a man from entrance to a quarrel, from embarking on dangerous voyages, from speculating in Wall Street, from patting strange dogs on the head, from experimenting with cheap Italian restaurants. Hamlet's mode of life should have brought him a ripe old age, and we are inclined to believe that if the Elizabethan audience had not been so fond of a stageful of dead bodies at the final curtain the author might have easily managed to keep his Prince of Denmark alive and marry him to a sister of Horatio. On the other hand, it is your gay young blade who, in real life, dies early. Compare Hamlet's manner of life—he did not drink, of course he did not smoke, he took a good deal of open-air exercise by night on the battlements of the castle—with Bassanio's roistering, serenading, money-borrowing and heiress-hunting career. It is apparent that the Danish prince, in our own day, would have been considered a far better insurance risk than the predecessor of our Counts of Castellane and Earls of Yarmouth. Yet Bassanio ends happily, so far as we know, whereas poor Hamlet goes down to destruction. Why? Merely because their creator would have it thus. Rebecca West need not have told her secret to old Rosmer. The two, with that capacity for bearing the burden of sin and disaster which the sensitive nature eminently exhibits, might have lived out their lives in peace if Henrik Ibsen had not interfered.

Certain writers for the stage have been wise enough to see that this matter of a happy or an unhappy ending is quite a non-essential one in a play. The point is a simple one. Our author has usually a conflict or struggle to depict, and it is his task to express himself as best he can under the limitations imposed upon him from the outside. Such limitations are

plentiful in every art. They range from the elementary physical conditions that differentiate, for instance, the painter from the novelist to less universal conditions of time, race, prevalent public taste and even temporary public prejudice. The Greek and Spanish dramatists worked within certain notoriously limited conventions, yet managed to leave their message to the world. If the dramatist, therefore, recognises that the very fact of his making use of a wooden platform instead of a sheet of white paper imposes various restrictions on what he has to say, why may he not recognise his public's preference for a happy or an unhappy ending to their plays as an equally weighty condition of his art? The essence of a play is in the struggle it depicts and in its moral deductions and not in the mere physical result. As we have said, he would be a poor artist who could not fool the public by giving them the ending they like and yet manage to make his point. For the English-speaking races a type of tragedy that ends happily—on the surface only, of course; for the Continentals, a type of comedy that ends in superficial tears and death—the thing does not seem at all impossible.

Mr. Arthur W. Pinero has been even wiser, in the sense of being more eco-

nomical. Knowing that the public will tolerate in the seclusion of the library what they will not endure on the stage, he supplied his play of *The Prodigal* with a double ending—a happy one for stage use, an unhappy one for publication in book form. And why not? The question before Mr. Pinero was, Can a reformed rake marry an innocent young girl and be happy? The answer is, He may and he may not. Will that girl, when she discovers his past, be merciful with him? She may and she may not. The dramatist's interest being not in the ending but in the problem itself, he offers you a choice of two endings—a happy one for \$2 the orchestra seat, an unhappy one for \$1.08 net in your own reading chair. Mr. Egerton Castle, who sanctions a happy ending for his dramatised novel in New York and insists upon an unhappy ending in Berlin, is quite right. If the *Master Builder* should ever be given at Constantinople, Cairo or Teheran, where the law of Allah and his Prophet runs, it would not invalidate Ibsen's thesis if Master Builder Solness, at the end of the play, instead of going to his death, should marry Hilda Wangel with the full consent of Mrs. Solness.

S. Strunsky.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN



THREE generations of American writers had looked upon Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman as one who in some degree gave law to them. Three generations of American readers had come to know him intimately as poet and as critic. He did not seem like one who would ever pass away. It was impossible to think of him as being old. His seventy-five years were never thought of except when some hand-book told you that he was born in 1833. And he changed, if at all, quite imperceptibly from year to year. When the

present writer last saw him, very recently, his step was as springy, his eye as clear, his speech as fluent and incisive as they had ever been.

Indeed, alertness was the most conspicuous trait in Mr. Stedman—alertness of body and alertness of mind. When he spoke, when he uttered an opinion, there was something of the rapier flash about it. Indeed, there was something also of the rapier's point, for Mr. Stedman could say sharp things; and though he was one of the kindest and most truly sympathetic of men when you got down to his inner heart, he was, nevertheless, rather fond of darting a winged word or two in the

direction of anything or anybody that did not meet his full approval. His nature was highly sensitised. He felt acutely. This made him vulnerable to criticism, with regard to which he always showed a certain thinness of skin. None the less, he took to heart small things more readily than great ones. In the presence of trouble and of misfortunes such as would have seared the souls of many, he showed himself possessed of a manly courage which looked disaster in the eye and never quailed.

It was his alertness and his sensitiveness combined which made him so admirable as a critic. He had a feeling for good technique. He could search out the subtleties of an author's style, and interpret whatever he discovered there. Hence his prose work on the Victorian poets, and his matured study, *The Nature and Elements of Poetry*, show intimate knowledge, sane appreciation, and an accurate sense of values. So, too, his anthologies are not haphazard collections of popular verse, but they represent serious thought and fine discrimination. As an editor, his collection of the works of Poe, which he made in collaboration with Professor Woodberry, is careful, accurate, and complete.

Mr. Stedman had a most varied career. From 1852 until 1863 he was actively engaged in journalism. During part of that time he also studied law, and he served as private secretary to Attorney-General Bates in the Lincoln administration. After 1864, his attention was turned to railway building, and especially to finance; so that, as everybody knows, he became a banker and broker, and was a member of the New York Stock Exchange until 1900. Thus, he was always in touch with the rush and life of practical affairs, while making his love of letters a source of spiritual refreshment and intellectual recreation. There was nothing incongruous in this. The only misfortune which came from it is found in the fact that foolish persons gave him the absurd appellation of "the banker poet."

Mr. Stedman's poetry is hardly equal to his prose. It is easy and graceful. Some of it—that of his earlier years—has the rollicking note of a mild Bohemi-

anism. Most of it is merely good "occasional verse." He himself would have criticised in another some of the infelicities which trouble one in many of his lines. Thus, for example, in "The Ballad of Lager Bier" one finds the following:

Karl Schaeffer is a stalwart brewer,
Who has above his vaults a hall,
Where—fresh-tapped, foaming, cool and
pure—
He serves the nectar out to all.

To make the word "pure" a necessary dissyllable is certainly a grievous thing. Again, in his more serious verse, he is careless, or, at any rate, inexact. Thus, in one of his translations from the *Odyssey* we find the following alleged hexameter line:

Came the sorrowing ghost of Agamemnon
Atrides.

No one with a real feeling for the Greek would have made the initial syllable of "Agamemnon" long. And the following line is even worse:

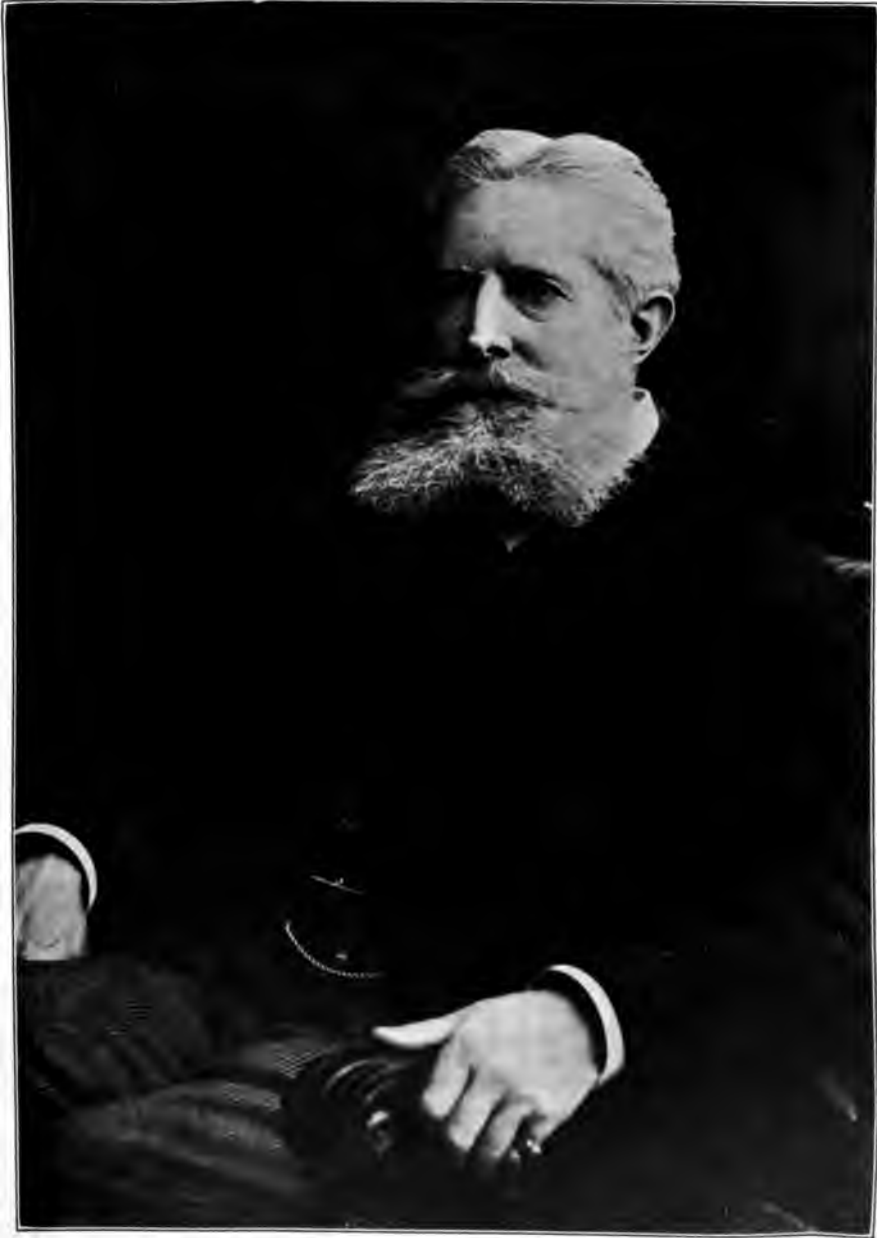
Priam's daughter, whom treacherous Kly-
taimnestra anear me
Slew; and upon the ground I fell in my
death throes, vainly—

Writing Clytæmnestra with a "K" and an "ai" hardly compensates for the quantitative error in the name, nor for the general clumsiness of the line in which it occurs. As with some of Longfellow's most atrocious hexameters, the reader has to go back two or three times and begin all over again before he can force his way through without stumbling, so to speak, over the metrical bunkers.

There is one of Mr. Stedman's poems which is bound to live, both for its own sake and because it is interwoven with the history of a critical period of our country's life. In 1862, Mr. Stedman was acting as war correspondent for the *New York World*, a journal which was then violently opposed to the national administration. But Mr. Stedman himself was heart and soul with the prosecution of the war. In September of that year everything seemed about as black for the Union cause as it could possibly

be. McClellan had won no decisive victory in the field. The Confederate General Bragg was overrunning Tennessee and Kentucky. The Union troops under Buell were making great sacrifices and achieving no results. The braggart, Pope,

had been annihilated at the second battle of Bull Run. Lee's army was already in Maryland. There seemed to be no head, no leader, for the national cause. Even Union men were disgusted by arbitrary arrests, and were voting against the



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EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

administration. From Washington came a swarm of stories, all telling of divided counsels, of futile moves, and of sickening corruption.

It was then that Mr. Stedman voiced the sentiment of the North in a poem which was struck out at a white heat. It overtops all the rest of his more polished verse. It came quivering with indignation from his pen. It was read by millions, and it is one of the few great poems which the Civil War produced. Mr. Stedman wrote it on September 8th; and a day or two later, President Lincoln read it to his Cabinet in a voice that was shaken with emotion. It was the cry of a whole people, and I give it here because its six stanzas represent the high-water mark of Stedman's achievement. It is really part of the history of that tremendous struggle for national existence—blunt and bold and going straight to its mark like a cannon-ball:

WANTED—A MAN

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tossed;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to their echo, as it crossed
The Capital, making faces wan:
"End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Give us a man of God's own mould,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen;
Give us the man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
Give us a rallying-cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and countermarch our
brave,
Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
And swamp-grass covers each nameless
grave;
Nor another whose festal banners
wave,
Aye, in Disaster's shameful van;
Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and
rave;—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Hearts are mourning in the North,
While the sister rivers seek the main,
Red with our life-blood flowing forth,—
Who shall gather it up again?
Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
Shall all our offering be in vain?—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Is there never one in all the land,
One on whose might the Cause may lean?
Are all the common ones so grand,
And all the titled ones so mean?
What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread from bran,
From worthless metal a weapon keen?—
Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN.

"O, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
O, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far;
Ours to battle, as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War!—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

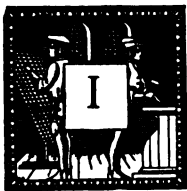
Harry Thurston Peck.





EGERTON CASTLE, IN A CORNER OF HIS STUDY

EGERTON AND AGNES CASTLE



IN the highly coloured sense, romance is dead, and it is only in the Ruritania of Anthony Hope and his imitators that a modern gentleman of spirit now finds the opportunity of swimming moats and indulging in sword play in the moonlight. Yet to do the age and its opportunities full justice, we think that the average scribe of the eighteenth century, living from year to year in his own particular corner of London or Paris, and dreaming of remote cities and forgotten names, would contemplate with envy, if he could come back for a day, the varied and mi-

gratory existences of most of the writers of the present. Take, for example, Rudyard Kipling, or Marion Crawford, or Richard Harding Davis, or Conan Doyle, or Egerton Castle, or Jack London, or Stewart Edward White, or "O. Henry," to mention only a few. These men have not been content merely to write of adventure; they have in a measure lived it. In the times of Pope and Addison they would have been regarded secondarily as writers and first as intrepid explorers. Mr. Kipling has done almost as much travelling by land and sea as the Wandering Jew of his fanciful tale; Mr. Crawford is as thorough a cosmopolitan as any soldier of fortune in the army of Fred-



THE HOME OF EGERTON AND AGNES CASTLE

A corner of the drawing-room at Sloane Gardens

erick the Great; Mr. Davis is hardly in a class with some of his own extraordinary heroes, but at that there are very few parts of the inhabitable world which have not come under his personal observation; "O. Henry" has, among other exploits, lived the life of the modern buccaneer of the Spanish Main; Jack London and Stewart Edward White cannot be regarded as leading strictly conventional existences; and Mr. Egerton Castle has had a career quite as varied as that of Captain Basil Jennico of White's Club, London, and the Castle of Tollendhal.

In former days the backgrounds of a good many of the romances of adventure were builded laboriously out of volumes of travel; in the books of the Egerton Castles the knowledge of scenery and atmosphere has all been derived at first hand. All his life has been exceedingly picturesque, and his early years were particularly so. His grandfather, Egerton Smith, was a well-known philanthro-

pist and man of letters, and toward the end of the eighteenth century established the *Liverpool Mercury*, a journal which still exists and of which the novelist is the chief proprietor. His father, Arthur Michael Castle, was a man of roving tastes, preferring Paris, Vienna and Milan to his native England. He was an intimate friend of Verdi, Donizetti, Gounod, Rossini, Liszt, De Musset, George Sand, Dumas and Browning. In the society of these men he lived, and by them he was regarded as an extraordinary raconteur. He made a constant companion of young Egerton, and the two went off on long walking tours through German and Austrian forests, about provincial France, and along the shores of the Mediterranean. The boy's varied experiences in the line of conventional education began at the Lycée Condorcet, in Paris. There he remained until 1873, when he was fifteen years of age. For a time he studied at the Uni-



THE HOME OF EGERTON AND AGNES CASTLE

The study at Sloane Gardens

versity of Paris, and from there went to the University of Glasgow, then to King's College, London, and finally to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won high honours. In common with a number of thousand Englishmen besides Mr. Arthur Pendennis, he entered the Inner Temple and for a while read law. About this time he was seized with a desire for a soldier's life, and throwing up his plans for a career at the bar, he entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

After leaving Sandhurst, Egerton Castle obtained a commission in a West India regiment and actively served the colours for three years. Later he became captain of the Royal Engineer Militia and supplemented his education by courses in submarine mining at Chatham and Gosport. It was about this time that he married—his wife being Agnes Sweetman, of Lamberton Park, Queens

County, Ireland—and decided to embark upon a literary career. From 1885 until 1894 he was on the staff of the *Saturday Review*, where his extraordinary equipment enabled him to write on a great variety of subjects. His first venture in fiction was a short story entitled "A Paragraph in the Globe." This was written in Rome when he and his wife were on their honeymoon. His first novel was *Consequences*, which appeared in 1891. In 1895 he produced *Le Roman du Prince Othon*, a rendering into French of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto*. This book proved very successful in Paris. The proofs of the work were sent to Samoa, but arrived a few days after Stevenson's death. Apart from his fiction, Egerton Castle is best known as an authority on fencing and as an exponent of that art. He has been a member of several English teams that have met French and Belgian teams in interna-



AGNES CASTLE

tional competition. His *Schools and Masters of Fence* has been translated into French, German, Italian and Dutch. He is the only foreigner ever elected to the French Academie d'Armes, an institution which dates back to the sixteenth century. He is also an honorary member of every fencing club in Europe.

There is an amusing and ludicrous story connected with the American publication of *The Secret Orchard*, which in its dramatised version has been very successful during the past few months in various cities of the United States. The complete American rights to the book were sold to a certain publisher, who in turn sold the serial rights to a well-known woman's magazine. At the last moment the proprietors of the magazine repudiated the agreement on the contention that the story was of a low moral tone and not what they had reason to expect from

Egerton Castle. The publisher brought suit, and in time the case came up for trial. To the mind of the layman it appeared that the only kind of a jury thoroughly fitted to bring in a just verdict in view of the complicated nature of the questions involved would be a jury composed of specialists, of men possessed of a profound knowledge of the ethics of publishing, of literature in general, and of the previous works of Mr. Egerton Castle in particular. This, however, was far from being the opinion of the lawyers. Every talesman who could be made to confess that he had ever been guilty of reading a work of fiction, or possessed a wife addicted to the vice of magazine reading, was immediately challenged with violence by both sides. One venerable rustic, in answer to the awful interrogation, "Do you read fiction?" responded without the semblance of a

smile, "Waal, sir, I read the noospapers." But the farce reached its height after this edifying jury had been finally selected. It was an affair of five minutes. The lawyer for the defence opened with the startling argument that while his clients had contracted for a novel by Egerton Castle, the other side had brought no evidence to show that *The Secret Orchard* was the work of Egerton Castle. The publisher was placed on the stand and a copy of *The Secret Orchard* produced.

"You say this book is by Egerton Castle?" "Yes." "Did you see Egerton Castle write this book?" "No." "Have you any one here who saw Egerton Castle write this book?" "No." "Then, your Honour"—turning to the judge—"I move for the dismissal of the case on the ground that it has not been proven that Egerton Castle is the author of this book." "Case dismissed," nodded the Court.

R. A. Why.

HOLGER DRACHMANN—AN APPRECIATION



WITH the death of Holger Drachmann Danish-Norwegian literature loses its most noticeable and its chief lyric poet and picturesque personality. Some poets there are who seem of themselves but the vehicle of expression for the gift with which they have been endowed. Their personality does not matter much. But Drachmann's poetry, of rare beauty as some of it was, seemed but the expression of a personality which must have expressed itself notably somehow. Coming years will weed out much that is of lesser value in his work, particularly in his prose writings, and the beauty of his best verse will win itself an enduring place in literature. But for some time yet the memory of the man's remarkable personality will hang about his work and colour the appreciation of it for all those who knew him. Seldom has there been a lyric poet of a personality so alive, so attention-compelling as was Holger Drachmann. His appearance alone instantly claimed and held the interest. Of great height, massive but not clumsy, magnificent in breadth of shoulder and erectness of carriage, his once yellow hair, prematurely white, framing in frosted silver a strong-featured face of youthful colouring, glowing with life—this was Holger Drachmann as he will

be best remembered. And more than all his splendour of physical endowment, it was the remarkable aliveness of the man that impressed itself upon you. He was alive, vital, virile in every fibre of his great frame, in every cell of his gifted brain. He lived with double and triple intensity every moment of his life, and because of this he is dead at the age of sixty-one years, when he, of all men, seemed fitted to live out the allotted threescore and more.

Drachmann was an extraordinarily prolific writer, he was a marine painter of merit, a great student and traveller and a man who had passed through more of emotional experience than falls to the share of most mortals. Like Napoleon, he regretted that he could not burn the candle in the middle as well as at both ends. Such a strain was too much even for his giant frame, and worn-out nerves made miserable the last three or four years of his life.

Holger Drachmann's personality first found artistic expression in painting, and it was not until his twenty-fifth year that his first tiny volume of verse was published. It is characteristic of the man that this first volume was born, not of the lyric impulse striving for life, but merely as a means of expression for the revolutionary ideas which filled the brain of the youthful author at the moment. Denmark did not take the political mes-



THE LATE HOLGER DRACHMANN

sage very seriously, and much of the verse was extremely youthful and not particularly good, but of the rest some poems showed discerning critics a lyric talent worth watching.

Most of Drachmann's writing, verse and prose, has been done from the impelling necessity of imparting a message of some sort to mankind, from the impulse to express that particular idea that swayed his ardent brain at the moment. And it has always been his fate to have the message neglected and the work praised for quite other reasons. And his best work, both in prose and verse, is that which portrays the simple elemental emotions or the nature-painting, in which he is past master. The sea has always been the chief Muse for his pen and for his brush, and he has sung of the lives, the joys and sorrows of the coast fishermen

of those northern waters as no other Scandinavian writer has yet done. His lyric pictures of the beauty of the off-shore water in the marvellous *White Nights of the North* still remain the finest poems in Danish literature. Of his prose works, the stories of fisherfolk and coast sailors, in their natural spontaneity, are undoubtedly the best from an artistic sense as well as the most deservedly popular.

Like Peter Pan, Drachmann would not grow up. Until the last, almost, he remained a "big boy" always. He had something of the woman and very much of the child in him, giant as he was, and with his strength was coupled a lyric softness which is a national characteristic of the Danish spirituality. He was peculiarly Danish, and yet he had a certain seriousness in the realisation of having

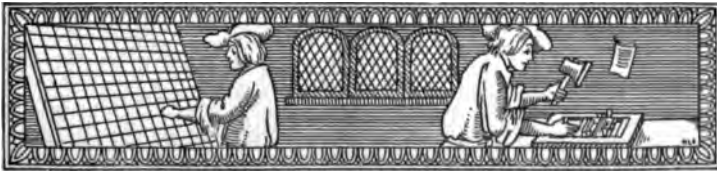
a message to impart, which came to him from a German strain in his blood. The message could be suppressed, however, and then he sang his lyrics and wrote his fresh and frank seamen's yarns, and became a popular idol and the accredited poet-laureate of the government. Politically he was always in the opposition. The attitude of opposing offers a better field for the lyric emotions than does an acquiescence in What Is. But having rid himself of his inclination to oppose in a fine poem or a good story, Drachmann could put aside the thought of the moment and easily pass on to something else. As George Brandes said of him in his youth: "It seemed to be a serious revolution that was agitating his soul, but it was only the fermentation of the lyric poetry that was to be." The sum of Drachmann's writing in quantity alone is astounding. More than a dozen volumes of verse, as many of lyric dramas, innumerable essays and short stories, and a number of complete novels; this is a remarkable feat of sheer industry for a man who spent much of his time traveling—and living—as well as writing. He turned out a good many painted canvases also. Several of his poetic dramas are favourites on the Danish stage, notably *Once Upon a Time* and the historical drama *Gurre*. Of his novels, the story entitled *Bound* (*Forskrevet*) is considered the finest achievement, and has a personal interest attaching to it. It is a superb painting of Copenhagen life, containing some descriptions of coast scenery which are among the finest bits ever written by the author. And is it a bit of autobiography in that it immortalises the one great love in the life of a man who loved often and was often loved. This one great love of his life came to him after he had passed his fortieth year and

had passed through several matrimonial experiences. It did not lead to matrimony, but remained the greatest influence in the poet's life. Edith, the heroine of the novel, is in actual life Amanda Nielsen, the daughter of a small shop-keeper, and she became acquainted with the poet while she was singing on the stage of a shabby café in a poor quarter of the town. This exquisite picture of a great love, as the man to whom it came immortalised it in his best novel, has the ring of truth about it, which will make it endure as a work of art. The love itself endured for twelve years, and when it ended, as even the greatest love will sometimes end, the poet's youth died with it. He was over fifty, but he had been young until then.

After this it was that Drachmann came to America on his last visit. He spent two years in New York, and much time elsewhere, studying country and people, writing and painting.

He was a great admirer of things American, and found much to commend in the work of our poets. Drachmann was as thoroughly conversant with English literature as he was with the work of his home writers, and was an enthusiastic admirer of the fresh and virile literary personality of Rudyard Kipling. Of him he said, laughingly: "I am afraid the man is happily married. That is so apt to spoil a poet's work in the long run." In this connection, and in the same mood, George Brandes said of Drachmann himself: "Drachmann must always have one lost love over whom he can mourn and another one who is right there to sew on buttons for him, else he cannot be happy and write good poetry. But I suppose the true poets are much alike in this."

Grace Isabel Colbron.



THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XLII

THE REVELATION



MANUEL CODD persisted in his resolution to see Jill, and walked to Sampford Spiney on the following day that he might do so. His master had gone to see a lawyer at Tavistock and the coast was clear. Jill's marriage would take place after Christmas, and she had little leisure to devote to lesser matters; but Codd interested her. They walked out in a lane between the village and the Vixen, while he told of what had happened and she swiftly explained the things that Emanuel had not fathomed.

"In a proper fury of rage he was," said the man. "So I hear to-day. He came in the bar, after I'd left it, and ever man thought he was going to fly at Northmore's throat. Yet Northmore holds off and don't do a stroke against him. This business of getting Ruth Rendle have made my master soft seemingly. Why don't he put Pomeroy in prison?"

Jill laughed. She was that sort of spirit who treats the world reciprocally. Her coming good fortune had softened her heart in various directions.

"Can't you see what's happened? I can. Northmore thinks that Pomeroy burned his property, and that puts Pomeroy in his power. So off he goes to Ruth Rendle instead of a policeman."

"Why for should he?"

"Because she's all the world to him, and Ives Pomeroy is all the world to her. They were tokened. He told me so himself. 'Twas a choice between trouble for Pomeroy and trouble for Ruth. Any man in Northmore's fix would have done the same. He's got her on the strength of that fire. So you hit Pomeroy harder even than you hoped. And helped your master too."

"I don't see I've hurt Pomeroy, however."

"Why—good Lord—you've robbed him clean of the girl he was going to marry! 'Tis the terriblest thing that could have fallen upon him."

"A girl! What's one girl more than another to him? I want to know that he's picking oakum and get the broad arrow on his back."

Jill, from her standpoint of coming prosperity, looked at Mr. Codd and disliked him. A revulsion of circumstance had brought with it large modifications of mind. She was, of course, illogical and flagrantly unfair. Emanuel's attitude, perfectly reasonable a week ago, now appeared disgraceful in her eyes. She remembered her maiden days and love-making with young Ives; she dreamed of that springtime gone by, when he carried her across the river and kissed her half way over. All animosity had died under a sensuous comfort of spirit begotten by good fortune. She often imagined herself in the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen alone with Ives—talking to him across the counter and giving of the best that her husband's bottles held.

In this spirit Mr. Codd found Jill of little consolation. First he was angered at her attitude and sneered at the change in her views; then she repaid his offensive tones with interest, and he became alarmed.

"I hate your poisonous mind," she said. "Not done enough! You've done a deal too much and—well, 'tis a pity you bring it all home so clear to me just now, because I'm not on your side no more, and I'm sorry I ever listened to your wicked ideas, and for two pins I'd put this right."

"You talk as if you was straight yourself!" he burst out. "Better you look back a bit before you preach to me. Who was it put me up to——?"

"The devil," said Jill, "and well you know it. Don't you dare to say I had any hand in this, because if you do, I'll

go straight and make Peter Toop have you up to Tavistock for telling lies about me. I took mighty good care to keep out of it all, and I don't know anything whatever about it—not a shadow."

She left him irresolute and alarmed. He forgot Pomeroy and began to be seriously concerned for himself. He was ignorant and took her threats very much in earnest. He asked himself what he might do, but he could not estimate her power.

Meanwhile Jill Bolt also reflected long and deeply upon the situation. All was very clear to her. Again and again she broke the thread of thought to wander through vanished days with Pomeroy. Fate had decided that she should never enjoy a man worth having; but, instead, a rich husband was to be her lot. Peter would probably wear better; but "God send he don't wear too long," thought Jill.

She awoke into a very real regret for Pomeroy. She herself could not wed him; but she found herself very large-minded before the spectacle of his disappointment. Jill was much pleased with herself upon feeling these generous emotions, because she doubted not that they argued a good heart and a kindly disposition. For Northmore she cared not a straw, but she felt that he was marrying Ruth under false pretences and that the plot to punish Ives had gravely miscarried. She was exceedingly glad now to feel that it had done so. She told herself that she had come to her senses and that, in any event, she would never have allowed Ives Pomeroy to go to prison. She even asked herself why he should lose Ruth. A sensation of discovery got hold upon her. She was again surprised and gratified to find how much virtue inhabiter her heart. She conceived a drama of the most dramatic character, in which she must appear as the saviour of Pomeroy and the real heroine of the situation. She pictured Pomeroy thanking her for giving Ruth back to him. These dreams were very agreeable, but between them and the present moment lay hard realities.

Jill determined to see Matthew Northmore before that day was done; and after

nightfall she walked through Merivale and across the Moor to Stone Park.

A woman let her in, and Northmore received her with the air of somewhat boisterous heartiness that he now affected. He was pressing preparations for his marriage and had arranged for its celebration in a month's time.

"Well, Mrs. Bolt; but I must call you 'Jill' in future, for we shall be relations in a sort of way before long!"

He sat at a table littered with accounts and papers. He was preparing to transfer most of his possessions into the name of his future wife. A small oil lamp burned on the table, and the fire had sunk low.

At the door a man was listening, in the classic manner, at the keyhole. Northmore's new serving woman had told Emanuel who was the visitor and thrown him into a very violent excitement. What did Jill want with his master so quickly after their conversation of the morning?

"Come to the fire," said Matthew. "Lucky I hadn't gone down to the Jolly Huntsmen, for a yarn and a glass to-night. The lawyers have regularly muddled my brains, I assure you."

"Sorry I haven't come about anything pleasant," said the visitor—"quite the contrary, in fact."

At a distance the thought of Northmore's sufferings had not troubled Jill; but now, in the moment when she was about to inflict them, she felt all that this must mean to him. She plunged into the matter swiftly.

"I've done a terrible wrong, and you've got to know it."

"Why, Jill? Why should I? Don't bother me with your sins, there's a good girl. We're both going to be married. Let's try and grasp at a bit of happiness, if we can."

"I know how you feel. I'm like that too. I'm frightened at the chance of losing it all. I wake in a cold sweat of a night sometimes from dreaming that Peter's changed his mind about me."

"No fear of that. He's in luck."

There was a moment of silence; then Jill spoke out.

"You hate Ives Pomeroy, don't you?"

"No," he said. "I can call God to witness now that I don't. I'm very sorry for

him in more ways than anybody knows, or ever will. He's got a terrible deal on his conscience, poor chap, and 'tis small wonder that he's wild and savage and furious. But only one thing matters now, and that is that Ruth Rendle is going to marry me instead of him. You see, she's decided at last."

"Don't deceive yourself," said Jill. "That woman loves Pomeroy a million times better than she likes you."

"What are you saying?" he asked harshly.

"'Tis like this, Matthew Northmore. Pomeroy made three people hate him: you and me and Emanuel Codd. I hated him because he wouldn't come back to my apenn-strings after Samuel died; and Codd hated him over money; and you hated him for your own reasons."

"And he hated me."

"He said so; but it wasn't real hate—not then. Only noise and bluster. He ban't built for steady, patient hating, or steady, patient loving either. But that's not here or there. In my rage I met Emanuel Codd, and when he told me that he was going to be level with Pomeroy, I said nothing against it. 'Twas Emanuel Codd burnt your ricks and your stock; that's what's on my conscience to tell you. He confessed it to me, and my sin was that I kept it hid. He planned all—to make you think that Pomeroy had done it. Pomeroy's done many silly things and said many more; but he had no hand in this cruel job. And if you like to call your man, I'll face him with this now on the spot."

Northmore as yet quite failed to digest the significance of all he heard. He rose mechanically and went to the door; then he stopped and turned.

"Never mind him," he said. "This means the end of him. You say that Codd planned the fire; but the papers—Pomeroy's papers that I found?"

"That was where the devil helped," said Jill calmly. "Ives came here the day of the fire, because he knew that you were out of the way, to speak to Codd. Then Codd put him in a rage and he flung off and galloped away, and never thought to put back some papers and things he'd taken out of his pocket. The rest is easy to be seen."

In this most lucid explanation Jill made but one error, and that intentional. She substituted the Prince of Darkness for herself and gave him all the credit of her own ingenuity. Then she rose to depart.

"Of course whether you found Pomeroy's papers or not, I don't know. But, so far as I'm concerned, I only tell you what Codd told me, and I ask you to forgive me for keeping it from you. I know 'twas wicked and cowardly and mean. But 'twas done out of hate of Ives Pomeroy, not from any ill will to you. I didn't care a button about you one way or t'other then. Now I do care about you, and I've forgiven Pomeroy. So there it stands."

She rose, but he apparently had ceased to hear or perceive her. He was staring into the fire, and he had shrivelled up a little as the thing began to be better understood and traced to its sequence. His hands were between his knees; his chin had dropped; the firelight flickered over his pale beard.

"Good-night," said Jill. "I wish to hear you forgive me for bottling this up. I shall be your relation soon, and I don't want to be anything but friendly."

She waited at the door for him to answer, but he had grown oblivious of her presence and he did not hear a word of the last diplomatic utterance.

Jill went out and shut the door behind her, while Northmore remained motionless beside the fire. His reception of her news convinced Jill that she was right, and that she had quenched Northmore's shadowy hope of happiness forever. Then she began to reflect. She looked into Stone Park kitchen and asked if Emanuel were at home. A man and his wife sat there together.

"He was here a bit ago," answered the labourer. "Then he went up the passageway; and then up to his chamber, I believe."

"I should like to see him," said the visitor.

But Emanuel was not found in his room.

"Must have gone down to the public-house, I suppose," suggested the woman, "though 'tis late for him to do so."

Jill departed, but at the gate she

stopped and considered the situation from the standpoint of Mr. Codd. It was very likely that he had been listening, and had heard her confession. It occurred to her that Codd might be waiting on the fringe of the night in a mood not friendly. A man who would burn ricks and cattle might not hesitate, under provocation, to do worse.

The darkness was intense, and a thin rain blew in her face from the south. Jill decided not to go home by the road to Merivale. It was flanked by thorn-trees and boulders and gorse clumps, all well calculated to conceal a man. She smiled at the idea of Emanuel waiting to brain her; then she took a wide circuit to the right, and trusted herself to the gloomy bosoms of the Staple Tors.

Left alone, Northmore, through the progress of many hours, watched his glittering palace of hope founder and fall.

The position admitted of statement so simple that even in his present disorder of mind he could see it clearly. Ives Pomeroy was innocent and Matthew had won Ruth with a lie. There could be no further shadow of justice in this engagement and he must instantly release her. Even temptation to persist did not offer itself, because it would presently be common knowledge that Codd had committed the crime. Jill must tell others; the thing could not be hid.

He struggled long and left no loophole of escape unexplored. Was it possible that Jill herself had lied, inspired thereto by Ruth? He clutched for a moment at the idea of a plot; but he dismissed it as vain. Jill had never associated his engagement with the business of the fire. Her sole concern had been to clear his mind of wrongful suspicions. He remembered that Ruth did not yet know these things; and he wondered how he should tell her. Words were no vehicle for such tremendous intelligence. He would not speak; he would not write. A dreadful deed only befitted such a dreadful fact. She should learn explicitly that she was free. There was nothing left for him but the dust, and he longed to return to it. Self-destruction remained as the only road to peace. For hours he dallied with that dusky shadow until the idea grew just, reasonable and

inevitable. Ruth might understand; and, a sad memory, he must forever haunt her hereafter. That circumstance he could not alter, because, living or dead, she would remember him.

Again the bubbles on the surface of this flood arrested him. He thought of another, and went so far as to go to the door and call Emanuel Codd. It seemed to his brain that Jill had been gone for half an hour; but to his surprise blue dawnlight already filtered at the window. The hour was after six o'clock. He ascertained anon that Codd had left Stone Park on the previous night and had not returned.

Through the earlier portion of that day Matthew Northmore doubted; but after noon he was steadfastly affirmed to make an end of himself. He chose a special theatre for the act, and proceeded thither in forgetfulness that he had already promised an appointment for that hour and place.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE TORN BIBLE

While Matthew Northmore was hearing a part of the truth, Ives cried for time to fly and bring the meeting at the Lone Stones. He fretted and stormed, now in his house, now on the farm, and his grandmother feared that he must be going out of his mind, for he told her nothing. She only knew that he had been in Plymouth for two days, and had now returned in a condition of terrible ferocity. His attitude reminded her of his youth; but there was no mother now to face him and quell him.

He left the house at nightfall, and while he was away, Peter Toop called to see him.

"Lord alone knows where the man is, or what's overtaken him," said Jane Pomeroy. "He was gallivanting to Plymouth for a bit; then he came home in the worst tantrum as I've known since Avisia died."

Thereupon Peter told Mrs. Pomeroy what she did not know, and related how Northmore had won Ruth Rendle.

"Why, then, 'tis all explained," she

said. "And no worse news could have come into this house. He's left it too long. If he'd only done what I told him, years ago, they'd have been man and wife and me a double great-grandmother afore to-day."

Peter rolled his head solemnly.

"I respect a great-grandmother something tremendous. 'Tis a stately situation to find yourself in, ma'am."

"'Tis nought—all along of marrying at seventeen. But quite a woman I was at that age, and not a fool neither, if I remember rightly. As to the unborn, 'tis they be a solemn subject; not us. I mind once talking to my darter-in-law—poor dear Avis— and I cried out, 'Lord! what a lot of things they'll have to do!' meaning them to come. 'Yes,' she said, in her sudden, twinkling way, 'and one of the hardest will be to forgive us.' There's something in that. We don't think enough for 'em."

Ives came in at this juncture, and Peter turned to him.

"'Tis about the tombstone for your dear mother. I'm wishing you could be more patient. Think of her patience! What would six months more or less have been to her?"

To Jane Pomeroy's surprise, her grandson took this admonition quietly. He seemed weary and dispirited.

"That's true enough," he said. "And if it wasn't, 'twould be no odds; for no man ever hurried you yet, though perhaps a woman will afore long."

He seemed in an amiable mood; but physical and mental dejection accounted for it. His supper was waiting for him and he began to eat.

"Trust me," continued Peter. "There's so much that a man in my calling have got to do in a hurry, that, where time allows, we are apt to take it. Of course, very few do all for the dead that I do. 'Tis generally divided up among different trades. However, I do all, and I feel it very comforting when a *ortège* has a dash to it and a funeral goes off with a bit of a sparkle."

"You talk of 'em as if they were fireworks," said Ives; and the undertaker started.

"Lord, how like your mother you spoke that!" he exclaimed. "Well, the stone

will be at the shed for you to see next week; and, as to the slate, I can't take it in part payment. 'Tis useless for any purpose. But I've added my mite to the marble, in the shape of fifteen per cent. off, for respect of them under it, and more I can't do—especially as a man with marriage at the door. Good-night, good-night."

Peter hurried away to avoid argument over the superseded slate; but Ives was not interested.

"To think that woman, of all women, goes to an old man!" he said. His empty and lifeless voice struck Mrs. Pomeroy's attention.

"You'm tired, Ives. Be off to bed so soon as you've eat your meat. You'll be better in the morning."

"I shall never be better no more. Oh, grandmother, d'you know what's happened to me? Ruth—Ruth Rendle's going to take Matthew Northmore. At least she thinks so; but I know better. If 'tisn't me, it shall be any but him. I'll drop him to-morrow, like I'd drop a bullock with a pole-axe. I'll do it, if he don't give her up once for all."

"Don't you tell such vain, terrible stuff, there's a good boy. You must think how it stands, and you'll do far better to see Ruth than him. If she's for him—well, you can't interfere. 'Tis her good you'm seeking above your own—that is if you love her honest."

"Her good—yes; and it doesn't lie with Northmore, or she'd have found it out years ago instead of just now. What have I done to choke her off me?"

"Go to her; go to her again," advised the old woman. "In a way you've a right to know a bit more."

"Yes, I mean to know more; but 'tis the man shall tell me. 'Tis for him to explain. And yet—what can he say more? She's going to marry him; that's all that matters—to him."

He talked for some time in this fashion, and his grandmother spoke patiently with him. After a while he calmed down a little.

"Mind you, I never rated her high enough—never. I took her too much for granted, as a woman who'd do my bidding always. When I decided that I'd

offer for her. I reckoned the job was as good as done. 'Twas natural that she should feel the other man would wear better than me. I allow all that, but I can't suffer it. She shan't have him. I've sworn so. He shall go out of it, and she shall find somebody as'll make her a better husband than him or me."

"Think—think, Ives. Think how 'twould be if your mother was living."

"I know how 'twould be well enough. All different—all; because she would never have let this happen. Too fond of Ruth for that."

"But Ruth's old enough to judge for herself. There couldn't have gone no compulsion to it."

"How can I tell? I didn't hear his lies; 'tis the fashion of all my enemies to fight with lies behind my back. I'd—There; but I'm calm and sensible enough. I can read men easy, and easiest of all that man. Look back at him. 'Twas him that got me put in prison—his work. And he've never changed, never. From the moment he fallen in love with Ruth, his suspicious hatred woke against me, and he lost no chance to do me an injury."

"He did nought, however."

"For why? Because I never gave him the opening. But he's done something now—so deep and dark that Ruth—Live! Not this time to-morrow, unless he takes his oath afore Christ Almighty that he'll never see her again."

The hour grew late, and Mrs. Pome-roy began to get very sleepy.

"Read just a few verses, like a dear, afore I go," she said. "I've got to count on it, Ives, and I miss 'em a good bit when you'm not here."

Thus she spoke, because Ives, when at home, was accustomed nightly to read a chapter from the Bible for Jane's pleasure.

He now picked up the book from its place, turned to a marker in the Revelation of John, and began to read drearily. But after a dozen verses his own condition burst upon him, and swept away all self-restraint.

"God damn it!" he cried out passionately. "How can I read this drivel and

my life wrecked and ended? Don't you know there's murder in me? Ban't I going to kill a man if he don't yield? Hell take the book!"

He flung the volume on the floor with both hands, and the cover burst off.

"Ives! Ives! You've tored the forels off your mother's Bible!"

He had sat down again and put his arms on the table and his head upon them.

"Go," he said. "Get to bed, grandmother. Leave me to finish this business my own way."

She began to creep over to the sacred book; but he bade her leave it alone.

"I tell you to go! I can't bide even the sight of you any more to-night. Here—"

He rose and took a hot brick from the grate. She handed him an old wool-len shawl, and he saw tears run down her face.

"Don't take on," he said. "'Tis no fault and no business of yours. You women who bring children into the world, 'tis no good crying in your age to find that children and sorrow are names for the same thing."

He wrapped the shawl about the hot brick and then went up to her room in front of her. It was a customary event, and the brick kept his grandmother warm by night.

"Kiss me, Ives—and—and—oh, boy—pray to God with all your fiery heart afore you go to sleep—to please your dead mother, do it."

"Sleep—sleep! I shan't never sleep no more," he said. "I've done with sleep. There ban't no sleep for men who can tear Bibles and curse God."

He kissed her face and left her and licked an old woman's tear off his lips as he went down the stairs. Age and weariness soon buried the ancient in oblivion; the man returned to his thoughts and his future. It was past midnight and he calculated that sixteen hours must still separate him from his enemy. He considered how to pass them. He revolved the matter of taking Northmore's life, and for a long time was set remorselessly upon it.

CHAPTER XLIV

OLD TEXTS

There was none that Pomeroy could ask for help, and in his isolation, with a very poignant intensity, he realised how much Ruth had been to him—how much more than he had understood or appreciated, even in his highest ardour of love. Only now, in the moment of loss, her precious attributes impressed themselves with burning, aching acuteness upon his brain. To her he had not seldom turned of late when faced with minor perplexities; for he was of the sort who find advice from women better to the taste than counsel of men; and he did not disdain to consult them, where pride hindered any reference to his own sex. But in this vital matter, involving herself, Ruth could not be approached, and there remained only Northmore, since no other was familiar with the truth.

So Pomeroy argued from his insufficient knowledge.

He returned to the kitchen, sat down by the fire and reflected for above an hour. He tried to state the case in terms, but they tumbled to pieces and only one clear fact dominated his senses. He wanted Ruth above all living things. That he might have her was his mother's hope and prayer. Avisa had worked for it; she had died desiring it. For a long time he occupied himself with the situation and believed that justice and right demanded the marriage between Ruth and himself. Then he endeavoured to appreciate the position from another standpoint. It was not until some hours afterward that he began to look out of Northmore's eyes. For the present he merely regarded Northmore's conduct through his own, and concluded that Matthew had used man's force in some evil way and driven Ruth to accept him despite her own aversion. Nothing could justify a step so infamous; no punishment could be too heavy for it. Seriously he resolved with himself to destroy Northmore; and that such a step must also mean his own destruction did not deter him.

And then he thought of Ruth and

asked himself whether it was strange that she should put Northmore's enduring and steadfast trust and worship before his sudden flame. He looked back to his mother's illness and Ruth's sojourn at the Vixen.

"She knows me too well," he said. He told himself that right was happening; and then, instantly upon this admission, the large, generous spirit died in him as a light died upon the sea. What were the other man's fortitude and faithfulness after all? What was Northmore? He was one who hunted Ruth as remorselessly as he hunted hares. A thousand times she had shown him that the thing he desired was hateful to her; a thousand times she had turned and struggled and made vantage of ground to escape from him. But he had run her down at the end. She was not dedicated to him; she was not sacred to him. No dying woman with her last conscious glance had woven them together.

At three o'clock he remembered that little more than twelve hours kept him from the meeting with Northmore. He thought of his bed, but put it off a while. For some time he walked up and down with long strides that fell heavily but silently. Then his foot touched something and he saw his mother's Bible. The cover lay apart. He picked up the book and marked beside it a piece of paper somewhat stained with age. One side was blank, but he turned it over and found words and letters. Next he picked up the cover of the book and went to the table.

The strip of paper was a list of references to many texts of scripture. They had been set down by his mother, and evidences of age already marked the earlier entries. He noted that the writing began somewhat shakily; then the figures and letters became strong and steady; and at last they shook again and grew very faint and feeble. The final reference was written with a lead pencil, and the characters trembled much. That these words and figures thus grew weak towards the end moved Ives more than the discovery of them. He gazed long and the present sank to sleep. Then vanished days awoke and once

again he lived through his mother's passing.

He rose at last and was going to put the paper with other scraps and written memorials left of her, cherished and hidden safely. Then, seeing the Bible at his elbow, he sat down again and idly turned to the text that headed this memorandum.

"And teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born."

His mother had set it down before a son or daughter came to her, and Pomeroy wondered whether the issue had been himself or one of his sisters. He sought the second text.

"God hath judged me and hath also heard my voice, and hath given me a son."

It was the coming of Ives thus chronicled! His mother had prayed for a boy then. And her God had only sent Ives. He thought of Avis's joy in his infancy and saw himself clouding it day by day. He feared to read further; then he turned to the third text. The writing was firm and strong again.

"God be gracious unto thee my son."

He speculated as to the age of this entry and turned to yet another. This showed him that he was a baby still.

"Can a woman forget her suckling child?"

He saw himself cuddled at the breast that was dust; he caught the twinkle in his mother's eyes as she hugged him.

He read again, and the following text was quite trivial; yet the words had brought a smile to Avis's eyes when she set them down; and they dimmed his now.

"His mother made him a little coat."

He remembered how she had spoken of that little coat when her mind wandered on the shores of death.

Another question followed.

"What shall I do for my son?"

He was a boy now and she began to look ahead for him. The next verse meant more than he could know or guess at.

"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to the fathers."

He remembered his father not at all, but Avis had often told him that the

elder Ives loved the younger well. What followed seemed the picture of a beautiful home; but still the texts dealt with a time before his recollection.

"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children."

Ives wondered when first he began to break that peace and wake a new element of anxiety in his mother's mind. The next verse spoke of sorrow and definitely fixed its own date in the little chronicle.

"If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

The words told that Avis's first child was dead, and Pomeroy, now greedy of this close and unutterably precious revelation, almost resented the fact that his mother's firstborn found any place in it. He eagerly sought for himself again; but it seemed that a considerable interval of time had passed between the last entry and the next.

His father had now died and Avis was alone.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

"Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child."

The story unfolded and the next three verses pointed very directly to himself.

"Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with a rod, he shall not die."

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

There had always been hope in her heart for him. Nothing that he could do killed that imperishable emotion. She had died full of hope for him.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

That prophecy was vain. How far had he himself strayed from the way that she had trained him to go? Where did he stand now? He turned impatiently forward and read again. The next text succeeded naturally upon the last and seemed to show his mother's hand tighten on him as she set herself to obey her guides.

"It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth."

Her yoke had ever been easy; yet he remembered the discipline too, and its apparent futility to build character or begot self-control. His face grew dark and sorrowful. Then woke a gracious personal element in the dumb narrative that made him sad and happy together, and struck a solemn note of emotion for him that died not from that day forever when the words recurred.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit and was in the deserts."

"See the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

He dwelt very long over those words and turned onward reluctantly. For his soul told him there was sorrow hidden in the little figures and letters that remained. Childhood had ended; youth lay ahead. It could not be that any great hour of all the hours that were passed had been forgotten by the un-sleeping watchfulness that set down this story.

Ives lingered here upon the golden shore of a young mother's dream. And then he read on and saw the steadfast chronicler quelling her own doubts. His mother began not to understand him. It was not egotism that appropriated the succeeding text to himself. It could refer to no other.

"But wisdom is justified of her children."

He dropped the paper and stared in front of him. "I know how 'twas," he said to himself. "How well I know what was in mother's thought then! I hadn't begun to break her heart yet; but she's got a dim glimpse of such a thing falling out some day. And then she went to her book by night and found this and rested on it."

The next verse, however, showed that the mother had not rested long. Her faith cried out from Christ's generality to Christ's self. She carried her best offering and set it before her Lord.

"Master, I have brought unto thee my son."

It seemed necessary for Avisia to cry louder, that she might be heard.

"Master, I beseech thee look upon my son."

Well he knew the things that were happening then; and very clearly he

heard the heart-stricken cry that followed:—

"Lord, have mercy on my son."

"I laid in Tavistock prison the night she set that down," he thought. And then, reading the next verse, he pictured the days of waiting and the longing that each night would bring him back again while still he tarried and would not return to her.

"For her bowels yearned upon her son."

"The secrets of that woman's heart!" he said.

The following verse told that he was home again.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

A considerable space of years fell between this entry and the next intimate record; but two texts seemed to bridge the gulf and indicate leading trains of thought in the mother's mind. One was a general sentiment echoed of her own instinct.

"For the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children."

The second sounded a hopeful spirit and spoke of a home at peace.

"I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in truth."

A direct admonishment to him came next, and spoke of the dawn of his great tribulation. This verse his mother had actually repeated to him in the past, and he recollected the fact clearly.

"My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction."

Another verse from Proverbs followed and spoke of anxious days and nights for Avisia Pomeroy.

"My son, be wise and make my heart glad, that I may answer him that reproacheth me."

He guessed at the hidden care and stress upon her now, and remembered that this happened when rest and mental peace were vital to her health. She felt that the cruel strain he had put upon her was more than she could bear in those days; and she had cried for strength to save him.

"O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy

servant, and save the son of thine handmaid."

It almost seemed that this, her great prayer, had been answered, for he remembered the event and how he had flung over Jill Bolt at the last moment. His mother at least regarded the course which he had taken as victorious.

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

There remained but one more reference. The writing was weak and the words and figures barely legible.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

She had yielded him up to her God at her death—but only then. Here lay recorded her farewell of him and he understood the thought in her mind.

The magic of this fair discovery lingered like a sunset about the spirit of the man; then, into this new encompassment of thought intruded his present circumstances and he regarded the morrow. It had already dawned, for the morning wind and a wan foretoken of light were at the casement together. He had taken two long hours to read this message, because there occurred lengthy intervals of thought between the brief morsels of it. They had stood merely as stepping-stones from point to point; they had been as texts for the sermon of his life. From this great survey he came back to the present; but he did not come back alone. The mother's heart was against his; her spirit belonged to him as the intrinsic controller of his own. Again he turned to the Bible for a text that he remembered dimly. He knew the source of it and came upon it anon. Then he read it and set down chapter and verse under Avis's last written word.

"Thy mother is like a vine in thy blood."

What fruit should the scion of this stock ripen in the world's garden? Can we gather a thorn from a grape?

"That woman's son have got no choice," he said to himself, and in ignorance uttered great truth.

He began to think upon Avis's love of Ruth, and Ruth's worship of Avis. But the past was past, and Ruth, looking forward, had weighed her own hopes of

happiness and calculated wherein they might most surely lie. Who should blame her? Were peace and content a small matter? If, indeed, she had been brought to love Matthew, was it wonderful? Herself the soul of steadfast trust, could such a man fail finally to win her? His very qualities were her own.

Pomeroy decided to do no hurt to Northmore. He determined to go to the meeting place with empty hands, to wait the other's pleasure, and listen quietly to all that he might speak. His first purpose, indeed, inclined him to break the appointment and see the other man no more; but desire to hear further concerning the great matter was too strong within him; and he made up his mind to go.

As for his own future, it was paralysed; because he could not see whither life without Ruth Rendle would lead.

He turned again to the message and took it up with him to his room.

CHAPTER XLV

SUNSET FIRE

Against the aerial darkness behind them the Lone Stones glowed like a circle of flame. Their ruddy, stunted columns flashed here upon the very edge of the hill; and all behind and beneath was purple shadow, and all before was the waning splendour of the west. Hither came Ives Pomeroy to his tryst and found himself the first there. The hour was about four o'clock, and Ives, upon his way, had taken a detour so that he might not go nigh Stone Park. He came armed only with the memory of the night, and he waited patiently in a sort of desolate peace; but he did not review his attitude or intention, for both were assured.

If Ruth loved this man better than she loved him, there ceased his right to say another word. He would, however, hear what Northmore had to tell him; because Matthew had promised a revelation, and he was come to learn it. There, if the matter proved not vital to Ruth, he would leave all and interfere no more.

The light failed fast, and the west sank like a dying torch before the other man appeared. Out of the heath he rose presently, and Pomeroy, with his back against the great stone of the circle and his arms folded on his breast, stood motionless and watched him approach. Suddenly his interest increased as the master of Stone Park drew near, for there was much that appeared strange about him. A terrible change had come over Northmore. It seemed that he was drunk, and Pomeroy at first supposed that it must be so. There rose a sudden hate for this wretch in the mind of the younger. The foothold of Matthew was weak. He staggered and reeled forward. Once he stopped and sat on a stone and mopped his face. Then he seemed to observe the circle suddenly and came on again.

In doubt of his next action and impressed with the folly of any meeting between Northmore and himself under these conditions, Ives hesitated; then he slipped down to be out of sight, crept near the further rim of the ring and crouched invisible that he might better judge of the other's state.

Northmore was quickly on the spot and he stood there gasping awhile with his face lifted. It shone with sweat and the sky painted its pallor yellow. The farmer was not drunk, but he suffered under great excitement. His eyes were terrible thus lighted by the sky, and they blazed with such a savage misery that the watcher supposed he looked upon a madman.

Now Ives knew not what to do. He felt neither pity nor anger; but he found himself most deeply concerned to gather the meaning of this great passion. He wondered whether Ruth had changed her mind. Many reflections, doubts and even hopes sped hurtling through his brain; but still he watched and waited. In his excitement he peered boldly out from behind the stone that hid him; but Northmore was unconscious of any presence and his eyes were turned inward.

Suddenly Matthew sat up, rose to his feet and acted swiftly while his heart held to its purpose. First he tore open his waistcoat and shirt, then he drew

from his pocket a revolver and cocked it. He held it to his side; then changed his mind and lifted it to his head. The hesitation saved his life. For a moment this most unexpected horror kept Pomeroy motionless; then he leaped forward and shouted loudly as he did so. Northmore turned and started as he pulled the trigger. Thus only fire scorched his temple; the bullet missed it and struck off a splinter from the stone behind him. Opportunity to shoot again was not granted, for Ives tore the weapon away and flung it far into the fog. They stood silent, panting within arm's length of each other; and it was Matthew who spoke first.

"You—you of all men! What do you do here?"

"Me—yes. Who should it be? Wasn't we to meet here?"

Northmore looked at him as at a strange creation unfamiliar in his eyes.

"I come to meet my death—not you," he said.

"Button up your breast. You forgot I was to be here, but thank the Lord I didn't. You stare, but you're not more puzzled than me. You know a lot I don't, seemingly, else you'd never have come here to blow your brains out. And I know more than you. Since I've saved your life, I can tell you that a few hours ago I was minded to do for you what you meant to do for yourself. You've got to thank not me, but God Almighty, that you're a living man."

The other seemed slowly to waken and return to his senses.

"There's no thanks due—no thanks due—no thanks due," he kept repeating, in a monotonous voice, like an animal crying. "If I'd known that you meant to kill me, I'd have come sooner. I want to go out of it. I must go out of it. Can mortal man face this and live?"

"Face what?" asked Ives. "Don't give way no more. You've come back to life by a short cut; and that's as much as to say you haven't done with the world, and the world haven't done with you. If what ails you is my work, let me have it. Things have happened to me too, though 'tisn't likely in such as me the force of 'em will last very long. Better you speak

and say all you want to say afore I change again."

But the other had not yet gathered his shaken wits together. He had indeed returned to life by a short cut. But he was dazed, obscured, inconsequent.

"Here she first said 'No,' and here I was going to make an end of it. You—you've done no service to me nor yet to yourself. What can she do now? It all depends on me—all—every atom of it. She's promised—she'd never go from her word—not even if I confessed that she had promised under false pretences. Never—the soul of honesty is that woman. She'd never go from her word, I tell you."

"And aren't you honest too?" asked Ives.

The other did not answer, but rambled on.

"I was dragged here to die—where she refused me first. Yes—she refused me once. That may surprise you. And why were you here—waiting, and why instead of letting me go out of your path you . . .

"Come, come," said the saner man. "Get at peace with yourself. Quiet down your intellects afore you try to tell me what 'tis all about."

Gradually Northmore turned to a more coherent frame of mind. Then he essayed to explain the facts and did not spare himself in the process. Pomeroy heard all without speaking. He passed through many moods as the story with its plot unwound on Northmore's faltering tongue; but at the end one mighty fact swallowed all lesser emotions. Ruth was free to do as she would; and she had only accepted Northmore out of love for Pomeroy.

"You're an honest man," said Ives at last. "I'll say nought about what you meant to do, and I've only one quarrel against you; that you believed that damned scamp's word. But 'tisin't strange you found it easy, seeing what promised to come of it; and since you did believe it, I suppose 'twasn't in human nature to help using it and driving it home on Ruth. Belike I'd have done the same."

"She loves you. She's always loved you; and I knew it and yet— But it's told now. I don't want your pity, but I

want you to forgive me. As for punishment, you've punished me enough. I should be in eternal peace this minute if it wasn't for your hand. You've got your revenge so long as I live."

"A time will come when you'll think different to that. 'Tis not strange you felt a sudden want to be out of it. But—well,—God knows I can't preach. Only this you shall swear to me afore I leave you: that you'll not make away with yourself. I'll dog you day and night until you swear it! I feel terrible curious about your life now; I've got a hold on it; and I call you to promise me that you won't lift a hand against yourself no more, Matthew Northmore. For the sake of that woman, keep alive. I don't ax for myself. Her days will be darkened forevermore if you kill yourself through her fault."

"I won't kill myself, but I'll go. I'll drag on with it somewhere till the end."

The two men went away slowly together and left the circle empty.

CHAPTER XLVI

PRIMROSEN

There came a morning in early spring when Pomeroy left his home with the light to keep an appointment. Some very striking new raiment appeared in his chamber, but he did not don these things. Instead he put on working day attire and an old cap. Then he went out of doors, sank to Walla, crossed the stream and ascended on the other side.

The sun had not risen and only the earliest birds were waking. A thrush made sleepy music from a silver fir, that stood on the edge of the grey light. The glens were full of dew and the sky was almost clear.

Hither came Moleskin to meet Ives. The old man brought a little bunch of primroses culled from some secret spot familiar to him.

"You've kept your word," he said. "And so have I. 'Twas a promise to Ruth that if she was married any day after February I'd get her primrosen for her wedding gown. For certain she'll

have braver blossoms too; but she promised for to wear these, and here they are."

He handed Ives the flowers. Moleskin knew their haunts as he knew the haunts of other natural things in his wild world.

"I hark back to boyhood come primrose time—always," he said. "I go back to the days when I was a bit of a lad. And all's the same—flowers, feathers, fins. They don't change to more than the bed of the river or the hovers of the trout. 'Tis only us that change. Smell 'em—just the same sweetness that met our great-great-grandfathers' noses. And they grow the same and peep out come the Spring again, like maidens from behind their window-blinds."

"It's good to go back a bit if you'm old, I suppose," said Ives.

"Yes, it's good; but it's—" Moleskin broke off. "And so here's your wedding day, Pomeroy, and a fine one too! Tavistock at twelve o'clock. Don't fear I shall miss it. There's a whole rally of us driving over in Peter's wagonette. Him and his wife are coming too. Trust her!"

"Lizzie bides along with Ruth to-night down off. But Arthur Brown can't get away. Here's his letter. 'Twill amuse you since you know the man."

He handed the communication to Moleskin and smelt the primroses while his neighbour read. They would be on Ruth's breast soon; but he had nothing to envy them.

"A fine copy-book hand to be sure," said Moleskin.

"Yes; and a fine copy-book mind behind it."

"Such men be the backbone of the nation, without a doubt. I see he tells that his youngster has been ill; and the good man is evidently a little bit surprised at God Almighty, that He could suffer such a thing to happen. A wonderful chap—light to your shade—eh, Ives—or is he shade to your light?"

"How's Mrs. Cawker?" asked Ives.

"Helping with her needle against our Mary's wedding. What a woman—eh? And what a frame! There'll be a great battle of soul against clay when that noble creature's got to go. But never mind; nobody but you and Ruth to-day. 'Tis your day. If your mother only

wasn't gone! 'Twould have been her high-water mark of happiness to see you two joined presently."

"She don't seem as dead as she was," answered the other. "I can't make my meaning very clear, I'm afraid—yet, if any man could grasp hold of it, perhaps you're the one. 'Tis that mother's nearer and more alive to me, even now, than many of the real, live people round about."

"Well I understand! Some are more alive, though they be dead, than others all the days of their life. And her—her—why, she's not dead so long as you'm stirring, my bold hero! Why, you may even grow to be worthy of such a mother yet."

"Never," he said. "No son's worthy of such a woman as Avisa Pomeroy."

"Some of 'em used to wonder how 'twas you didn't take more after her; but 'twas only their blindness. I knowed she was there—waiting to show in you, poor chap. And out she came when most you had need of her, I reckon. How's Matthew Northmore by the same token? Have 'e heard aught of him?"

"He's not coming back—got a farm t'other side the Moor, Chaggeyford way. He's well—so he says."

Moleskin nodded.

"A spark of wisdom in him not to come back. And it opens up the interesting question of who'll have Stone Park. We must hope for a large-hearted creature."

But Pomeroy was not considering Stone Park.

"Two," he said, harping back to the great matters in his mind. "Two of the best women God ever made, and one—one bore me—and t'other be going to marry me. I've had a mighty deal more luck than my share, Moleskin."

"You have without a doubt; but that's a very common thing—whether good luck or bad. Nought in nature's rarer than to see man or woman getting their desert."

They had come down to the brink of the river, and here parted.

"See you later," said Moleskin. "Take care of they primroses, and joy go to her along with 'em."

As the man vanished, each upon his path, there woke a great light out of the

east, and the birds sang together. Dawn bloomed rather than broke—budded and bloomed where little cloudlets opened scarlet petals under the feet of day. Then this transparent radiance of heaven find-

ing earth, glittered over long leagues of dew, tintured the crystal of Walla, and kissed Dartmoor—Mother of rivers, Guardian of the rain—as she awoke and lifted her misty eyes to the morning.

THE END

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

THE "NEW THOUGHT"*

Those who have been helped by what is called the "New Thought" will be grateful to its foremost representative for having furnished a concise statement of its principles and of their application to common life. In "a gift book of special value" entitled *This Mystical Life of Ours*, Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine has collated the most valuable thoughts from his earlier works. There are fifty-two chapters, one for every week of the year, so that as the days go by the reader may have food for meditation and a guide to happy living. The so-called "Life Books" of the author have had extraordinary vogue. The first of them, *What All the World's A-Seeking*, attracted favourable notice, and the more ambitious treatise, *In Tune with the Infinite*, has been much admired by people who were in quest of happiness but did not know exactly how to attain it.

It would be hard to say why the thought of Mr. Trine should be called "new." His is a practical philosophy, the principal thesis of which is that happiness here and now is within the reach of all. By conformity to the author's teaching, one may acquire the beatific vision and perfect peace. Yet in almost every period of history optimism of this kind has had its advocates. Even the Stoics with their severe views of human life believed that the *beata vita* was within reach of the wise; and others have en-

tertained the idea that a Utopia might be realised in which all the evils which now afflict society might be removed. Mr. Trine, like that other new thinker, Mr. Fletcher, who has been teaching people how to eat and has proved that "fore-thought minus fear-thought" will make men happy, preaches a gospel of health and hope. If any wish to take his prescription, and get what he promises, it would be cruel to put any obstacles in their way. But it is pardonable to inquire as to the validity of Mr. Trine's principles and as to the value of his practical teaching.

At the foundation of the "New Thought" is a vague idea which is common to many forms of religion. This is that God, the Infinite, is a mighty reservoir of spiritual force and that each finite life should become a channel of divine energy. If this ideal be realised every human being will be made happy and a source of benefit to others. This is the way in which Mr. Trine puts it:

The great central fact in human life is the coming into a conscious vital realisation of our oneness with the Infinite Life, and the opening of ourselves fully to this divine inflow.

Each individual life is part of, and hence is one with, the Infinite Life; and the highest intelligence and power belongs to each in just the degree that he recognises his oneness and lays claim to and uses it.

Upon this rather vague pantheism are grafted many of the commonplaces of Christian ethics. Mr. Trine draws upon the gospels to enforce his doctrine that man's true ideal is that of union and communion with the Infinite.

*This *Mystical Life of Ours*. By Ralph Waldo Trine. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

Even admitting that there is a philosophical justification for this indefinite theory, the author's mode of applying it to life is wholly unsatisfactory. It would be difficult to find a parallel to the empty and often erroneous propositions which he sets forth with such seriousness. He says, for example:

We are all living, so to speak, in a vast ocean of thought. The very atmosphere about us is charged with the thought-forces that are being continually sent out. When the thought forces leave the brain, they go out upon the atmosphere, the subtle conducting ether, much the same as sound-waves go out.

Even though the thoughts as they leave a particular person are not consciously directed, they go out; and all may be influenced by them in a greater or less degree.

It will be seen from such words that the psychology like the metaphysics of the New Thought is crudely materialistic. Nor need it be said that the idea of thoughts wandering about in space without a mind to think them is extravagant nonsense. Some of Mr. Trine's physiological opinions moreover are rather surprising. He supposes that in sleep the soul receives instruction, the result of which will be that one may lose the liking for meat and alcoholic drinks, "things of the class that stimulate the body and the passions rather than build the body and the brain into a strong, clean, well-nourished, enduring and fibrous condition." It may be doubted whether it would be altogether desirable to have one's brain in a "fibrous condition"; but those who have observed the mischievous effects of roast beef and spring lamb upon the bodies and minds of the ignorant will be glad that Mr. Trine condemns such foods and puts them into the same class with spirituous liquors.

The author's moral aphorisms are of two kinds: they are either commonplace sayings so obvious as to deserve only the comment *cela va sans dire*, or are so indefinite as to be worthless for directing human conduct. Of the former kind, the following are fair specimens:

Your every act—every conscious act—is preceded by a thought.

A man may make his millions and his life be a failure still.

I know of no better practice than that of a friend who continually holds himself in an attitude of mind that he continually sends out his love in the form of the thought,—Dear everybody, I love you.

Side by side with such truisms may be found such gems of thought as these:

To live undisturbed by passing occurrences, you must first find your own centre.

If we could but learn from the birds. If we could but open ourselves to the same powers and allow them to pour forth in us, what singers, what movers of men we might have!

Will is the sun-glass which so concentrates and so focuses the sun rays that they quickly burn a hole in the paper that is held before it.

Mr. Trine's well-meant treatise closes with what he calls "A Sort of Creed," which is "to be observed to-day or in part; to be changed to-morrow—or abandoned—if the light is better." But apparently one must be "in tune with the Infinite" in order to live up to this "sort of creed." Here are some of the things which should be done:

To remain in nature always sweet and simple and humble and therefore strong.

To love the fields and the wild flowers, the stars, the far-open sea, the soft warm earth, and to live much with them.

In brief, to be honest, to be fearless, to be just, to be kind.

If one is at a loss to account for the popularity of the "New Thought," "Eddyism" and other forms of pseudo-philosophy, it has only to be remembered that in almost every man there is to be found a liking for some sort of amateur metaphysics. Among the uneducated and credulous there is a fondness for irrational superstitions, a belief in omens, clairvoyance and spiritistic manifestations. There is a widespread tendency now to accept a sort of vague philosophy more or less religious which has no scientific foundation. Our forefathers satisfied this instinctive appetite for the abstract and supernatural by listening on Sundays to long discourses on dogmatic theology. They were fascinated even by its terrors. But in this impatient and critical age, the old theology has lost

ground. Almost any kind of sermon will do, provided it is not doctrinal. The result is that instead of refreshing his mind with meditations on the divine attributes, predestination and the limited number of the elect, the average Philistine likes to dabble in ideas that seem high or profound to his untutored intellect. Almost anything that is vague if put into pretentious language will attract the ignorant; often the sound of the words is more impressive than their sense, and we have no doubt that Mr. Trine's oracular utterances must be extremely agreeable to people like the old lady who found spiritual consolation in the sound of "that blessed word Mesopotamia."

Archibald Alexander.

II

THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY ORCHARD*

"My earnest prayer is, in closing this awful tale, that it will be the means of stopping this kind of work forever." Thus ends *The Confessions and Autobiography of Harry Orchard*. By "this kind of work" is meant the murders, dynamite outrages and lesser persecutions which constitute the warfare carried on for years by leading spirits of the Western Federation of Miners; a warfare in which the opposing force, the Mine Owners' Association, as consistently resorted to the equally lawless, though less primitive, tactics of defiance of the courts and perversion or contemptuous disregard of the processes of the law. In these guerrilla campaigns Orchard was an important factor, though an inconspicuous one until the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, to which he confessed, implicating Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone of the Western Federation.

A jury set aside Orchard's confession as being insufficient for the conviction of the alleged instigators of his crimes. Nevertheless, this remarkable human document, almost stunning to the mind in its simplicity of self-revelation, produces an overwhelming impression of

essential truthfulness. Its frankness is of the meticulous, morbid kind characteristic of the half-frantic convert to whom self-abasement is a form of atonement. In its summing up is the dread of the hereafter, the forced hope of the mind driven in upon itself and taking refuge in religion.

Orchard, whose real name is Albert E. Horsley, began his career as a cheese manufacturer, drifted into wild ways, which ruined his business, and, going West, turned to the trade of murder because it was the readiest method of making a living: "a way of making money without working so hard," as he puts it. He had no particular taste for slaughter. In fact, he rather shrank from the actual deed, though the planning of it he pursued with a placid mind. A singularly logical creature, Orchard pictures himself. He needed money. He disliked hard labour. Killing people was not hard labour. There was money in it. Therefore he killed. The syllogism is complete. In it inheres the chaste simplicity of natural instinct. It is the weasel stalking its prey, the trout raising to the May-fly.

No bitterness was felt by him toward those whom he "bumped off," to use his felicitous euphemism. He worked for the union leaders with no deeper passion than a conviction that labour was often maltreated by organised mining capital; a conviction hardly more violent than most of us entertain regarding equal suffrage or revised spelling. True, the leaders "talked war" constantly, but Orchard's mind was not fired.

There was no money in this kind of propaganda. He went along on his first dynamiting trip, the excursion that blew up the Bunker Hill-Sullivan mine, because it appealed to him as a sort of holiday outing, and his description of it reads like a South American revolution reported by O. Henry. Wholesale arrests following suggested a change of scene, and Orchard went to Cripple Creek, where he practised "high grading," an ingenious, if petty, form of mine thievery. Here also he became a bigamist. A union man named Davis made him a business proposition to blow up the Vindicator mine. The following ex-

*The Confessions of Harry Orchard. New York: The McClure Company.

tract illuminates the phenomenon of a contract murderer's mental processes.

Now, only looking at one side of the question, and having no money—as the little I did have I deposited in the First National Bank of Victor, and that institution had failed and left me without a cent—the resentful feeling I had against these “scabs,” who were taking our places, together with the offer of money, influenced me. I told Davis I would go down and set off the dynamite. He said if I would he would give me \$200. Of course, if we set this carload of powder off it would blow out the whole mine and kill everybody in it.

Something went wrong and only two men were killed. Meantime Orchard had exhibited another phase of his many-sided character by turning jealous because an easy and well-paid job of train-wrecking had gone to another man, and informing the authorities. The leaders of the Federation, however, won him back, and he took a contract to assassinate Governor Peabody of Colorado. The attempts to kill Peabody suggest extracts from that roaring Stevensonian farce, *The Dynamiter*. They hunted the governor with sawed-off shot-guns, with revolvers, with clock-work bombs and wire-trigger infernal machines; in pairs, in gangs and stalking singly; and the intended victim went on the even tenor of his way unharmed and unsuspecting. “We don’t seem to have any luck,” pathetically complained one of the conspirators after a particularly flat failure. So Orchard gave this up and made a little money by “bumping off” Lyte Gregory, an enemy to the unions, with a sawed-off shot-gun.

The destruction of the railroad station at Independence was Orchard’s work. Forsaking dynamite for the time, he tells how he went to San Francisco and put strychnine in Fred Bradley’s morning milk. But as a poisoner he lacked *finesse*. The servants noted a bitter taste in the milk, and the hero of the autobiography had to waste several days before he succeeded in blowing Mr. Bradley into the hospital with dynamite placed at his door. As a contribution to the humours of the law it is worth noting that the gas company was mulcted

in \$10,000 damages on the theory that leakage from their pipes had been exploded by Mr. Bradley’s matutinal cigar as he stepped into the hallway.

For a time he planned to put strychnine in an erring brother’s whiskey and to disperse various public persons with high explosives. It is not necessary to give the record in detail. He contrived to earn about \$1,000 a year, despite the fact that most of his attempts at murder proved abortive. He makes it quite clear that he followed the law of prey and killed only for food, so to speak.

“I always dreaded to do these murders, and usually put them off as long as I could, or, rather, as long as I had money.”

His arrest for the historic murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg put a terminus to his career, and the confession followed soon after. Probably Orchard is quite genuine in his own belief that the statement was inspired by a change of heart on his part. “I felt it a duty that I owed to God and humanity.” But a careful reading of the chapters on his prison-life suggests rather that the moving force within the murderer was the necessity for action. It might equally as well have taken the form of suicide, or escape. Escape being impossible, and a ready means of self-destruction lacking, the restless spirit turned to the one other source of relief, repentance. And the repentance is characteristically complete and fervid; characteristically logical. Repentance and confession represented to Orchard in gaol the line of least resistance, just as had murder to Orchard at large.

The sociologist and student of economic conditions will find matter of interest in Orchard’s well-maintained thesis that the labour unions as a whole did not believe in murder and dynamiting, but that they were controlled by a set of shrewd, unscrupulous and utterly selfish politicians, an “inner ring,” who maintained themselves in power by brow-beating the conservatives. If a general vote had been taken, he insists, upon any project of violence it would have been in the negative.

As a book, however, the unique interest of the confession lies in the insight

afforded into the psychology of the man-of-prey.

You get half crazy thinking of a job of this kind [shooting from ambush] when one man is alone.

When you are on work of this kind you soon become suspicious of everybody and everything.

I had figured a good many times how to get away with Mr. Bradley [kill him] and not get caught.

It was strange how little account they took of murder in that country. I think, for one thing, the people got used to seeing men killed in the mines. . . . This seemed to make human life cheap.

This was the first of anything like that I had been mixed up in [the murder of two mine men] . . . and I rather wished I had not done it, at first.

I told Haywood the hard luck I had had [failing to kill Governor Peabody].

These are flash-lights upon the soul of the man. The book is written in a tone of general and at times artful simplicity.

Samuel Hopkins Adams.

III

ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE ANCIENT LAW"*

The present reviewer may as well admit that this is the first of Miss Glasgow's books which it has actually befallen him to read. The fact of her popularity has not escaped him; she has seemed evidently to belong to the order of Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Hichens; the kind of writer whom for a month at a time now and then everybody is asking everybody else if he has read, exactly as everybody asks whether it is going to rain, what is going to happen to Union Pacific, or who is going to be the Republican candidate. This sort of stock query is a boon to the sewing-circle and the accommodation train; as a rule (thank Heaven we have now and then a De Morgan to the contrary) it does not amount to much else. To judge by the present story Miss Glasgow is the type of author who is taken seriously by a great many persons who ought to know better. No observer

*The Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1908.

whose business it is to follow the whole main stream of contemporary fiction in England and America and who is able to take it seriously can help being a little disappointed, even aggrieved, at the blandness with which the ordinary compatriot of the better class is wont to accept as representative or extraordinary what is mere pretentious commonplace. *The Ancient Law* is better in workmanship than the average American novel, but it is a mediocre affair at best.

No better theme could be asked for than the theme of the reformed jail-bird. Daniel Ordway is a Wall Street broker who in the middle of a successful career uses other people's money for speculation, is caught and sent to prison for five years. His wife with his two children has taken refuge with his father, and has warned the culprit that she is not coming back to him. The story begins at the moment of his release—a man hardly middle-aged, with his way to make in a hostile world. He is drawn in the direction of Virginia, where his wife and children are, but makes no attempt to see or communicate with them. He finds himself, footsore and weary, in the shabby little town of Tappahannock, where he finds a job, and eventually becomes the most influential man in the community. An intimacy springs up with a charming Virginia girl of a family which has seen better days, who, not knowing that he is married, falls in love with him. As his wife is one of the unco' guid, with regard to whom he has been sufficiently disillusionised by her desertion of him in his emergency, his own heart is really free. However, the understanding at which Ordway and the girl arrive is perfectly, if not quite convincingly, blameless. He has become a lay preacher and general good Samaritan to the community, and is on the eve of becoming mayor when a fellow-convict whose chicanery he has thwarted reveals his past. He has nothing to say to the charge, and is preparing to leave town when he gets word by telegraph of his father's death. How his people know of his whereabouts is in no way explained; the thing is as unabashedly timely as the reprieve which (in fiction) customarily deprives the hangman of his prey. The jail-bird forthwith

goes back to his own, is given a position in his uncle's office, and becomes a fifth wheel in the domestic economy. His wife receives him upon formal terms, his daughter presently runs away with a rich cad. She is an intolerable young person, inexcusably spoiled and shielded by the father; she has her mother's selfishness, and an utter unscrupulousness in money matters, which may be supposed to be the curse of the father descended upon the child. In the end she forges her husband's name for a large sum, and her father takes the blame upon himself. The matter is hushed up by the uncle, but it is only left for Ordway to make his escape once again from an unsavoury past. He returns to Tappahannock in time to save the community from a great calamity, then pursues his solitary way toward an altogether indeterminate future. It is a good theme, but unfortunately it remains a theme. Its figures, with one exception, are puppets, not human beings. The wife, the uncle, the daughter, Ordway himself, move according to the will of the inventor, but they have no blood or breath of their own. They are not unsuggestive of certain actual and familiar types; but for the rest they represent contrivance and exegesis, not creation. Ordway is not a live person who has his moments of strength and of weakness, of benigance and selfishness; he is an inanimate composite of the author's notes on two or three kinds of person. His success among the rustics of Tappahannock is not adequately accounted for, and his fatuous attitude toward his silly daughter is not made sufficiently tolerable. We are told a good many things about his nobility, his self-sacrifice, his commanding power, but they do not persuade us that he is anything but a very ordinary person, if he is a person at all. What is really wanting is a sense of humour, which is, strange as it may seem, the last thing demanded of its novelists by our public. We may be thankful for the lack of funny business in Miss Glasgow's book, but we have still to regret its lack of proportion, of perspective, of that indefinable circumambient atmosphere, of insight and sympathy with which true humour surrounds its material.

H. W. Boynton.

IV

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "THE MOTHER OF THE MAN"*

One of the French painters somewhere expresses his opinion of the artist who "cannot find enough to paint during his entire lifetime in a radius of four miles around his home." It is probable that this saying was not intended for a commending of the monotonous photographic reiteration of the infinitely little, but for a hint of the bigness that confined space can reveal to him who sees. Eden Phillpotts has always been of this way of thinking, and his work thus far has shown him capable of discovering the bigness of human emotions and human passions on the narrow stage of a country village, the inhabitants of which are but a paltry group of simple people. In his latest novel he has given us all the good qualities of his maturing talent, and has made a book which is hard to discuss in terms of calm, every-day criticism. It is the sort of novel the thoughtful reader will want to keep, that he may return to it again and again, to browse here and there upon its pages.

It is *big*—big with the bigness of the moors that stretch around the tiny hamlet of Merivale, where the scene is laid; big with the bigness of elemental human nature. The author, in calm assurance of his power, has set himself many a trap and snare and has avoided them greatly. The slow, unhurried style of the narrative, the stepping aside frequently to cull a quaint bit of humour, to enjoy the outspread beauty of nature—this of itself is very restful in these rushing days, but very dangerous if the writer's outlook on life is not big enough to lift up the reader and carry him over and beyond an interest in the mere "story." Also, the careful and elaborate setting of each chapter is a pitfall, if the scene that follows proves an anti-climax. Now and then, of course, it will happen, even in this book, but then the setting itself, the nature descriptions, are so beautiful that they carry within themselves the best justification of their existence. Who

*The Mother of the Man. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

can quarrel with a bit like the following, culled from many others of equal value, even if it does halt the course of the narrative:

Spring had fondled the trees and they were full of the mellow light of opening buds. The river ran clear and flashed a salute to each moss-clad stone upon her way. She twinkled into foam at many falls; she loitered in backwaters and little bays; she smoothed her face to stillness that young stars and buds and delicious things, bursting their sheaths, might bend and see their own loveliness. The oaks were giving out an amber light under the sunshine; the alders opened tiny trim fans of green; the great woodrush and water parsnip sprawled with their feet in the river; and kingcups, cuckoo-flowers and the foliage of the iris brightened the water-meadows. Aloft, along deep hillsides under Vixen Tor, countless pavilions of the larch were glittering in their first rapture of young green. The vernal glory of them was touched and outlined with pure light, so that each particular tree made itself felt in the mass, and uttered that magic note of reality and life, beyond all power of artist's word or painter's stain to win from Nature and set upon paper. Each spire of all these myriad spires preserved a gracious individual distinction in the commonwealth; perhaps not one would have been missed; yet not one could have been spared from that emerald mantel here superbly flung upon the shoulders of the spring. Light dwelt in them, as in its proper home; their untold glory held even children's eyes. And beneath them ran the river and spread fields that echoed with the music of lambs.

Who would quarrel also with whole chapters that have nothing to do with the story as such, but are too delicious to be missed in their quaint humour and charming insight into character? The temptation merely to quote and grow enthusiastic is very strong in handling a book of this sort.

The story itself, the slow development of the character of the young Dartmoor farmer, Ives Pomeroy, under the influence of his mother's wise and tender love during her life and the memory of it after her death, is one that holds the reader. The men and women in this

little group of moor villagers are all alive, distinct individualities, interesting all because they live. They come so near nature that their emotions and passions are swayed by the vastness of the moor about them, awing them into littleness, and yet sweeping away much of the artificial littleness of civilised life. There is a loving and intimate comprehension of that much of the Infinitely Little that must be understood if we are to measure true greatness; there is a quaint and true touch of characterising in dialogue, which is the work of a consummate artist; there is humour of an unusual sort; and there is a deep and awe-filled reverence for the greatest of all love, Mother Love, which sweeps onward and upward and reaches its climax in the superb chapters *Old Texts* and *The Sunset Fire*, which practically close the book. In a word, this novel, *The Mother of the Man*, is that rare and beautiful thing, the work of a poet who has something to say.

J. Marchand.

V

MR. OPPENHEIM'S "THE GREAT SECRET"*

Novelists who have envied Mr. Oppenheim his evident possession of the Great Secret may be pardoned for regarding the title of his latest book as a deliberate taunt flung in the faces of his less successful rivals. Of the men who supply the staple product of the fiction market not one has more fully mastered the trick of turning out a perfectly regular and dependable article. The Oppenheim brand is justly esteemed by shrewd buyers. The stories bearing this label always "grade" well, for they contain the best of materials and workmanship. Nothing better for their purpose is manufactured anywhere.

Mr. Oppenheim is actually a manufacturer of a superior kind. No reproach is implied in this. On the contrary, there is no reason why the supplying of the market demand for fiction of a certain class should be put on any other plane, and Mr. Oppenheim deserves applause

*The Great Secret. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

and thanks for conducting his business in a conscientious manner. I have not read all of his stories, but I have never read one of them without pleasure.

Yet in spite of the most scrupulous care and the utmost impersonality of method, fiction cannot be turned out with quite the uniformity of steel rails. I doubt whether the most zealous admirer of Mr. Oppenheim could name every one of his novels and properly differentiate them; but differences nevertheless exist, and this or that book may stand out from the others with some individuality of outline. It is not likely that *The Great Secret* will be distinguished for merit above its fellows; but it may achieve a mild distinction in this country because its author has allowed himself to indulge in gentle sarcasm at the expense of the American woman. Never has he constructed a more remarkable scene than the one which he represents as taking place in a Lenox country house, the seat of a great American financial magnate. Mrs. Van Reinberg has returned to her native land from Europe, bringing in tow the legitimist heir to the French throne. In her library, after a dinner party, she assembles six millionaires, including her husband, and their wives. These representatives of American finance and American society are addressed by the French heir, who proposes that each of the men shall furnish two million dollars to a fund for the purpose of placing him on the throne. In consideration of this slight assistance the respective wives are to be allowed to take their pick of French titles of nobility and thus realise their social ambitions. The proposal is discussed gravely, but the well-known subserviency of American men to their wives' whims leaves no room for doubt as to the result. The men good-naturedly consent, and the wives proceed to draw lots for the available titles. The incident is described not in a spirit of burlesque, but quite seriously as a link in the chain of international plotting with which the story is concerned.

This, it may be thought, is going it rather steep. Mr. Oppenheim makes partial amends, however, to a country which buys his books in liberal numbers by making his heroine a lovely if some-

what erratic American girl, and he more than evens matters by holding up Germany and her ruler to the scorn and hatred of mankind. If America is ridiculous, Germany is desperately wicked; for the arch villain of this story is no less a personage than the Kaiser himself. The Great Secret, which leaks out bit by bit in the course of the narrative, is a German plot to destroy the English fleet and bring about the downfall of England as a world power. The ingredients in the plot are exactly the same as in all such concoctions, and if they furnish an hour's amusement it is not because of their originality.

Mr. Oppenheim undeniably has the gift of keeping his story moving. It would be cruel, however, to subject it to an analysis which should follow the threads of the plot an inch outside of his pages. This is not one of those mystery stories which offer a real challenge to the reader's analytical faculty. The truth is that Mr. Oppenheim, entertaining as he may sometimes be, is sadly superficial. His story has but two dimensions. Never does he allow himself to follow a motive below the surface. Incident after incident is introduced to keep the plot boiling, the leadings of which are abandoned the instant they have served their immediate purpose. Superficially the thing hangs together after a fashion. But the test of a really good mystery story is that it should sound consistent and plausible on a second reading, with the end plainly in view at every step. This test would work havoc with the plot of *The Great Secret*. Even in retrospect, without reference to the text for the refreshing of the memory, one can recall many a loose end—inconsistencies and gaps, false scents that lead nowhere, motives that do not motivate, promises of explanations that never come. One shudders to think what a careful rereading might reveal.

And yet this is perhaps the crowning proof of Mr. Oppenheim's cleverness. Doubtless he knows his public better than any one else. There are plenty of novel readers whose memories extend no further back than the page they have just turned. *The Great Secret* will suit them down to the ground. *Ward Clark.*

"THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE"



OME readers of THE BOOKMAN will have rubbed their eyes at a recent article therein by Mr. Charles Whibley on, or called, "The American Language." They will have known that writer as a capable critic and a skilful biographer, a person whose habit it is to have something to say and to say it well. They will have been likely to recall, at least, his brilliant book on Thackeray, published in America some years ago, and altogether the best thing of the kind that had been or has been done. And they will have found themselves wondering that it should still be possible for an Englishman of such standing to be so merely careless and peevish in his treatment of the particular theme. Would it not be wise for the writer of this class to acquaint himself somewhat with the literature of the subject? The perusal of Richard Grant White's essay on "British and American English," written some forty years ago, would prevent his commoner errors of statement, and some knowledge of the recent treatment of the same matter by

Mr. Brander Matthews would do much for him. There was a time ere England's griefs began when every rood of ground maintained its divinely appointed critic of all matters connected with America. We really ought to be able to suppose that time past, to expect of the island censor more knowledge and less animus, less vacancy and more openness of mind. Surely it would be well for him to look a little into the causes of that odd air of disquiet with which he approaches us, and to subdue at least the evidences of his irritation. We are used to the "certain condescension," but we own to a weakness for being put in our places if not with urbanity, at least without manifest ill-nature.

The awkward fact seems to be that many Englishmen continue to be annoyed, enraged even, by those differences in usage which are merely interesting to us. It offends them that we are not thoroughly ashamed of ourselves for being unlike them. They feel constrained to take sides violently in regard to such questions as the question of speech. And it is made painfully evident from time to time that this is not the attitude of the

NOTE.—In order that the reader may better understand Mr. Boynton's argument we are reprinting Mr. Whibley's paper from the January issue.—THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

To the English traveller in America the language which he hears spoken about him is at once a puzzle and a surprise. It is his own, yet not his own. It seems to him a caricature of English, a phantom speech, ghostly yet familiar, such as he might hear in a land of dreams. He recognises its broad lineaments; its lesser details evade or confuse him. He acknowledges that the two tongues have a common basis. Their grammatical framework is identical. The small change of language—the adverbs and prepositions—though sometimes strangely used in America, are not strange to an English ear. And there the precise resemblance ends. Accent, idiom, vocabulary, give a new turn to the ancient speech. The traveller feels as though he were confronted with an old friend tricked out in an odd suit of clothes, and master of a new pose and unaccustomed gesture.

The Americans are commonly reported to speak through their nose. A more intimate acquaintance with their manner belies this reputation. It is rather a drawl that afflicts the ear than a nasal twang. You notice in every sentence a curious shifting of emphasis. America, with the true instinct of democracy, is determined to give all parts of speech an equal chance. The modest pronoun is not to be outdone by

the blustering substantive or the self-asserting verb. And so it is that the native American hangs upon the small words; he does not clip and sheer the unimportant vocables, and what his tongue loses in colour it gains in distinctness.

If the American continent had been colonised by Englishmen before the invention of printing, we might have watched the growth of another Anglo-Saxon tongue separate and characteristic. American might have wandered as far from English as French or Spanish has wandered from Latin. It might have invented fresh inflections and shaped its own syntax. But the black art of Gutenberg had hindered the free development of speech, before John Smith set foot in what was afterward called Virginia, and the easy interchange of books, newspapers, and other merchandise insured a certain uniformity. And so it was that the Americans, having accepted a ready-made system of grammar, were forced to express their fancy in an energetic and multi-coloured vocabulary. Nor do they attempt to belittle their debt. Rather they claim in English an exclusive privilege. Those whose pleasure it is to call America "God's own country" tell us with a bluff heartiness that they are the sole inheritors of the speech which Chaucer and Shakespeare adorned. It is their favourite boast that they have preserved the old language from extinction. They expend a vast deal of ingenuity in the fruitless attempt to prove that even their dialects have their

true-born shopkeeper merely. One thinks of nothing by way of parallel to the absurd yet not unfamiliar spectacle of the (in most respects) cultivated and impassive Londoner charging at the red rag of "Americanism"—unless it be our "district school" demonstrations against that Britisher and redcoat who is fabled to have caused us inconvenience in or about the year 1776. Only by the provincialism of our backwoods may we parallel the provincialism of that (in some regards) littlest of little Englanders, the Londoner. Of that cockney provincialism Matthew Arnold said long ago whatever needed to be said—of that "serious, settled, fierce, narrow, provincial misconception of the whole relative value of one's own things and the things of others." Yes, in the present instance, it is Mr. Whibley's gloomy ferocity, rather than his casualness in point of assertion or his narrowness in point of view that is chiefly disconcerting.

"To the English traveller," he begins ominously, "the language which he hears spoken about him is at once a puzzle and a surprise." It is an odd fact that this is probably true, since it is the habit of the English traveller, if we may trust his own records, to be surprised, indignantly surprised, by the most natural differences

between conditions abroad and conditions at home. It is not clear why any traveller should be surprised by the fact that the speech of, say, New York sounds unlike the speech of London. But apparently neither common sense, fiction, nor the American abroad is of power to convince the sanguine Briton; from Liverpool to Sandy Hook he hopes against hope that he may find all well with us here. Of course the plain fact is a shock. Fancy! Americans do not speak like Englishmen! Now it would appear to be true that the American, whether at home or in England, commonly finds himself amused and interested by the enunciation, the cadence, the locutions peculiar to British speech—especially, of course, the less familiar speech of the mob. These peculiarities may puzzle his ear, but they do not surprise him; least of all does it occur to him that they are causes of offence. Why should the English vernacular be like the American? But the mere fact of difference so disturbs Mr. Whibley's peace of mind that he is unable to approach the discussion of it with anything approaching that "absence of prejudice and willingness to accommodate one's self," which for some reason Baedeker thinks it well to recommend to the English traveller in this strange land.

roots deep down in the soil of classical English. And when proofs are demanded, they are indeed a sorry few. A vast edifice of mistaken pride has been established upon the insecure basis of three words—fall, gotten, and bully. These once were familiar English, and they are English no more. The word "fall," "the fall of the leaf," which beautifully echoes the thought of spring, survives only in our provinces. It makes but a furtive and infrequent appearance in our literature. Chaucer knows it not, nor Shakespeare. Johnson cites but one illustration of its use—from Dryden:

"What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how last fall he rais'd the weekly bills."

On the other side of the Atlantic it is universally heard and written. There the word "autumn" is unknown, and though there is a dignity in the Latin word, ennobled by our orators and poets, there is none with a sense of style who will not applaud the choice of America.

But if it may take a lawful pride in "fall," America need not boast the use of "gotten." The termination, which survives by an unexplained accident of language, adds nothing of sense or sound to the word. It is like a piece of dead wood in a tree, and is better lopped off. Nor does the use of "bully" prove a wholesome respect for the past. It is true that our Elizabethans used this adjective in the sense of great

or noble. "Come," writes Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster*, "I love bully Horace."

But in England the word was never of universal application, and was sternly reserved for poets, kings and heroes. In modern America there is nothing that may not be "bully," if it meet with your approval. "A bully place," "a bully boat," "a bully blaze"—these show how far the word has departed from its origin. And its descent is not unbroken. Overlooked for centuries, it was revived (or re-invented) in America some fifty years ago, and it is not to Dekker and Ben Jonson that we must look for palliation of its misuse.

Words have their fates. By a caprice of fortune one is taken, another is left. This is restricted to a narrow use; that wanders free over the plain of meaning. And thus we may explain many of the variations of English and American speech. A simple word crosses the ocean and takes new tasks upon itself. The word "parlour," for instance, is dying in our midst, while "parlor" gains a fresh vigour from an increasing and illegitimate employment. Originally, a room in a religious house, a parlour (or parloir) became a place of reception or entertainment. Two

*Innumerable examples might be culled from the literature of the seventeenth century. One other will suffice here, taken from Dekker's *Shoemakers' Holiday*: "Yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-ball with it, to please my bully king."

That complaisant authority of the road further takes occasion to remark, somewhere between his red covers, that the speech of the cultivated American differs very little from that of the cultivated Englishman. This assertion an American may "except before excepted." There are distinct differences in tone and cadence. The American makes comparatively little use of the rising inflection, and the range of his speaking voice is commonly narrower. On the other hand, while the Englishman inclines to "produce" his voice from the throat, the American speaks from his chest, if not (and Mr. Whibley is gracious on this point) from his nose. If the comparison had to do with the tradesman or labouring classes, the amount of variation in these matters would be somewhat greater, and the variation in matters of diction very much greater. But one can only hark back to the trite remark that all such variations are less than between the Englishman of Yorkshire and the Englishman of Norfolk, who differ more widely in speech, as White remarked years ago, than "any two of the same race born and bred, however remotely from each other, in this country." But the Yorkshire dialect, like the Cockney

patter, is beyond Mr. Whibley's range of vision as he looks out to sea.

It is to be supposed that the very fact of the comparative consistency of our speech misleads the hasty observer of this type; so that he fancies himself safe in taking any phrase from the lips of any American as characteristic of "the American Language." As it chances, it is the "American" of the street-corner and the cheap newspaper which Mr. Whibley is interested in, and which he heavy-heartedly and heavily-handedly deals with as the national speech. So we find him, after quoting a long rigmarole in slang from the select lips of a Chicago saloon-keeper, remarking innocently (though with an air of reproof): "It is not an elegant method of speech, but such as it is, it bears as close a resemblance to the dialect of Chicago as can be transferred from ear to eye." And we have no reason to doubt that he regards the bit of racing lingo which he has "culled from the *New York World*" as characteristic of that jejune, though bustling metropolis. It would hardly occur to a cultivated American to judge the speech of London by Mr. Jacobs and the costersingers. It would certainly not occur to him to construct an imaginary vernacular

centuries ago an air of elegance hung about it. It suggested spinets and powdered wigs. And then as fashion turned to commonness, the parlour grew stuffy with disuse, until it is to-day the room reserved for a vain display, consecrated to wax flowers and framed photographs, hermetically sealed, save when the voice of gentility bids its furtive door be opened. The American "parlor" resembles the "parlour" of the eighteenth century as little as the "parlour" of the Victorian age. It is busy, public, and multifarious. It means so many things that at last it carries no other meaning than that of a false elegance. It is in a dentist's parlor that the American's teeth are gilded; he is shaved in a tonsorial parlor; he travels in a parlor car; and in Miss Maudie's parlor sees how far an ancient word may wander from its origin. One example, of many, will illustrate the accidents which beset the life of words. No examples will justify the paradox, which has flattered the vanity of some American critics, that their language has faithfully adhered to the tradition of English speech.

The vocabulary of America, like the country itself, is a strange medley. All the languages of Europe, besides Yiddish, have been pilfered for its composition. Some words it has assimilated into itself, others it holds, as it were, by a temporary loan. And in its choice or invention it follows two divergent, even opposite paths. On the one hand it pursues and gathers to itself barbarous, inexpressive Latinisms; on the other, it is eager in its quest after a free and

living slang. That a country which makes a constant boast of its practical intelligence should delight in long, flat, cumbrous collections of syllables, such as "locate," "operate," "antagonise," "transportation," "commutation," and "proposition," is an irony of civilisation. These words, if words they may be called, are hideous to the eye, offensive to the ear, and meaningless to the brain. They are the base coins of language. They bear upon their face no decent superscription. They are put upon the street, fresh from some smasher's den, and not even the newspapers, contemptuous as they are of style, have reason to be proud of them. Nor is there any clear link between them and the work thrust upon them. Why should the poor holder of a season-ticket have the grim word "commutation" hung about his neck? Why should the simple business of going from one place to another be labelled "transportation"? And these words are apt and lucid compared with "proposition." Now "proposition" is America's maid of all work. It means everything or nothing. It may be masculine, feminine, neuter—he, she, it. It is tough or firm, cold or warm, according to circumstances. But it has no more sense than an expletive, and its popularity is a clear proof of a starved imagination.

And while the American language is collecting these dried and shrivelled specimens of verbiage it does not disdain the many-coloured flowers of lively speech. In other words, it gives as ready a welcome to the last experiment in slang as to its false and

of Greater England from such data and then to condemn it because it differed in many respects from the speech of his own superior class.

It is, however, a familiar experience to find our London critic, when his comparisons with America concern trade, military prestige, and the like, regarding England as the Empire—South Africa, India, New Zealand, Hong-Kong. But when matters of literature, manners, or speech are in point, England is London, and London at its best. This attitude may as well be accepted as that in which Mr. Whibley, turning his mind casually to the matter of American speech, naturally found himself. On the basis of his researches in the diction of the street-corner and the vulgar newspaper, fancy reconstructs for him, *ex ungue*, a loathly boggy of language, which he is constrained to compare unfavourably with his own admirable speech.

His reflections upon the impropriety of American slang all good citizens and subjects will cordially applaud. It is always in order to heave a rock (or chivy a cobbler) at the lame dog of slang, in the interests of the great god of humbug. For it is generally acknowledged in the

best circles that slang is a monster of frightful mien, just as it is generally acknowledged in the same quarters that war is hell. Thus far, to be sure, mankind has not been able to do without either; but slang will doubtless be abolished in the year which sees the adoption of the golden rule. Meanwhile there seems to be no known means of obstructing its primrose way either in England or in America. For the present, American slang, being far more varied and ingenious, is naturally an affront to British ears. For that matter, even our simplest contrivances in this kind do not please them; apparently "bally," and "bloom-ing," and "ripping," and "jolly" seem to them to be separated by more than an Atlantic barrier from "blamed," and "dandy," and "corking," and "bully." So be it. Some wonder may be expressed that Mr. Whibley should have introduced a long paragraph on thieves' cant in this connection. Cant is not at all the same thing as slang; the *argot* of criminals is a settled tongue, common to England and America. "Graft" and "grafter" are the only words it has contributed to general American use, and useful words they are.

More than anything else, evidently, it

pompous Latinisms. Nor is the welcome given in vain. Never before in the world's history has slang flourished as it has flourished in America, and its triumph is not surprising. It is more than any artifice of speech the mark of a young and changing people. Youth has a natural love of metaphor and imagery; its pride delights in the mysteries of a technical vocabulary; it is happiest when it can fence itself about by the privilege of an exclusive and obscure tongue. And what is slang but metaphor? There is no class, no cult, no trade, no sport which will not provide some strange words or images to the general stock of language, and America's variety has been as quick an encouragement to the growth of slang as her youth. She levies contributions upon every batch of immigrants. The Old World has thus come to the aid of the New. Spanish, Chinese, German and Yiddish have all paid their toll. The aboriginal speech of the Indians, and its debased lingo, Chinook, have given freely of their wealth. And not only many tongues but many employments have enhanced the picturesqueness of American slang. Now, America has not yet lost touch with her beginnings. The spirit of adventure is still strong within her. There is no country within whose borders so many lives are led. The pioneer still jostles the millionaire. The backwoods are not far distant from Wall Street. The farmers of Ohio, the cowboy of Texas, the miners of Nevada, owe allegiance to the same Government, and shape their same speech each to

their own purpose. Every State is a separate country, and cultivates a separate dialect. Then come baseball, poker, and the race-course, with their own metaphors to swell the hoard. And the result is a language of the street and camp, brilliant in colour, multiform in character, which has not a rival in the history of speech.

There remains the cant of the grafters and guns, the coves that work upon the cross in the great cities. In England, as in France, this strange gibberish is the oldest and richest form of slang. Whence it came is still a puzzle of the philologists. Harrison in his *Description of England* (1577) with a dogmatism which is not justified sets a precise date upon its invention. "In counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues," says he of the vagabonds, who then infested England, "they have devised a language among themselves which they name Canting, but others Pedlar's French, a speech compact thirty years since of English, and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason, and yet such is it that none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, a just reward no doubt for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession." This lingo, called indifferently Thieves' Latin or St. Giles's Greek, was assuredly not the invention of one brain. The work of many, it supplied an imperious need. It was at once an expression of pride and a shield of defence. Those who understood it proved by its use

is our exuberance, our verbal fecundity, which troubles this not very amiable censor. His explanation of it is, one must admit, both charitable and ingenious. If, he says, America had been colonised before the invention of printing, "American might have wandered as far from English as French or Spanish has wandered from Latin." "American" would have had to be rather lively about it. However, it was not destined to be put to the test. "The easy interchange of books, newspapers, and other merchandise insured a certain uniformity." One speculates as to what this "other merchandise" may have been—almanacs, possibly, or spelling-charts. "And so it was that the Americans, having accepted a ready-made system of grammar, were forced to express their fancy in an energetic and multi-coloured vocabulary." It must be owned that the novel interpretation of history here suggested has its quaint and pleasing aspect. The Pilgrim Fathers possessed, it seems, a unique distinction among English colonists which has not hitherto been noted. They determined that upon their arrival in America they would straightway cease to be Englishmen and become Americans. They perceived that they would need a lan-

guage at once; but desirable as they would doubtless have felt it to have a tongue quite their own, exigency seemed to point to a compromise. So they decided to accept the ready-made system of English grammar; a wise course which left nothing for them to do after stepping off at Plymouth Rock but to invent a new vocabulary.

Alas, as one reluctantly disengages himself from the fairy toils of this engaging fancy, one perceives that the modern Londoner (not to speak of the modern Australian or Canadian) may as well be said to have "accepted a ready-made system of grammar" as the modern American. One further perceives that but for the invention of printing the speech of London might have changed as much between Shakespeare and Sir Alfred Austin as it did during the far shorter period between Chaucer and Shakespeare. And, finally, one reflects that in vocabulary as well as in grammar, the best American usage has departed no further from early seventeenth century English than the best British usage.

Not that the latter fact, if it be a fact, is of overwhelming importance. Mr. Whibley declares it to be the "favourite boast" of Americans "that they have pre-

that they belonged to a class apart; and, being unintelligible to the respectable majority, they could communicate with one another secretly, as they hoped, and without fear of detection. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the flash tongue grew and was changed; it crossed the Atlantic with the early settlers; and it has left its marks upon the dialect of the American underworld. But its influence upon the common slang has been light in America, as in England. It is as severely technical as the language of science, and is familiar chiefly to policemen, tramps and informers. As slang leaves the tavern and the street-corner to invade the theatre, the office and even the drawing-room, those who aim at a variety of speech need not borrow from the cant of the vagabonds, and it is not surprising that to-day the vulgar tongue, in America as in England, borrows more from "soldiers on the long march, seamen at the capstern, and ladies disposing of fish," than from the common cursitors and cony-catchers, who once dominated it.

The use of slang proves at once the wealth and poverty of a language. It proves its wealth when it reflects a living, moving image. It proves its poverty, when it is nothing more than the vain echo of a familiar catchword. At its best it is an ornament of speech; at its worst it is a labour-saving device. And it is for this reason that the vulgar American delights in the baser kind of slang: it seems to insure him an easy effect. He must be picturesque at all

costs. Sometimes he reaches the goal of his ambition by a purposed extravagance. What can be more foolish than the description which follows of a man equal to the most difficult occasion: "He can light his cigar when the battle is on with the friction of a passing cannon-ball." In yet worse taste is another piece of fustian invented by the same author: "When a 'twister' off the hills gets ready to do business in a 20-knot sou'wester it sends no messenger boys ahead to distribute its itinerary handbills." There is no fault of style which these few lines do not display. They combine, with a singular success, commonness and pomp. The epic poets of old were wont to illustrate the life of man by the phenomena of nature. The vulgar American reverses the process: he illustrates nature by the pavement.

Exaggeration, then, is an easy artifice of effect. Another is the constant repetition of certain words and phrases which have lost their meaning by detrition, and yet are known to all. Not to be disappointed is sometimes as pleasant as to be surprised. A catchword, passed from one to another, is often a signal of sympathy, and many a man has passed for a wit merely because his tinkling brain has given back the echo which was expected. In stereotyped phrases, in ready-made sentences, in the small change of meaningless words the American language is peculiarly rich. "To cut ice," "to get next to," "to deliver the goods"—these and similar expressions, of no obvious merit in themselves, long ago lost their freshness and

served the old language from extinction." He does not explain whether he has been accustomed to hear this absurd boast on American street-corners, or to read it in the *New York World*. Some doubt suggests itself as to whether many Americans are familiar with it. Attention has no doubt been called more than once to the interesting fact that there are a good many words and phrases in use here, many of them colloquially and locally, which formerly had good standing in England, but are now obsolete there. These are honest heirlooms in the possession of which we may be permitted a measure of satisfaction. But most of us will have been surprised to learn from Mr. Whibley that "a vast edifice of mistaken pride has been established upon the insecure basis of three such words," or, indeed, of any number of such words.

The censor is amusingly earnest in demolishing his man of straw. The words upon which he pounces, "fall," "gotten" and "bully," seem rather inoffensive. "Fall" indeed he pronounces a better word than "autumn." We agree with him, but honour compels us to own that "autumn," far from being "unknown" here, is a word with which we commonly assault each other's ears. For "gotten"

he has no quarter: "The termination, which survives by an unexplained accident of language, adds nothing of sense or sound to the word." A similar accident would seem to have preserved the termination in forgotten, begotten—en being the natural ending for the strong verb. It is hard to account for the fact that "gotten" is no longer in good or even frequent use in America. What is said of "bully" is equally beside the point. The word had two common uses in the older English vernacular. In the meaning which Mr. Whibley recognises, the word is obsolete both here and in England. In the second meaning, of "jovial," "merry," it has survived in our vernacular; to be perverted by the careless in a slang use exactly analogous to the English use of "beastly" or "nasty" or "blooming" or "jolly," words which we happen to retain here only in their pure meaning. "Parlour" is another word to be thrown in our teeth because beside our legitimate use of it there is a cheap and silly use. In itself it is obviously a word not only more graceful, but of better pedigree, than "drawing-room." So it must be said that the maligned "guess" is a properer word for "incline to think" (the meaning in which it is almost in-

are not likely to assume a dignity with age. But they save trouble; they establish an understanding between him who speaks and him who hears; and when they are interjected into a discourse they serve the purpose of gestures. To exclaim "I should smile," or "I should cough," is not of much help in an argument, but it implies a knowledge not merely of popular speech, but of your interlocutor.

Slang is better heard than read. The child of the street or the hedgerow, it assumes in print a smug air which does not belong to it, or worse still it is charged with the vice or the vagabondage which it expresses. And so it is that slang words have a life as closely packed with adventure as is the life of those who use them with the quickest understanding. To ask what becomes of last year's slang is as rash as to speculate on the fate of last year's literature. Many specimens perish in the gutter, where they were born, after living a precarious life in the mouths of men. Others are gathered into dictionaries, and survive to become the sport of philologists. For the worst of their kind special lexicons are designed, which, like prisons and workhouses, admit only the disreputable, as though Victor Hugo's definition—"*L'argot, c'est le verbe devenir forçat*"—were amply justified. The journals, too, which take their material where they find it, give to many specimens of slang a life as long as their own. It is scarcely possible, for instance, to pick up a newspaper that does not turn the word *cinch* to some strange purpose. The form

and origin of the word are worthy a better fate. It passed from Spain into the Western States, and was the name given to saddle-girths of leather or woven horsehair. It suggests Mexican horsemanship and the open prairie. The explanation given in the *Century Dictionary* will make clear its meaning to the untravelled. "The two ends of the tough cordage, which constitute the cinch, terminate in long, narrow strips of leather, called *látigos*, which connect the cinches with the saddle, and are run through an iron ring, called the *larigo* ring, and then tied by a series of complicated turns and knots, known only to the craft." In the West it is still used in its natural and dignified sense. For example: "At Giles's ranch, on the divide, the party halted to cinch up." And then, in the East, it has become the victim of metaphorical usage. As a verb, it means to hold firm, to put a screw on; as a noun, it means a grip or screw, an advantage, fair or unfair. In the hand of the sporting reporter it can achieve wonders. "The bettor of whom the pool-room bookmaker stands in dread"—this flower of speech is culled from the *New York World*—"is the race-horse owner who has a cinch bottled up for a particular race, and drops into the room an hour or two before the race begins." The idea of bottling a cinch is enough to make a Mexican shudder, and the confused image helps to explain the difference between East and West.

Thus the word wanders farther and farther from its origin, and when at last its meaning is wholly for-

variably used in America when it has not the British meaning) than the Englishman's "fancy." "Pert" (or "peart") survives in dialect both here and in England; if it happened to be in general use by us, not in the sense of "saucy" to which it has declined, but in its original sense of "brisk," "full of life," we should no doubt find a Briton here and there falling foul of it with jeers and execrations.

These are rather petty matters. A fact upon which we might be excused (say by a Frenchman) for pluming ourselves, would be the apparent survival in America of the spirit of the older tongue. The American is much more like his Elizabethan ancestor in temperament than the Englishman is. What is there in the exuberance, the exaggeration, the loud and ardent and tireless empiricism of our vernacular speech that is contrary to the spirit of Shakespeare or Raleigh? Elizabeth was not Empress of India, and the sun did not hesitate to set on her flag; but hers was the day in which England chiefly lived. Language glowed and flowed and brimmed over as life itself did. Shakespeare is full of wild verbal inventions, and hyperbole, and general flamboyancy. But the modern Londoner, trenched in his grey and tired old city,

holds up his hands in horror at our habit of extravagant speech. "He must be picturesque at all costs," says Mr. Whibley of his theoretical American. "Sometimes he reaches the goal of his ambition by a purposed extravagance." Fancy that! "What can be more foolish than the description that follows of a man equal to the most difficult occasion: 'He can light his cigar when the battle is on with the friction of a passing cannon-ball.' " Why, we can only answer, you may find passages quite in this vein in a dozen Elizabethan comedies, in the very prose of any vivid age. It is the instinct of the heroic humour to make Ossa like a wart. There was once a man named Rabelais.

In obedience to this same instinct of free expansion, the Americans, like the Elizabethans, have been ready in the coinage of new words from old metal. Apparently the censor regards us as presumptuous to attempt anything of the kind. For instead of confronting us with some of the undeniably base coins we have struck off in our haste, he selects a half-dozen words of perfectly pure composition, all of which have their good use, and most (if not all) of which are in respectable use in England. These

gotten or obscured, it becomes part of the common speech. One kind of slang may succeed to another, but cinch is secure forever of a place in the newspaper and in the spoken language of America. Caboodle, also, is firmly established. The long series of words, such as cachunk or kerplunk, which suggest the impact of falling bodies with the earth, will live as expletives with say, sure, and the many other interjections which in converse fill up the pauses of thought and word. There are two other specimens of slang, beloved by the journals, for which it would be rash to prophesy a long life. To call a man or a thing or an act the limits is for the moment the highest step, save one, in praise or blame. When the limit is not eloquent enough to describe the hero who has climbed the topmost rung of glory, the language gasps into simplicity and declares that he is It. "I didn't do a thing," says an eminent writer, "but push my face in there about eight o'clock last night, and I was It from the start." Though the pronoun is expressive enough, it does not carry with it the signs of immortality, and a changing fashion will doubtless sweep it away into the limbo of forgotten words.

The journals do their best to keep alive the language of the people. The novelists do far more, since their works outlive by months or years the extravagances of the press. And the novelists, though they preserve a scrupulous respect for the literary language, take what license the dialect and character of

their personages permit them. It is from novels, indeed, that future generations will be able to construct the speech of to-day. With the utmost skill, the writers of romance mimic the style and accent of their contemporaries. They put into the mouths of those who in life know no other lingo the highly coloured slang of the street or the market. Here, for instance, is the talk of a saloon-keeper, taken from W. Payne's story *The Money Captain*, which echoes as nearly as printed words can echo the voice of the boodler. "Stop it?" says the saloon-keeper of a journalist's attack. "What I got to stop it with? What's the matter with you fellows anyhow? You come chasin' yourselves down here scared out your wits because a dinky little one-cent newspaper's makin' faces at you. A man'd think you was a young lady's Bible class and 'd seen a mouse. . . . Now that's right," he exclaims, as another assailant appears; "make it unanimous. Let all hands come and right the ship on old Simp. Tell him your troubles and ask him to help you out. He ain't got nothing better to do. Pitch into him; give him hell; he likes it. Come one, come all—all you moth-eaten, lousy stiffs from Stiffville. Come tell Simp there's a reporter rubberin' around and you're scared to death. He'll sympathise with you—you sweet-scented skates." It is not an elegant method of speech, but such as it is, it bears as close a resemblance to the dialect of Chicago as can be transferred from the ear to the eye.

chance victims are "locate," "operate," "antagonise," "transportation," "commutation," and "proposition." Such a list does not constitute precisely a beauty-show; but one marvels at the choler with which our Briton cries, "These words, if words they may be called, are hideous to the eye, offensive to the ear, and meaningless to the brain." "Locate" is an ill-favoured word, which is avoided by most Americans. It has its proper uses; Dickens used it in its worst possible sense some half-century ago. "Proposition" is of course a perfectly good word. It is a favourite with Matthew Arnold, who also makes use of "operate" without compunction. Both words are abused here in the language of the street-corner and the vulgar newspaper, as, in a single meaning each, "transportation" and "operate" are. "Antagonise" and "commutation" appear to be quite blameless. English has plenty of words with the -ise termination (for example, "sentimentalise," which Mr. Whibley does not disdain to use) which are clumsy mongrels. "Antagonise" is not one of them. As for our use of "commutation": "Why," inquires the censor plaintively, "should a poor holder of a season-ticket have the grim word 'commutation' hung about his neck?" As it happens, a

"commutation-ticket" is not a season-ticket, but a ticket issued by special agreement, entitling the holder to a specified number of journeys between two given points at a reduced fare: a plain matter of commutation in the ordinary legal sense. It would be hard to find a term more compact and accurate.

An adverse criticism based upon differences in railroad (or railway) terminology would seem to be particularly idle. Hardly a term in the following passage (from Mr. A. C. Benson) is familiar to American ears: "My path takes me past the line, and I hear a train that I cannot see roar past. I hear the sharp crack of the fog-signals, and the whistle blown. I pass close to the huge dripping signals; there, in a hut beside a brazier, sits a plate-layer with his pole, watching the line, ready to push the little disc off the metals if the creaking signal overhead moves. In another lonely place stands a great luggage-train waiting. The little chimney of the van smokes, and I hear the voices of guards and shunters talking cheerily together." Gentle American reader, does this unfamiliarity trouble you, or do you find it rather engaging? Does anything in the way of British usage seriously disturb your peace of mind? Is your individual eagle inclined

If we compare the present with the past, we cannot but acknowledge that American slang has grown marvellously in colour and variety. The jargon of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings possessed as little fire as character. These two humourists obtained their effect by the simple method, lately advocated by Messrs. Roosevelt and Carnegie, of spelling as they pleased. The modern professors of slang have invented a new style. Their pages sparkle with wit and illusion. They interpret their shrewd sense in words and phrases which have never before enjoyed the freedom of printer's ink. George Ade, the best of them all, has shown us how the wise ones of Chicago think and speak. His *Fables in Slang* is a little masterpiece of humour in substance and of wit in expression. To quote from it would be to destroy its effect. But it will discover the processes of slang as it is understood in the West more clearly than any argument, and having amused the present generation, it will remain an historical document of enduring value.

Slang is the only language known to many thousands of citizens. The newly arrived immigrant delights to prove his familiarity with the land of his adoption by accepting its idioms and by speaking the tongue not of books but of the market-place. And yet this same slang, universally heard and understood, knocks in vain for admission into American literature. It expatiates freely in the journals. It finds a place in novels of dialect, and in works, like

George Ade's, which are designed for its exposition. But it has no part in the fabric of the gravely written language. Men of letters have disdained its use with a scrupulousness worthy our own eighteenth century. The best of them have written an English as pure as a devout respect for tradition can make it. Though they have travelled far in space and thought, they have anchored their craft securely in the past. No writer that has handled prose or verse with a high seriousness has offended against the practice of the masters—save only Walt Whitman, and he, though he has tempted men to parody, has left no school behind him. The written word and the spoken word are divided more widely in America than elsewhere. The spoken word threw off the trammels of an uneasy restraint at the very outset. The written word still obeys the law of gradual development, which has always controlled it. If you contrast the English literature of to-day with the American, you will find differences of accent and expression, so slight that you may neglect them. You will find resemblances which prove that it is not in vain that our literatures have a common origin and have followed a common road. The arts, in truth, are more willingly obedient than life or politics to the established order; and America, free and democratic though she be, loyally acknowledges the sovereignty of humane letters. American is heard at the street-corner. It is still English that is written in the study.

to scream even at the "different to" and "directly" of your neighbour? Are you not content to be sick in your sickroom as your English ancestor was, and to let the modern Londoner be ill in his sickroom if he likes, or can?

To speak soberly, Mr. Whibley's article displays a testiness, a lack of information, and a carelessness of method, which he would hardly have permitted himself in the discussion of any other theme. Surely if the difference between the English of England and the English of America is worth discussing at all, it is worth discussing good-humouredly and reasonably. A reasonable discussion would require a clear statement of the objects to be compared, an equally clear apprehension of the elements involved in the comparison, and some sort of orderliness in the presentation of the matter.

London has its language of the street-corner as well as New York or Chicago; let the jargons be compared. London has its 'Arry and 'Arriet journals; why not compare them with our own of the same class? If the comparison concern itself with what is recognised as respectable usage throughout the Empire and in America (and such usage is easily recog-

nised) there will be found in each branch of the tongue peculiar survivals and peculiar perversions of certain words which belonged to the original stock of speech from which both branches sprang. And in each version will be found at work a continual process of invention and experiment, a steady production of new words which must stand the chances of competition. Technical terms, newly coined synonyms, fresh slang, will be always thrusting forward, and often (though in the nature of the case less often with slang) gaining foothold. Of these free contributions many are accepted by the common language, the written language. Others remain in the vernacular of England or America, whether as spoken or as photographed by the vulgar journal.

Such an examination of the subject would make it clear enough that while Australian, American, cockney, or their equivalents will always be heard upon the street-corner, English will not only continue to be written in the study, but, with its natural and wholesome variations, will continue to be spoken by the paramount of our race the world over.

H. W. Boynton.



THE DAWN

When over the edge of night
The stars pale one by one,
And out of his streams of light
Rises the great red sun,

And lifting his splendours up
Over the hush of the world,
Draineth night's ebon cup,
Leaving some stars impearled—

Still on its crystal rim,
Fading in bubbles away,
As out of their cloud-meadows dim
The dawn-winds blow in this way:

Then bathed in cool, dewy wells,
Old longings of life renew,
Till here in these morning dells
The dreamings of earth come true.

And up each sun-jewelled slope
Over the night-hallowed land,
Wonder and Beauty and Hope
Walk silently hand in hand.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE PHOTO-SECESSIONISTS



SECESSIONIST from any body or organisation must, in a way, suggest a deserter or possibly a traitor to the cause, and so it would seem unfortunate that the band of camera-workers which forms the subject of this sketch should not have adopted some other title for their organisation that would, to some degree, express or suggest their laudable ambitions and efforts in their chosen field. Though they are secessionists in fact, the term is inadequate and even a misnomer, since they have seceded only because their camera-beliefs—if the term may be allowed—are broader and more advanced; or shall it simply be said because they differ from those of a great majority of their brothers of the lens?

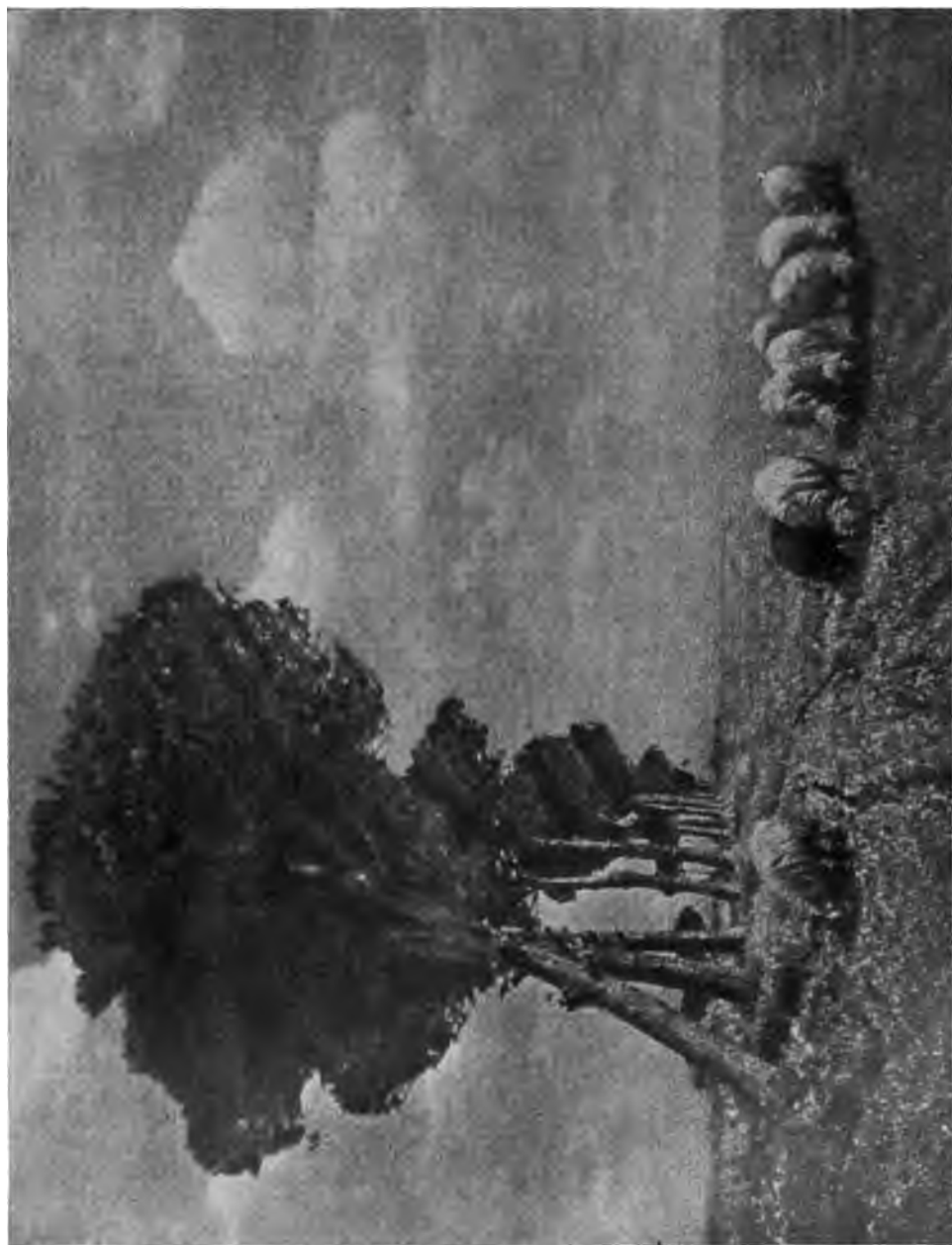
Briefly speaking, they represent a company of individuals whose efforts are directed toward the development of camera work as a medium for artistic individual expression. They would disregard the term "photography" as an indefinite term and as lacking in real significance as the word "painting." They do not assert that the camera as a medium is superior to any other that is used in art expression, nor do they offer it as a substitute for other and older mediums, but they believe, and with good reason, that the camera possesses great power for individual expression, and that it must take its place among the important mediums.

This idea is not of recent origin, nor is its pursuit the fad of a few artistic dreamers, but, on the contrary, it represents a sane and steady evolution in



LANDSCAPE

By Hugo Henneberg, Austria



By Heinrich Kuhn, Austria

LANDSCAPE



By George H. Seeley, United States

LANDSCAPE



THE SISTERS

By George H. Seeley, United States



LANDSCAPE

By Clarence H. White, United States



A STREET IN LISIEUX

By Robert de Machy, France



WILLIAM M. CHASE

By Edward J. Steichen, United States



THE MONK OF IL REDENTORE

By J. Craig Annan, Scotland

the artistic use of the camera which has been developing for more than a decade.

Among the earliest enthusiasts in this field was Robert Demachy, a Frenchman, who to-day stands at the head of his profession in his own country. He it was who made possible the advance in this branch of work by developing the gum process of photographic printing. As a writer has aptly expressed it, "his experiments and results have blazed out that photographic trail along which so many have followed. At first, like Indians, single file; to-day, in broad and ever-extending ranks."

It is as interesting as it is surprising

to note that among those that have made the most marked advance in the work the Americans greatly outnumber the foreigners.

As to the work itself, no description can be so eloquent, nor words express the marvel of its artistic quality, as these reproductions themselves, and while they are thoroughly representative, it would be necessary to give a much larger and more varied showing in order adequately to impress the uninitiated with the almost unbelievable accomplishments of the workers in this important and ever-enlarging field of art expression.

Laurence Burnham.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL *

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER V



VERY slowly Carey walked down the room to where a group of twelve or fourteen elderly women, arrayed in dark silk dresses and wearing lace caps, were gathered about their hostess, closely observant of the scene being enacted before them. Every guest in the ballroom, with his or her genealogical tree, was accurately known to each of these spectators, and a running fire of comment and criticism kept pace with their various actions. A little tremor of interest and curiosity passed over the group when Carey's approach was signalled, and glances of speculation were rapidly exchanged, heads brought closer together and voices discreetly lowered.

With a man's innate sensitiveness to observation, he made haste to single out his hostess and shelter behind her greeting. Not that he had any affection for Mrs. Michael Burke; on the contrary, it was a never-failing source of wonder to him how kindly, commonplace

Michael could ever have chosen such a mate, for Mrs. Burke was what, in her particular set, is known as "very grand," which, literally translated, conveys the impression of a vast and unlovable superiority of manner, coupled with definite social ambitions. In his feeling of vague dislike, Carey shared a common opinion, for not even Burke's own relations had ever, in the twenty odd years of his married life, arrived at the point of feeling at home with Mrs. Michael Burke. Her invitations to Fair Hill were never refused, for such invitations implied a certain social distinction; but the uncultured band of relatives never outgrew the nervous sense of the hostess' critical eye; and a sigh of relief invariably escaped them when the large iron gates, aggressive in their prosperous coating of white paint, clanged behind them and they were free to breathe their own less rarefied air.

This same consciousness of cold criticism fell now upon Carey as he clasped her long thin hand, encased in a well-fitting black kid glove, for her actions and bearing could convey to a nicety the precise esteem in which a guest was held. As

the daughter of a bank manager, she was obliged in the present instance to look askance at Carey's antecedents, though as the wife of a successful trader, she granted him the meed of praise due to his self-earned position. In his case circumstances balanced each other. He had been unfortunately brought up, but he had married well. Her fingers closed round his with a certain degree of cordiality, and her thin face relaxed into a smile.

"Good-evening, Mr. Carey! I have just been talking to Daisy; she danced the first dance with my cousin, Surgeon-Major Cusacke. He's stationed at the Curragh, you know. Such a nice fellow! I must introduce you to each other." She spoke in a high, clipped voice, from which the brogue had been carefully eliminated—a voice that, in its studied precision, had something in common with his wife's.

The similarity struck Carey, flashing across his mind with a slight, sharp contempt. Usually, he was not a little proud of Daisy's social advantages, but this reflection of them in a woman who was antagonistic to him jarred upon his senses, still tingling from contact with elemental things. Dropping Mrs. Burke's hand, he answered quickly and indifferently, "Oh, Cusacke! I met him at the Tramore races last year."

Mrs. Burke was sensible of the little slight, but she prided herself on being a hostess and a woman of the world; and, whatever her silent criticism of his manners, she gave no outward expression of it.

"And what about yourself, Mr. Carey? Are you going to play cards? Or can we persuade you to dance? There are plenty of pretty girls here—but the men are always wanted."

Carey laughed. "Old married men like me?"

She smiled the chilly smile that was thought the essence of good taste. "Oh, you mustn't be running yourself down! Let me find a partner for you. But, of course, you know everybody here!"

"Indeed I don't! It makes me feel quite old, seeing all these children that were in the nursery in my dancing days!"

"What nonsense! There's nobody here you don't know—unless, perhaps, Dan Costello's daughter. You remember the Costellos? Dan was with my father in the bank in Enniscorthy before he was moved here."

"Oh, yes, I remember him. A dark, excitable little man."

"Yes. The greatest fool that ever lived. If you made a king of Dan Costello, he'd be begging in the streets the week after! He hadn't a grain of sense."

"Who was it he married?"

"Don't you remember? He ran away with a Miss Dysart, of Derryvane. 'Twas the talk of the County Wexford for a year after. Her father cut her off without a penny; and, they say, she used to have to turn Dan's old coats for herself when he was done with them! But all the Wexford people are queer!"

Carey laughed. "And what about the girl?"

"Oh, Isabel! Isabel is pretty. Perhaps you saw her, though. She was dancing the first dance."

"I saw her, yes!" He was careful to answer indifferently.

"And what did you think of her? She's curious looking, isn't she?"

He made no reply.

"Your wife and your sister-in-law admire her greatly. I must introduce you to her. I wonder where she's gone to?"

"She's half way down the room, standing near the door." Carey still kept his voice studiously unconcerned, for he dreaded Mrs. Michael Burke as we dread all powerful influences, the workings of which we do not understand.

"Oh, is she? We'll go and find her, then." She excused herself to the nearest of the matrons, and sailed down the room, with Carey following in her wake.

As they drew near to Isabel Costello, she was standing by the wall, the centre of a group of men, her head thrown slightly backward, so that the light from the chandeliers fell full upon her rounded chin, her parted lips and white, flawless teeth. More than ever she suggested the young animal stretching itself to the warmth and comfort of the sun—to the caresses of life, and this

subtle, indescribable impression came home to Carey interwoven with her physical being—lying like a shadow in the blackness of her hair, dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp in her hazel eyes.

At the moment that they paused beside her, she was holding up her programme, the pencil poised in her hand, her dancing eyes roving from one man's face to another, in transparent joy at the exercise of power. "Well, I can't give it to you all!" she was saying in a clear voice unmarred by any foreign accent. "I can't give it to you all—unless I divide myself up into little bits! And, even then, only the person who got my feet would have a good dance!" She laughed, once more displaying her strong, white teeth.

"Isabel! Here's somebody I want to introduce to you!"

She turned at once at Mrs. Burke's voice, the laughter still on her lips.

"Mr. Carey! Miss Costello! And don't dance too much, Isabel! Your aunt will be blaming me if you look washed out to-morrow."

A flash of amusement shot irresistibly from the girl's radiant eyes to Carey's, and involuntarily he responded to it as he acknowledged the introduction; but the opening bars of the next waltz came swinging down the room as he bent his head, and before he could speak, the little group of men became clamorous again.

"Well, Miss Costello, and who is to have the dance?"

"I asked first, you know!"

"Indeed you didn't, Jack! 'Twas I! Wasn't it, Miss Costello?"

"Well, I asked last. And the last shall be first, you know!" Owen Power pushed his way to the front with a confident smile.

Again Isabel looked from one face to the other. "I tell you what I'll do!" she said suddenly. "I'll give the dance to Mr. Carey—and then none of you can be jealous!" Like a flash she wheeled round upon Stephen.

The demand in her glance was so strong, the whole onslaught so sudden, that no thought of resistance suggested itself to him. Without a word, he stepped forward and put his arm round

her waist, swinging her out into the circle of dancers that was rapidly filling the room.

It was five years or more since he had danced, but few Irishmen are awkward in an art that comes to them more or less naturally. He guided her carefully down the room, testing his powers, exercising his memory, anxious not to do himself discredit; then, as he gained the farther end and passed the group of matrons, the spirit of the moment suddenly entered into him as the music quickened and he felt the strong, supple body about which his arm was clasped brace itself in response. A thrill passed through him, dispersing a long apathy; his position and his responsibilities were momentarily submerged in the sense of sound and motion; his arm instinctively tightened, drawing the girl closer, and with one impulse they spun out into the centre of the room.

For several minutes they danced in silence; then at last they paused by the door where they had first met. They looked at each other, and she gave a breathless little laugh.

"How well you dance!"

"I don't! 'Twas you made me."

She coloured with pleasure. "Do I dance well, then?"

"Well? You dance wonderfully."

"I learned at the Convent in Paris from a French teacher. We weren't supposed to learn waltzes, but she taught me. There's nothing so heavenly as dancing, is there?"

Carey looked at her, engrossed in some thought of his own.

Her face changed and darkened. "But perhaps you didn't enjoy it?" she added, swift as lightning in her change of tone.

"Didn't I?" His eyes were still upon hers.

The blood rose quickly to her face, chasing away the shadows. "Then perhaps it's only that you're trying to be nice to me, because it's my first dance?"

The tone of the voice, the utterance of the words, were charged with unconscious coquetry. The sense of exhilaration swept over Carey afresh, as though her light fingers had lifted the dry record of his days, and her light breath had blown the dust from the pages.

"Could I be nice—even if I tried?" His tongue, unused to the tossing of words, brought out the question awkwardly—stupidly, it seemed to him; and he looked to see her lip curl.

But so fine is the net by which Fate snares, she liked the embarrassment in his voice; she liked his evident unfitness for the game of give and take. It was exciting to put it to the test—to step forward, sounding his interest—to retreat, daunted by the mystery that shrouds the unknown personality. Her feminine intuition recognised the essential—the man—in Carey, and her feminine instinct rose to meet it. Premature instinct, perhaps, in a girl of twenty! But mentally, as well as physically, the admixture of southern blood was marked by early development. As her body was built upon gracious lines, so her mind had already flowered, where others lay folded in the bud.

"You *are* nice—even without trying." She felt her pulses throb at her own daring, and the sensation was delight.

Carey took a step forward. "You'll have to justify that!" he said quickly. "You'll have to give me another dance."

Without a word she handed him her programme; and as they bent over the little card, their heads close together, their shoulders all but touching, she was conscious that her heart was beating faster than it had beaten all the evening, exciting though the evening had been.

"Which would you like?"

"This!" He drew a line through a dance in the middle of the programme. "And now, where will we go to?"

As he handed her back the card some crashing chords came sweeping down the room, indicating the end of the second waltz, and in response, half a dozen couples stopped at the door and hurried out into the hall. The first to halt were his sister-in-law, Mary, and young Power, and as they passed Mary's keen eyes swept over his face and Isabel's.

"Daisy waited ten minutes for you!" she remarked as she went by.

Isabel looked after her in surprise. "Mary Norris didn't seem to know me!"

"Oh, you'll get used to that! It's a habit of Mary's to kiss people one day and cut them the next!"

Isabel's surprise was turned upon him. His tone, his expression, his bearing had all changed as if by magic. He had drawn back into a shell of reserve, as though in the moment of expansion some antagonistic influence had blown across his mind.

"Let us get out of this crowd," he added in the same curt voice.

In the hall and on the stairs some chattering girls and their attendant youths had already found seats, but the hall door was open, offering a tempting view of dark trees and deserted pathways. Carey paused and looked toward it.

"I suppose you'd be afraid to go out?"

Isabel's momentary depression flared to excitement.

"Afraid? What would I be afraid of?"

"Oh, I don't know. Wet feet, I suppose. All girls' shoes are paper."

She withdrew her fingers from his arm and, with her head held high, led the way across the hall and out on to the gravelled pathway.

A little titter of laughter came from the stairs; she heard it and stopped.

"Were those people laughing at me?"

"No. Why?"

"No reason. Only I could kill any one who laughed at me!"

Carey looked at her through the darkness—her graceful figure bent slightly toward him, her muslin skirt held high above her white satin slippers. "Do you always have such fiery sentiments?" he was drawn to ask.

"Oh, I feel things, yes!"

"Then I'm afraid you're going to dislike me, Miss Costello!"

There was no mistaking that his reason and his will forced him to snatch this opportunity, while his inclination stretched out detaining hands; and when such a conflict is waged in a man's mind, his expression is apt to be unnecessarily cold, his tone unnecessarily harsh.

At his words Isabel's head went up with the action of a young deer scenting danger. "Hate you? Why?"

"Let us walk on and I'll try to tell you!"

In silence they turned and passed down the avenue, she brimming with un-

easy curiosity, he girding himself to the attack.

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No, I don't."

He took out a cigarette and lighted it with the care of a man whose thoughts are upon other matters; then he threw the lighted match away between the trees, where it flared for a moment in the damp undergrowth and went out with a little splutter.

"Miss Costello, I had a letter the other day from my brother Frank."

She stopped. "From Frank?"

"Yes. He wrote—and told me."

"Told you—?" Her voice faltered.

"Yes. Told me that you and he are engaged."

"Oh," she cried naïvely, "and he never said a word to me about having written! I suppose he was afraid you'd be angry. Were you angry?" Her voice changed and dropped.

Carey tightened the buckles of his armour. "I was!" he said. "Very angry."

"And why?" Challenge and defiance leaped at him suddenly. He could feel her nerves quiver to her thought.

"Why? Oh, because a sensible man can't help being angry when he sees an act of folly; and this is folly, you know—utter folly."

Isabel's muslin dress slipped from her fingers and trailed upon the ground. "Why?"

"Oh, because Frank has no money, no influence—nothing in the world that could justify his marrying."

She looked down. "I suppose it wouldn't be so bad if the girl he wanted to marry had money?" she asked in a very low voice.

Manlike, he walked headlong into the trap. "It certainly would make things more practicable."

In a flash she was round upon him again, pride and anger aflame, her sense of wounded dignity blazing in her eyes. "Oh, I see! I see! I'm not good enough for your brother!"

Involuntarily he put out his hand. "I never said that!"

She gave a sharp little laugh. "Didn't you? It sounded very like it. I'm not good enough—not rich enough for him!

He must wait till he can make a better match!" With a little gasp of self-pity, her voice broke.

"But, my dear child——"

"I'm not a child! I'm twenty—and old enough to manage my own affairs. And I can tell you one thing!—I can tell you one thing, and that is that I'd rather die now than break off my engagement! I'd rather die than break it off—even if I didn't care a pin for Frank!"

Carey looked at her passionate face, in which the eyes gleamed black and bright; and again he was stirred, as though a current of electricity had coursed along the rut of his commonplace life.

"Very well!" he said. "Then I suppose we declare war? I have a will of my own, too, you know!"

She met his eyes, half curious, half amused. "Yes," she said with defiant seriousness, "we do. We declare war!"

He bent his head in acceptance of the defiance; and without another word turned on his heel and began to walk slowly back toward the house, leaving her to follow as she pleased.

There was no chivalry in the action; it was a case of the elemental man following his instinct. But all human drama is built upon the primitive, and the fewer the stage accessories, the sooner the arrival of the psychological moment.

CHAPTER VI

The noonday sun was streaming into Isabel Costello's bedroom when she woke to the world on the day following the dance. Under ordinary conditions one can comfortably lie abed in Waterford until ten o'clock, and when a crushed muslin dress, a broken fan and satin slippers with soles worn shiny from dancing testify to a night of wild activity, there is no limit to the thralldom of sleep.

She woke slowly, drawing in with each half-conscious breath the confused, agreeable sense of something vaguely exhilarating in the immediate past. Her first action was to raise her arms above her head and lazily stretch herself; her

next, to sit up, shake back the great plait of black hair that had fallen over her shoulder and look round the little room that still held the unfamiliarity of new surroundings. The curtains of the one window had been pulled back, and the spring breeze blew in, carrying with it the scent of wallflowers from the small front garden. There is magic in the scent of wallflowers—such magic as lies in spices and cedarwood—to call up pictures from the treasure-house of imagination; and Isabel closed her eyes to the ugly Victorian furniture that hampered the little room—to the grey wallpaper that even the sun could not fade into brightness, and in a moment she was skimming down the ballroom at Fair Hill, tingling again with the joy of movement and the intoxication of success. For this was her inheritance, her birthright—this power to vibrate like a fine instrument to every passing touch; it was patent in the flash of her smile, in the sudden frown, in the threat and the caress that ousted each other continuously in the depths of her eyes. She was Irish, but Irish with the blood of Spain reliving in her veins from a forgotten generation. And of such a compound, what results? Throw oil upon water and you induce passivity; cast it upon fire, and the flames laugh back into your face! She was a Celt in imaginativeness, in fatalism, in pride; but in her recklessness, in her vitality there was the beat of warmer blood—the call of a race fiercer, more tempestuous than nature ever placed upon northern shores.

Still drinking in the soft, moist air filled with the subtle scent, she dropped back again upon the pillows, lost in retrospect; then slowly and reluctantly her eyelids lifted, as her quick ear caught a step on the corridor outside.

A moment later the handle of her door was turned and her aunt, Miss Costello, walked into the room, carrying a tray with some thick pieces of bread and butter, a brown glazed teapot, a milk jug, and a cup and saucer. She was a thin, dried-up little woman of fifty-five with a brown and prematurely wrinkled skin, sharp black eyes and wispy black hair. In her case, the alien blood had

run to asceticism and a nervous, unpractical activity that had worn her out before middle age. She came up to her niece's bed now with a haste that suggested a multitude of affairs claiming her attention, and set down the tray so quickly that everything rattled.

"Well, Isabel! Good-morrow! What hour was it at all when you got in?"

Isabel put up her mouth very graciously for her aunt's kiss. When her nature was submerged in pleasant or exciting recollection, she overflowed with affection toward the world at large.

"'Twas five o'clock, Aunt Teresa."

"Five! What on earth were you doing till five? It must have been broad day!"

"'Twas, nearly!" Isabel laughed at the remembered pleasure.

"Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Enjoy myself! I never in all my life enjoyed myself so much."

"And did you keep the car the whole time? I wonder what sort of a bill Loughlan will make out!"

"The car? Oh, the car was there at two, but they wouldn't hear of my going away. I came back with the Powers."

Miss Costello looked impressed; and, drawing herself up, smoothed the frill of the black alpaca apron she always wore.

"Oh, indeed! The Powers! That was very nice for you."

"'Twas, in a way."

"Indeed it was! The Powers are very well off, and Mrs. Power is very good position. She was a daughter of Mr. Knox-Nash, of Gallybanagher."

"So she told me while we were driving back! But, Aunt Teresa——"

"What?"

"Do you know who I met last night?"

"No. Who?"

"Frank's brother!"

"What! Stephen Carey! You don't say so! Why, I thought he never went to parties."

Isabel's thick black eyelashes drooped over her eyes. "Why shouldn't he go to parties?"

"Oh, because he's married and settled down."

"But he's not old."

"He's thirty-eight. Did he dance last night?"

"Of course he did! Why wouldn't he dance when he's able to?" Her eyes flashed up to her aunt's face.

"Oh, I don't know! Only a man with a wife and three children has generally something better to do than to be losing his night's sleep. Oh, but I forgot! There's a letter for you from Paris." She began to search hastily in her apron pocket. "Ah, here 'tis! I knew I put it in!"

Isabel took the thin foreign envelope, and laid it unopened on the tray.

Miss Costello's bright eyes caught the movement. "Why won't you read it?" she asked.

"There's time enough!"

"Oh, is that the way? In my young days a girl didn't take a man's letters as coolly as that. But perhaps I ought to go!"

Isabel flashed round upon her angrily. "As if I ever thought of such a thing! I know what's in the letter, that's all. And when you know what's in a letter, you're not very excited to open it—at least I'm not!"

Her aunt's face looked disturbed. "Isabel, you don't tell me you're getting tired of him?"

"I didn't tell you so."

"Well, I only hope your head wasn't turned last night!"

"What on earth would turn my head?"

At her niece's darkening brow Miss Costello was thrown into nervous confusion. "My dear child, nothing! Only I suppose you danced with all the young men—with Owen Power and the rest of them."

Isabel laughed, her good humour restored by the absurdity of her aunt's idea. "Oh, no, Aunt Teresa! Mr. Power didn't turn my head. I don't like beauty men. And, look! To please you, I'll open Frank's letter!" With an incredibly swift turn of the fingers, she tore the letter open and, before Miss Costello could remonstrate, began to read it aloud.

"Listen, Aunt Teresa! 'DEAREST ISABEL—thanks for your nice letter. I am still very lonesome, as you can under-

stand, and I think of you every minute and wish all our walks and talks could come over again. You are in my mind always. Do you often think of me?"

"I have written to my brother Stephen, telling him about you, but I'm afraid he is not very well satisfied, as I have not heard from him yet. Let me know if you meet any of the family. It worries me a bit not to know what they think; but Stephen is a queer chap, all for getting on in life, and not giving way to sentiment—"

Isabel stopped suddenly in her reading.

"Is that all? I hope there'll be no unpleasantness with the Careys."

"Oh, that's all! It goes on for ages in the same sort of way. Aunt Teresa?"

"What?"

"What has Daisy Norris grown up like?"

"Daisy Norris! Oh, she's pretty—and, of course, she's rich."

"Rich!" Isabel tossed her head. "As if that mattered!"

"It mattered a good deal to Stephen Carey."

"Why?"

"Oh, because he had a hard enough life of it in the beginning! Many a time his brothers would have been in the workhouse only for the way he slaved. Your poor father knew it through the bank."

"And he married Daisy Norris for her money?"

Miss Costello looked shocked. No Irishwoman likes her insinuations put into blunt speech. "I wouldn't say that to anybody, Isabel, if I were you! There's no doubt, of course, that Daisy's money wasn't in his way; but, all the same, 'tis an ugly thing to be saying about any man, that he married for money."

"Well, was he in love with her?"

"Oh, how do I know? I suppose he was. 'Tis hard to say those things."

"And was she satisfied?"

"How satisfied?"

"Satisfied with that sort of a bargain? I know I wouldn't be."

Miss Costello looked at her niece with that half-pathetic perplexity that the old so often bring to bear upon their study

of the young. In the long tale of years that had made up her own life, she could find no key to the nature that looked at her from Isabel's restless eyes.

"I can't make you out, Isabel!" she said at length.

Isabel turned on her side and the plait of black hair fell again over her shoulder. "What I mean, Aunt Teresa, is that if I was rich and was going to marry a man like Mr. Carey, I'd take very good care that he didn't marry me for my money alone."

Miss Costello smiled uncertainly. "Would you indeed? And how would you manage it?"

"Oh, I can't tell how, but I would!" Her eyes turned to the window, and then flashed back again. "What a fool she must have been!" she added suddenly; then, seeing her aunt's shocked face, she put up her hand in a pretty gesture of deprecation.

"Auntie! Auntie! Don't look so shocked! It's only that I like fighting for things, and I can't imagine other people not liking it, too."

A look akin to horror tightened Miss Costello's thin lips. "Don't, Isabel, dear! 'Tisn't right to be saying things like that. Girls in Waterford don't talk like that."

"Why?"

"Well, it wouldn't be thought nice. You'd get the name of being odd."

"But why?"

The repetition stung Miss Costello to annoyance. "Ah, don't be silly, child! You know very well that a girl must do what other people do—specially if she has no money. Saying queer things is nearly as bad as doing them." If you want to make nice friends, and be taken up by people richer and in better society than yourself, you'll have to be particular."

"I don't care whether people take me up or not. I'm poor, I know; but I'm not a beggar to be patronised."

"Ah, there you are again! Running away with every word I say! I never said you were a beggar. I don't know where you get such ugly words."

"Well, they're true words, aren't they?"

"Maybe! But it won't always be

enough for you that things are true. I tell you people here have a certain notion of what other people ought to be, and if you differ from that they just leave you where you are."

Isabel considered this statement. This, then, was what she had returned to from the long probation of school life, first in Dublin and later in Paris! This weighing of words! This bondage in a free world! Her restless spirit rose up, swiftly antagonistic and rebellious.

"Aunt Teresa, I'll never do it!" she exclaimed. "I'll never—never do it! I can't cut out my life on a sort of pattern. It must be what I want it to be, or nothing at all. Oh, I wish I had died last night! The world is horrid the day after things!" She put her hands over her face in an impulse of despair as sudden and real as her excitement had been.

Miss Costello looked frightened and flurried. Life had presented a new and unwelcome problem in this grown-up niece, and she shrank constitutionally from responsibility.

"Isabel, dear! Isabel, dear, don't! she said helplessly. "That's not the way to be looking at things at all. Say a prayer to Saint Philomena to help you to be sensible! Be a good child, now, and say a little prayer!"

Isabel dropped her hands, showing a flushed and defiant face. "I'm not a child, Aunt Teresa! And I've given up Saint Philomena; she never does anything for me now." She almost trembled at her own temerity, as she made the statement, for veneration of the saints and firm belief in their friendly intercession is the very breath of life in such places as convent schools; and, moreover, she knew that she was treading sacrilegiously upon Miss Costello's most sacred ground. But rebellion was alive within her. "I don't think it's much good praying against things like that," she added. "How could the saints have time to bother whether I'm sensible or not?"

"Isabel, I'm shocked at you! If your poor father could only hear you! A man that said his rosary every night of his life!"

The demon of insubordination stirred in Isabel, prompting retaliation. "If he

hadn't said so many prayers," she said irreverently, "perhaps he might have got promotion in the bank—and left me better off."

For one moment Miss Costello looked down on her in speechless anger; then, by an agitated exercise of the control her religion taught her, she turned and walked out of the room.

As the door closed, Isabel's bravado evaporated. "Aunt Teresa!" she called suddenly. "Aunt Teresa, come back! I'm sorry!"

But in keeping her indignation within bounds, Miss Costello felt she had done enough. At the sound of her name in Isabel's quick, emotional voice, she paused on the corridor, murmured a prayer for her niece's spiritual guidance, and silently passed down the narrow stairs.

CHAPTER VII

Last mass, celebrated at twelve o'clock, is the important event of Sunday in an Irish Catholic town. Almost mediæval in its pomp and pride, it presents a curious contrast to the drab-hued life outside the church; for within the precincts there is colour for a dozen pictures, were there artists to paint them. Splendid vestments, cloth-of-gold, wax lights and the glory of flowers are blent together in an atmosphere clouded with incense, while over the heads of the congregation, making the impression audible, the organ whispers or thunders the majesty of the Eternal.

It was Isabel Costello's fourth Sunday in Waterford, and in the bench nearest the altar she sat beside Miss Costello, who might have posed for the spirit of religious fervour as she knelt, rigid in her plain black dress, armed with long brown rosary beads and a ponderous prayer-book.

It would mislead from the outset to say that Isabel was religious, yet it would be overstating the case to say that she was devoid of the religious sense. Every tenet of the Roman Catholic Church she accepted with unquestioning belief, because to her imagination those tenets were fixed as the stars in heaven; but in

her composition there was nothing of the ascetic. Pray she could—and frequently did—with a passionate fervour of supplication, but she preferred the priedieu of an oratory to the bare floor of her own room, and her moments of devotion were usually inspired from without rather than from within.

She sat now in the clouded atmosphere and her thoughts, freed by the music of the organ, flowed out upon the stream of her fancy. Her prayer-book lay open before her, but her eyes were not following the prayers; she sat as she had sat a hundred times in the convent chapel, weaving the dream that all youth weaves, but with this difference, that in the convent chapel the dreams had been tinged with the pearl and gold of dawning things and now the light of a waking world was touching them to rose and purple. There was life to be lived now! She no longer stood expectant in a realm of ideals! Vaguely moved by these imaginings, she stood up and knelt down, mechanically noting the chanting of the priests, the silences of the choir and the fresh bursts of music from the organ, while her mind travelled back over the ground she had covered from this mass in the Waterford cathedral to the day in Paris when love had confronted her in the guise of the first man she had known. For it was love—the image, the abstraction—that had broken down her defences on the evening that she had stood by the window of the hotel salon with Frank Carey, and looked down into the narrow street, where the asphalt shone like ice in the white light of the electric lamps, and the stumbling of the cab-horses and the cracking of whips rose, mingling with excited street cries. There had been a sense of fate in the air that evening. She remembered looking across at the opposite houses and thinking how like they were to painted houses upon the stage with their flat fronts and shuttered windows; then that first recollection was rent by the newer, stronger memory of Frank's arm thrust suddenly about her waist and Frank's unexpected kiss upon her cheek. Rough, untempered love-making it had been to the mind of the experienced, but to the girl released a week before from a convent school it had

seemed the knowledge of life; and Frank Carey, the freckled, sandy-haired boy, had taken on the glamour of romance in that moment of daring.

Reflected in the mirror of her thoughts, he had appeared before her, the knight storming the castle of his lady love. And now? The organ spoke low, dropping to the note of question, and her cheeks reddened as though human lips had propounded a riddle. Now? She looked at the figures of the three priests officiating at the mass that was drawing to its close, and suddenly the vision of the avenue at Fair Hill rose up before her mind—the avenue with the chestnut buds silhouetted against the night sky and the first stars dappling the darkness.

The blessing was given, and the congregation stood up for the last gospel. Isabel rose with the rest and knelt again for the final prayers; then at last, the service ended, the three priests disappeared into the mysterious regions behind the altar, the organist struck the first chord of the solemn march and the stream of people began to pour into the aisle.

It was some time before Miss Costello had finished her private devotions, and the church was fast emptying when she and Isabel rose to depart. They were almost the last to emerge from the church and step out upon the flagged space guarded by railings that shuts the cathedral from the street and makes a tempting loitering place for those whose duty lies behind them. Isabel's first impression as she came out into the light was of a crowd broken up into little knots of two and three and of a number of voices exchanging conflicting greetings; and her next, the consciousness of Miss Costello pulling at her sleeve with nervous anxiety.

"Isabel! Isabel! Don't you see Mrs. Power saluting you?"

Isabel turned sharply. "No, I don't, Aunt Teresa! Where?"

"Over there by the steps. Look now! She's smiling at you."

Isabel turned, half reluctantly in the direction indicated, and then the blood rose hotly to her face, for Mrs. Power was the centre of a party formed by Mary Norris and Daisy and Stephen Carey.

"Go on, Isabel!" urged Miss Costello. "She wants to speak to you. You ought to thank her for driving you home that night; 'twould be only polite."

Isabel didn't seem to hear her aunt's persuasion, and it is doubtful whether the pleadings would have met with any response but that at the moment of their utterance Mrs. Power made a forward movement, and settled the question herself.

"Ah, my dear child, how are you? I haven't seen you since the dance!" she said, pushing a way through the intervening people, and extending a friendly hand. "What have you been doing these weeks past? And here's your aunt, too! How are you, Miss Costello? You ought to have been at Fair Hill that night; you really ought. There were no two opinions about it, your niece was the belle. She could have filled her programme twice over; even my own husband lost his heart. I can tell you I was quite jealous." She gave a pleasant laugh, drawing the girl into her favour with a motherly tone and glance.

Meanwhile a moment of indecision had fallen on the little group she had deserted. With many misgivings Daisy was asking herself whether she should or should not make advances toward the possible disturber of her husband's projects? And as she hesitated between uncertainty as to Carey's views and the instinctive desire to stand in with Mrs. Power in all social matters, she experienced a wave of relief as she saw Stephen himself decide the point by stepping forward and greeting Isabel.

"How are you, Miss Costello?"

Isabel started at the sound of her name; and turning, gave her hand in a silence born of sudden and uncontrollable shyness.

"How are you?" he said again, a little awkwardly. "We haven't seen you since the night of the dance. Let me introduce my wife! I think you know my sister-in-law!"

For a swift second Daisy looked at Isabel, Isabel at Daisy, appraising each other's value in an instant, as women do; then Daisy held out her hand.

"How are you?" she said. "We used to know each other long ago. I remem-

ber you as well as anything at a children's party at the Burkes' when I was ten; and you cried because I fell over you in 'Blindman's Buff.'"

"Oh, yes! I remember too." Isabel laughed. "I was only five, but I remember as well as anything that you and your sister had blue dresses and fair plaits tied with blue. I envied you fearfully."

Daisy echoed the laugh, and Mary Norris strolled slowly forward. "How are you?" she said, using the inevitable greeting. "How did you enjoy the dance? You seemed to be having a grand time, as far as I could see."

"The dance? Oh, 'twas splendid! I loved it!" Isabel looked straight in front of her, conscious that Carey's eyes were watching her with half unwilling interest.

"And who did you like best?" Try as she might, Mary could not hide the half malicious lifting of the corner of her mouth.

Isabel turned. "Oh, old Mr. Burke, of course!" she said with native readiness.

Carey laughed. "Good! Take my advice, Miss Costello, don't let them draw you!"

Mary's smile deepened as she saw Isabel colour at the unexpected praise; and Isabel, conscious both of the smile and of her own blush, glanced round confusedly. "We—we ought to be going," she said. "Where's Aunt Teresa?"

"Here! Here, my dear, gossiping with me! You're right to remind us how idle we are. Daisy, I'll run in with you to Lady Lane." Mrs. Power wheeled round upon them with her large, placid personality and homely smile.

Daisy made a hasty little gesture of pleasure and gratification. "Oh, do! Do, Mrs. Power!" Then, as she saw Mrs. Power look promptly toward Isabel and Miss Costello, she added, in a less enthusiastic voice, "And you, Miss Costello! Won't you come in for a minute too?"

Miss Costello looked confused. "It's—it's very kind of you, Mrs. Carey, I'm sure! Very kind of you!"

"—Only we must go straight home," Isabel put in promptly. Swift in the gaining of an impression as in the prompting of an instinct, she had heard

the hesitancy and felt the doubt in Daisy's mind.

Miss Costello looked nervous, and Daisy slightly offended—"Oh, of course if you are busy—" she said.

"We are. We promised to be back. Didn't we, Aunt Teresa?"

At her niece's glance, poor Miss Costello wavered hopelessly. "We are. We did," she said. "It's very kind of you, but—"

"Good-bye! You see we must go. Good-bye, Mrs. Power! Good-bye!" In turn Isabel shook hands with Daisy, Mary, Mrs. Power and, last of all, with Carey. For the one fleeting second that her hand rested in his, she glanced up at him—a quick, bright look difficult to read; then, leaving her aunt to follow, she turned and walked out into the street.

As Miss Costello beat a hurried retreat, Daisy, whose eyes were upon Isabel's straight, lithe figure, spoke her thoughts. "She's queer, isn't she?" she said in a slow, meditative way.

"Queer?" Mary cried. "I think she's the coolest person I ever met in my life. I can tell you I wouldn't like to be in the aunt's shoes."

Mrs. Power put her hand on Mary's arm. "Ah, now, Mary, make excuses! What is she but a child!"

"A very wide-awake child, Mrs. Power!"

"Ah, no, Mary! I don't think so."

"Don't you? Wait and see!" Mary turned, and began to make her own way through the crowd of loiterers.

"And you, Stephen? What do you think of her? I like a man's opinion on my own sex."

Carey turned, roused from a brown study. "I?" he said. "Oh, I don't pretend to understand women, Mrs. Power."

CHAPTER VIII

Meanwhile, Isabel and her aunt were making their way up the hill that led to New Town, where Miss Costello's small house stood behind its patch of garden. For several minutes after they had parted with the Careys neither of them spoke; but at last, as their goal drew

within sight, Isabel felt her sentiments no longer to be controlled.

"Aunt Teresa," she said suddenly, "I don't know—I really don't know how you can go on like that."

Miss Costello half paused in her hurried walk. "Like what?" she demanded.

"Oh, not having a bit of pride! Not seeing when people don't want you!"

"Don't want me? But the Careys wanted us—Daisy Carey herself asked us."

Isabel tossed her head contemptuously. "Yes. Asked us because Mrs. Power was nice to us—and Mrs. Power is good position. Do you think she'd have done it except for that? Indeed she wouldn't!"

Poor Miss Costello was crushed, nevertheless she made a fight for her own attitude. "Well, I think you ought to have gone in all the same. You'll have to be friendly sooner or later, if you're to be one of the family."

"I may never be one of the family!"

"Isabel!"

"Oh, well, I didn't mean that."

Miss Costello heaved a sigh of relief for even this small mercy. "Of course not!" she said, to reassure herself. "Of course not. Not when you can count on Frank. I'm sure the poor fellow is devoted enough!"

Once more Isabel's chin was contemptuously raised. "Would you like to be going to marry a 'poor fellow'?"

"You're very absurd, child! You know I didn't mean it like that. I'm sure Frank is very talented."

"Talented, indeed! I'll tell you what Frank is. He's just a shadow of his brother. Only for his brother, he wouldn't be there at all. I found that out since I came home."

"The shadow of his brother? Indeed I don't agree with you. I think Frank Carey has plenty of cleverness of his own; and I'd much prefer him myself to Stephen. He's a great deal pleasanter in his manner."

"Weak people are nice to everybody, because they haven't courage to be anything else!"

Isabel made this pronouncement as they were passing through the garden gate, and, having made it, she stepped aside into the small grass plot, to gather

a handful of violets, while Miss Costello hurried into the house, where the one servant of the establishment was awaiting her superintendence in the cooking of the early dinner.

The flowers gathered, Isabel made her own way indoors, passing up the narrow stairs to her cramped bedroom. Her first action on entering the room, was to cross to the dressing table, peer closely into the mirror at her own reflection and, taking off her hat, to toss it carelessly on the bed.

She could not have explained her mood, but she felt restless and half angry. Nothing definite had happened to displease her, but it was precisely this negative condition of circumstances that left her disturbed. She would have everything fire or sun—battle or ecstasy; the calm, the uneventful she banished from her toleration with an unsparing definiteness.

Having thrown her hat aside, she lingered for a while by the dressing table, her fingers drumming on the white cloth that covered the mahogany surface, her eyes dark and brooding; then, forced to action by some prompting thought, she slowly opened one of the table drawers and drew forth a blotter filled with odd sheets of note paper and envelopes of varying sizes, and unearthing a pen and a pot of ink from some dark recess, placed the whole collection upon the table.

Her next move was to pull forward a chair and seat herself upon the edge of it, and this action was typical of her mood; the fact that she did not approach her task squarely showed that it was unwelcome, for to the things that were congenial she went straight as a bird in its flight, heart and soul, mind and body—one undivided impulse.

With her neck uncomfortably twisted and her elbow resting on the table, she dipped the pen into the ink, made a blot on the white cloth and, drawing forward a sheet of paper, wrote the words, "Dearest Frank."

For a long time she remained looking at this accomplished work and striving to connect it with herself. She looked at the words and wondered—looked at them again and wondered again. Why had the writing of a letter become a thing so

irksome? She recalled her first note to Frank—how the blood had flooded her cheeks at the mere fact of putting a man's name upon paper—how every shy and halting expression had meant a separate sensation. Why had all this changed? Why had the excitement, the glamour fallen from the whole idea, as colours might fade from a picture? A wave of impatience trembled across her mind. She felt angry—she felt cruel. Suddenly seizing the paper, she tore the letter in two, as though by the act she could inflict some punishment upon the unconscious author of her disaffection; then with equal suddenness she lifted her head in a listening attitude, for her quick ears had caught the sound of footsteps on the little gravel path, footsteps that were followed almost immediately by a knock on the hall door.

Visitors were few and far between at the little house at New Town, and involuntarily she rose and ran to the window. She pulled back the starched and torn lace curtain, and leaned forward curiously; then, as precipitately, she drew back again, all the anger, all the waywardness gone from her face, every feature lighted up with sudden interest.

She sat down on the side of her bed, her hands clasped, her heart beating quickly, as she heard the slipshod steps of the servant shuffle down the hall, heard the door open, and heard the visitor's peremptory demand for Miss Costello. Next, she was conscious of two pairs of feet going down the passage and of the shutting of the parlour door, followed by a perfectly audible and flurried explanation between the servant and Miss Costello in the back regions of the house; then lastly she distinguished her aunt's steps on the creaking stairs, and a moment later saw her excited face round the corner of the bedroom door.

"Isabel!" she exclaimed, almost before she had entered the room. "Isabel, do you know who's below?"

Isabel sprang to her feet. "S-sh, Aunt Teresa! He'll hear you."

"It's Stephen Carey."

"I know."

"What on earth can he want? What do you think he can want?"

"How do I know!" Isabel hid the light that was dancing in her eyes.

"Am I an awful object? I was just in the middle of making the apple dumpling. It's a queer hour, indeed, for a person to be calling; he might have waited till three o'clock!" She came forward into the room, her hair a little more untidy than usual, a check apron covering her black dress and a dab of flour on her cheek testifying to her recent labours. "Let me look at myself!" she added, going up to the dressing table, and proceeding without permission to smooth her hair with Isabel's brush.

At any other moment this would have called forth an indignant protest from the owner, but Isabel was too excited now to give heed to the niceties of property and, coming forward graciously, she even helped to pull down Miss Costello's sleeves and herself untied the apron strings and dusted the flour from her face.

"Will I do now? I declare I am as flurried as anything, being called away like that in the middle of the dumpling! I only hope Lizzie will be able to go on with it."

To this string of words Isabel paid not the slightest attention; but, having made her aunt presentable, pushed her unceremoniously toward the door.

But Miss Costello refused to cross the threshold. "You'll come down with me, won't you? Oh, Isabel, you'll come down with me?"

Isabel looked down, coquetting with herself. "I don't know."

"Oh, Isabel, do! Be a good girl, and do!"

"Very well, I'll come after you."

"Ah, come now!"

"No; afterward."

"Very well! Will I do?"

"You're splendid."

"Well, don't be long!" She nodded a last injunction; and, still full of nervous trepidation, made her way downstairs.

Isabel stood on the tiptoe of interest as she heard her descend the stairs and open the parlour door, but her strained ears caught only the confused murmur of a greeting followed by the closing of the door; and at this sign of privacy, she turned back again into the room, and for

the second time since her return from mass walked up to the mirror and studied her appearance. This time the face that looked back into her own was alive and joyous, and as she brushed her ruffled hair, the sense of power and energy rose within her.

Money was scarce in the small household, and in consequence her wardrobe was of the scantiest; but with the unquenchable instinct of adornment, she took a bow of cherry-coloured tulle from a drawer and pinned it at the neck of her pink muslin dress. As she was in the act of arranging it, steps sounded on the stairs, this time awkward and shuffling, and presently a knock sounded timidly on the door.

"What is it? Come in!" she called.

The door opened an inch or two, and the face of Lizzie the servant appeared at the aperture.

"Miss Isabel," she gasped, "Miss Costello is wantin' you below in the parlour; and she says you're to be as quick as you can." Lizzie was newly from the country, and as yet raw material.

"All right! Only I wish you'd come into a room, Lizzie, when a person tells you to."

"I will, miss! Yes, miss!" Lizzie backed incontinently down the stairs, overcome by embarrassment.

Isabel, very nearly as agitated as the maid, put another pin into the tulle bow and hurried across the room and out into the corridor; but pride would not allow her to run down the stairs, though her feet danced to be off, and she reached the parlour door with a very dignified demeanour.

As she turned the handle and entered, however, a little of the dignity evaporated, for the scene was not quite what she had anticipated. At the mahogany table that well-nigh filled the little room, Miss Costello and Carey were seated upon two of the stiff horsehair chairs that had come, with Isabel herself, as a legacy from the improvident Dan. Carey was sitting bolt upright, looking resolute and very uncomfortable; while his companion, in a condition of obvious perturbation, was nervously plaiting and unplaiting the fringe of the table cloth.

As Isabel appeared, Carey rose. "I

suppose you are rather surprised to see me again," he said.

Isabel said nothing; if there was a difficult moment to be faced, she decided that he must bear the brunt of it.

Miss Costello stirred agitatedly in her seat. "I'm afraid Mr. Carey hasn't come on a very pleasant mission, Isabel."

"No. No, I'm afraid I haven't. But won't you sit down?"

In the same determined silence Isabel accepted the chair he drew forward for her; and resting her elbows on the table, clasped her hands under her chin.

Carey, still obviously ill at ease, dropped back into his own seat and made a fresh essay. "I hadn't intended to do this—to come here like this," he said; "but I realised in the last three weeks that it mightn't be very easy to find an opportunity of seeing you, and so I decided to—to make the plunge."

Isabel bent her head in acknowledgment that the words were meant for her, and Miss Costello gave a fluttering sigh.

The difficulties placed in his way seemed to brace Stephen, for he suddenly cast aside his conciliatory tactics, and made a headlong rush for his point. "Of course you know why I came," he said.

Isabel, offended by this bluntness, opened her eyes. "How could I know?"

At the little touch of artificiality he lost patience. "Oh, don't make light of the matter!" he said quickly. "Frank is serious to me."

In an instant Isabel was as angrily sincere as he. "And do you think he's not serious to me? Have you any right to suppose that?"

"Not serious, indeed!" Miss Costello murmured. "When I think of the prayers I have said and the candles I have lighted that we might be all guided to do right!"

Isabel gave her a withering glance and turned again upon Carey. "After all, it must be more serious to me than to anybody——"

"Except Frank himself."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that marriage must be more important to a man than to a woman—not in the sentimental sense, perhaps, but in the ordinary, practical,

every-day sense. After all, if a woman likes to make a poor marriage she does it with her eyes open and she finds compensations: it's the man who does it blindly, and it's the man who sinks under it. I know what I'm talking about."

"Some of the happiest couples have been poor!" ejaculated Miss Costello. "Look at my poor brother!"

Carey refrained from making use of the weapon placed in his hands, and merely said, "Don't forget that your brother is dead, Miss Costello, and that death casts a sort of glamour over things."

She heaved a sigh. "Ah, Dan was a saint!" she murmured to herself. "A saint!"

"But poor people *can* be happy," Isabel cried. "Poor people *can* be happy. I'd rather be a beggar ten times over than make what they call here a 'good match.' I think it's much more to be despised to sell yourself as if you were a sheep or a horse than to marry because you care."

"Isabel! Isabel!"

"Be quiet, Aunt Teresa! I will say what I think. You hate me to marry Frank because I have no money; but if I was rich you'd let us get married to-morrow, even if I was lame or blind. You think of nothing but money—money and position. You live in a little, little world, where if people ever do feel anything, they're afraid to say so!"

Carey, watching the expressions darkening and lighting her face, leaned suddenly across the table. "Miss Costello," he said, "do you know that I thought exactly the same as that when I was your age? When I was twenty I thought Waterford the narrowest hole on God's earth, and myself the one man who was going to step outside it. But—" he gave a quick, despondent shrug of the shoulders—"I went under when the time came. I went under like the rest. There's a big machine called expediency, and we are its abject slaves. We oil it and polish it and keep it running, every man and woman of us; and if by any chance one of us puts his hands behind his back and says he won't feed the monster any more, what happens? Does the machine stop? Not it! It's the deserter who goes under, the machine roars on louder than

before. It's only by pandering to it that we live at all; and the man who has oiled his own particular wheel is in duty bound to see that those dependent on him learn to oil theirs. This brother of mine belongs to me; I've fathered him and trained him and educated him, and I must see him have a fair start. You must see my position! You must see my point of view! I'm writing to Frank to-night: let me tell him that you see the folly of it all?"

Isabel kept her hands obstinately locked, her eyes obstinately lowered.

"Let me write that to-night? Frank isn't a boy with a great deal of character; he's not the boy to make a way for himself."

"He cares for me."

"I have no doubt he does. But no romantic man ever made a fortune."

Her eyes blazed again. "I don't want a fortune. I told you that."

"I see! Then it's no use? The sensible thing doesn't appeal to you?"

"No, it does not. I hate the sensible thing."

"All right! I'm sorry! You force me to do what I don't like to do."

"What's that?" Isabel stood up.

"You force me to tell Frank that unless he breaks off this engagement I must stop supplies. It's very unpleasant, but there's nothing else for it. I've done what I could." He rose rather stiffly from his chair.

Isabel paled, then reddened violently. "You—you would do that?" she said.

"For his own good, yes. I told you the matter was serious to me."

"Oh, Mr. Carey, you wouldn't!" cried Miss Costello. "You surely wouldn't! Think of the poor fellow's feelings! Young people will be young people, you know!"

"Stop, Aunt Teresa! Mr. Carey, do you think that when you write that to Frank he'll break off the engagement?"

Carey hesitated. "Frank is not strong-minded."

"That means you do think it? You think he'll give me up at a word from you?"

"Certainly not that. But he is dependent on me; he has nothing, not a penny of his own—and a man must live."

"And suppose he writes back that he doesn't care a pin about your money?"

Carey began to move slowly toward the door. "On his own head be it, then!" he said. "I'll have done my best. I'm sorry I should have had to offend you." He hesitated and looked back at her.

But Isabel would not look at him.

"Won't you say good-bye? I am sorry—though you may not believe it."

"Good-bye!" She did not look up or hold out her hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Costello!" He turned to the older woman.

"Good-bye, Mr. Carey! I suppose you're acting for the best; but indeed I must say you're hard—you're very hard."

He did not attempt to shake hands with her; and, passing out of the room in silence, he went quietly down the hall and let himself out by the small front door.

Instantly he was gone, Miss Costello's feelings burst all bounds. "Oh, Isabel," she cried, "what a frightful thing! What a terrible thing! A good match like that slipping away before our very eyes! What a pity your poor father wasn't more saving—not that he had anything to save! But if only you had a little money now, how different things would be! To think that a son of old Barney Carey, the builder, should have it in his power to despise one of the Costellos!"

Isabel stood for a moment listening to her aunt with pale lips and eyes black with passion; then all at once she brought her hands together with a fierce gesture. "Aunt Teresa," she said, "if you say one word more you'll drive me stark, staring mad!" And before Miss Costello had time to recover from her surprise, she had vanished from the room.

CHAPTER IX

For a week inaction oppressed Isabel's life; then the atmosphere lifted. A letter arrived from Paris.

With the arrival of this letter everything was altered; it was as if a cloud had been dispersed, permitting the sun of activity to shine forth again and fill her world. She read it in the morning, while

Miss Costello was at the ten o'clock mass; and armed with sudden decision, did not wait to peruse the pages a second time, but, pinning on her hat, sallied forth from the house, on fire with the sense of adventure.

The Waterford streets are not very remarkable either for business activity or beauty at ten o'clock in the morning, but romance is a matter of soul, not of surroundings; and as she threaded her way down the incline of streets from New Town to the Mall, her heart sang to the lilt of her thoughts, and her blood kept time like a dancer's feet.

At the corner of the Mall she stopped to give a penny to a blind beggar, and the man's eloquent flow of blessings seemed the last note in the peon of triumph. For she was about to commit an act of daring, she was about to outrage that conventionality in which the members of her set moved and breathed; and as she swung along the streets, she recalled Carey's outburst in the little parlour, his simile of the great, insistent machine of expediency; and in added stimulus the vision of herself rose up as one of the fearless few with hands metaphorically locked, refusing to feed the monster.

Crossing one or two of the more important thoroughfares, she passed at last into one of the quieter, narrower streets that in every town are stamped with the seal of the professions, and over which an air of privacy is gathered like a garment. With eager and yet hesitating steps she threaded her way along the deserted footpath, taking quick, side-long glances at the windows carefully screened from the vulgar gaze, until at last the name of "Stephen Carey, Solicitor," displayed in black letters on grated ironwork, brought her to a standstill.

With an involuntary impulse she glanced up and down the silent street; then, with slightly nervous haste, turned in at the open doorway.

A dark and dusty passage confronted her as she stepped in out of the daylight, but a door at this farther end gave renewed hope, for there again Carey's name was blazoned forth; and hurrying forward, she knocked twice on the glass panel. For a moment she waited, listen-

ing intently; then, as no sound reached her, she spurred her courage and turned the handle.

The room into which she stepped was Carey's outer office, and to a first glance it looked almost as unattractive as the passage that led to it. The ceiling was high; the walls bare, save where they were fitted with shelves; and the only pieces of furniture were two high desks placed in the middle of the room.

A reedy youth of eighteen or nineteen was seated at one of the desks, a pen behind each red ear, his long legs twined round an office stool; at sound of the opening door, he looked round casually, only to be transfixed with surprise at sight of the intruder.

Isabel coloured angrily at his open-eye stare. "I want to see Mr. Carey," she announced promptly. "Is he here?"

The youth took a third pen from between his teeth. "You can't see him," he said in a drawling voice that seemed to part grudgingly with his words.

"Is he here?"

"Yes, he's here."

"Then why can't I see him?"

"Well, you can't, for he's engaged."

Isabel, who was no respecter of persons, made haste to probe this statement. "What is he doing?" she demanded.

The youth, nonplussed by such directness, was drawn to answer directly. "Well, he's talking to the head clerk."

At this Isabel's assurance flowed back in full measure. "Is that all?" she said contemptuously. "Go and tell him at once that somebody wants him!"

The youth wriggled on his stool. "Oh, I don't know that I can," he demurred. "Are you a client?"

Isabel ignored both the objection and the question. "Where is he?" she asked.

He indicated a second door. "In there, in his private office."

She acknowledged the information by a nod of her head. "Very well! Then I'll tell him myself," she said; and to the amazement of the youth she crossed the room, and without more ado knocked peremptorily on the inner door.

There was a slight pause after the knock fell; then a sound of steps in the inner room, followed by the opening of the door, and the head clerk, a fair

man with a short beard and near-sighted eyes, looked out impatiently.

"What do you want, Thomas?" he said; then, seeing the intruder, he broke off. "Oh, I beg your pardon! What can I do for you?"

"Can I see Mr. Carey? My name is Costello. Perhaps you'll tell him that I'm here."

"Certainly, certainly, I will." The clerk glanced behind him hesitatingly, then stepped aside, as he saw Carey rise quickly from his desk and come across the room.

The surprise that had crossed Stephen's face at the sound of Isabel's voice was still visible as he pushed past the clerk and threw the door wide; and in that first unguarded second she seized upon the certainty that the surprise was not unpleasant.

"I suppose I oughtn't to have come! But I wanted to see you, and I couldn't think of any other place."

Carey laughed, as he took her hand and drew her into the office. "You can go on with that deed, Allman!" he added; and the head clerk withdrew, closing the door.

She had taken him unprepared; and in the moment of surprise, it seemed that he was once more the Stephen Carey of the Fair Hill dance—the real man, unshackled by convention.

Isabel's spirits soared high. She looked into his face, echoing his laugh.

"But I shouldn't have come, should I?"

"You shouldn't—unless you want legal advice!"

She took the chair he pushed forward for her, watching him seat himself at the large, flat-topped desk where he transacted all his work.

"You can guess why I came, can't you?"

"Another battle?"

She made no reply; but, smiling under the half-quizzical, half-questioning gaze of his eyes, slipped her hand into her pocket and pulled out a large foreign envelope.

"'Twas for this. I wanted to show you this."

She held out the letter, and, as it passed from her hand to his, she sank back again into her chair, apparently ab-

sorbed in a study of the black tin boxes lining the walls, but in reality listening with sharp intensity to the rustle of the paper between his fingers. She stayed quite motionless while he drew the sheet of paper from its envelope and while he turned the first page; then, unable to restrain her curiosity, she moved in her seat and shot a swift glance at him, as he sat with head bent and body leaning forward. As if conscious of her glance, he looked up.

"So you wanted me to read this?"

She nodded.

He folded the letter and refolded it, drawing out the creases mechanically, while his eyes fixed themselves upon the papers crowded on his desk.

"So this is Frank's answer to me? He cares nothing for me or for my money, so long as you stick to him!"

He spoke in a low voice, so low that it was impossible to follow its expression; and Isabel, watching his immobile face, felt her courage falter as she put her next question.

"Are you very disappointed?"

He looked up at her again, and his glance was the hard, cold glance with which he had always scanned his failures. "Oh, I acknowledge myself beaten!"

The colour leaped into her face—the red banner of success. This was the moment for which she had lived as she swung along the streets, and her whole spirit rose now to meet it. With one of her swiftest gestures she stood up and walked across to him.

"Mr. Carey," she said, the nervous note of tense excitement thrilling in her voice—"Mr. Carey, why do you treat me as if I was a sort of enemy? Why do you speak to me as if I was trying to bring Frank to ruin, just out of spite? Why have you never asked me to break off with him as—as a sort of favour—as a sort of kindness?"

She looked down at him as he sat there, too amazed to think of rising, her finger-tips resting on the desk, her face brimming with expression.

"Why haven't you ever thought that I might do it to help you—to please you?"

Carey glanced up. "I suppose I only know one way of getting things."

She threw back her head. "And you think women like that way?"

He was silent. It did not come to him to tell her that all his life he had commanded, not asked, of women.

"Don't you think if you had asked, things might have been different?"

"I never ask."

"Ask now!" The words were almost a whisper—a whisper in which he could hear the catch and quiver of her breath.

He twisted round in his seat. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I say. Ask now!"

Native suspicion ousted the surprise in his face. "I don't like being made a fool of!"

Isabel drew herself up. "And do you think I came here to make a fool of you? I'll tell you why I came! I came to tell you that you can keep Frank—that I don't want him—that I'm done with him."

In the immeasurable relief of the moment, Carey jumped up. "You mean that?" he cried. "You actually mean that?"

"I do mean it, yes."

They stood for a moment looking at each other in the quiet office—he absorbed by the news, she observant of him. In the crucial moments of life it is always the woman who puts the eternal "Why?" Man, the active, the unanalytical, who deals in results. It never touched Carey's mind to question the motives that had prompted this act of renunciation, the tangled feelings that had prompted the change of front; if he saw Isabel in the affair at all, it was merely as the exponent of an unlooked-for generosity—a creature who had proved herself strangely sensible by falling in with his own views. The subtler compliment went altogether unobserved.

"It's—it's very generous of you," he said at length. "What can I say?"

"I don't ask you to say anything. I'm not doing it for thanks."

"And Frank? Have you thought of Frank?"

"I'll write to Frank to-night."

Carey's face changed. "He'll be very much cut up, remember! He'll do all sorts of things. He'll probably threaten to kill himself when he first hears this."

Isabel smiled. "First? You're not very complimentary."

"Oh, it has nothing to do with you. It's only that I know Frank—and that you may as well be prepared. As for compliments, I can't pay them, but I'd like to ask you to forgive me for—a lot of things; and I'd like—I'd like, if it's possible, to be friends."

Her glance, quick and warm, flashed to him. "You're sincere when you say that?"

"Yes. I am."

She held out her hand in a swift, free gesture. "Then I'll go. I wanted you to say it. Good-bye!"

He took her fingers in his hard, strong grasp.

"Good-bye!—and thanks!"

This was their parting. No promise of a future meeting, no suggestion of all that was yet to come. A favour given, a favour received; a clasp of the hands, an inarticulate sense of mutual understanding.

(To be continued)

THE FIRST IMPRESSION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



ONE of the principles of narrative construction that are systematically drilled into college sophomores, during their course in theme work, is that of emphasis by position. There are, they are told, certain positions in every story, such as the opening and the closing chapter and, in less degree, the beginning and the end of every chapter, where a skilful novelist may by clever manipulation of his material throw the limelight upon the really big episodes of his plot. In other words, instructors teach emphasis by position, and many a successful novelist applies it, as though it were a principle to be invoked or disregarded at will, a force that operates only when a character of commanding presence, an episode of vital dramatic interest, is assigned to the place of honour. What should be taught, on the contrary, is that Emphasis by Position is a factor which cannot be eliminated from narrative, a power far more apt to be abused than used effectively; for just as surely as every story must have a beginning and an end, so surely must it throw upon two of its paragraphs the tremendous stress that belongs to the First and

the Last Impression—and it is hard to say to which of two dangers the average writer is more likely to succumb, that of squandering emphasis upon incidents which are emphatic enough in whatever position they occupy, or that of throwing into prominence details that are of no real structural significance.

Of all the emphatic positions in a novel, that which is most apt to be misused is the initial position—the opening paragraph, the beginning of a new episode, the first entry of a character, the first line of a description. There are a hundred ways in which to make either the principle or the subsidiary beginnings; and any one of them may be the right way, provided the novelist knows what he is trying to do, realises the special stress he is laying upon a certain act or speech or thought by the order in which he presents it, and has his own sufficient reasons for wishing the special stress to fall exactly there and nowhere else. Like so many other subtleties that enter into the making of fiction, it cannot be reduced to dogmatic rules. Given a certain group of facts, it is impossible to say, This is the fact with which to begin, that is the fact with which to follow, and so on in logical sequence. On the contrary,

the order of narration depends less upon the story you have to tell than upon the standpoint from which you wish to tell it. Suppose, for instance, that your story deals with a young woman who has stolen a diamond ring, is arrested and placed on trial. Now, you may treat that story from the standpoint of the general public, starting with the discovery of the theft, following up the various clues until suspicion falls upon the woman, and ending with her trial and a verdict of guilty. Or you can make the story a study of the jury room, starting it with the jury's first glimpse of the woman as she is called to the bar, with the shadow of the charge resting upon her, and then unfold the details of the case as they are successively revealed by the witnesses. Or still again, you can treat it as a study in pathology, beginning your narrative several years earlier, showing the woman as a neurotic, abnormal child, already a prey to ungovernable impulses, and more than once detected in petty pilferings from her playmates, of objects for which she cannot explain her craving. Throw such an episode into your opening chapter, and you stamp it upon the reader's memory, so that throughout the subsequent trial scene, as he watches the meshes of testimony slowly ensnare the accused woman, he sees in her, not a common thief, but the sickly, unbalanced child of earlier years, the victim of heredity.

But while it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules for the starting point of a story, there is at least one principle upon which we have a right to insist, and that is, that the novelist shall be honest with us, and that every time he gives us a first impression, whether of his hero and heroine, or only of his hero's dog and his heroine's cat, he shall emphasise something that really counts, something that will follow us throughout the book and enter into the fabric of the plot. A couple of concrete examples of an honest and a dishonest use of the First Impression will illustrate the distinction better than whole pages of theorising. Take on the one hand, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and on the other *The Three Musketeers*, two books that it is safe to assume are familiar to the great majority of readers. It

seems at first sight as if Mrs. Stowe's story, considered as an epic of slavery, with its grim brutality, its tragic separation of families, its degradation of a race, began rather tamely with the quiet contentment of life on the Shelbys' Kentucky plantation. And yet it was the force of this First Impression of slavery at its best, this ineffaceable picture of Uncle Tom's Kentucky cabin, that follows us throughout the succeeding tragedy, and adds to the touch of inimitable pathos which comes from contrast. On the other hand, the opening episode of *The Three Musketeers* is a striking example of the thoroughly dishonest First Impression in fiction. The whole episode of D'Artagnan's first encounter with the Man of Meung, and the loss of his papers, refuses to be forgotten—ask any reader of Dumas, and he can give it to you, off hand, to the last detail. And this seems a pity, because there is nothing gained by remembering it; D'Artagnan not only failed to measure swords with the Man from Meung at that first meeting, but although on a dozen different occasions you think he is on the point of achieving his revenge, nothing ever comes of it—the quarrel has no structural importance. Even when you read in a postscript that later on they did cross swords several times and ended by becoming good friends, the news leaves you indifferent; you have already learned the structural dishonesty of the whole episode of the Man of Meung. And it is dishonest for still another and a more vital reason. It presents D'Artagnan in a false light as not merely young and inexperienced, but rash, hot-headed and easily duped. The D'Artagnan of the opening chapter is a different person from the D'Artagnan of the rest of the book. Otherwise he never would have recovered the queen's diamonds, or escaped Milady de Winter, or outwitted the cardinal. And it is equally certain that he would never have enjoyed the esteem of that worthy trio, Athos, Porthos and Aramis. Take, for the sake of contrast, their first appearance on the scene, and you see what Dumas could do when he chose in the way of honest First Impressions: just a paragraph apiece and you know their several characters once for all.

The art of emphasis by position is one of the many things which need not be

"Janet
of the
Dunes"

taught to those who have the inborn gift of story telling. They feel their subject so keenly that they instinctively strike

at the very outset the true keynote. This is eminently true of writers of quiet stories, clear-sighted chroniclers of the simple, primitive life in country village and sea-coast town—and a rather forceful case in point is *Janet of the Dunes*, by Harriet T. Comstock. It is quite an unpretentious story of life on the south shore of Long Island among the fisher folk, the lighthouse keepers, the men of the life-saving station. You catch glimpses of the big, outside world, with its opulence, its selfishness and its temptations; you watch the influx of the summer colony, with its gaiety and its glitter; but you see it all from the point of view of the simple, honest, brave-hearted men and women who have been born and bred among the dunes, and who look askance at any life apart from the tingle of wind and the toss of waves. And this sense of great, silent stretches of sand and water, of the isolation and loneliness of the dunes, and of the steadfastness and bravery of the people who dwell among them, strikes you like a breath of strong, keen sea air at the opening page, and the stimulus of it follows you from chapter to chapter throughout the book. There is nothing dramatic in the homely, intimate discussion with which the story opens between Janet and the man she affectionately calls Cap'n Daddy, and believes to be her father; but it gives an initial impression of warm-hearted, clean-minded girlhood that stays by us in later chapters, and tells us that, though Janet may, in her ignorance, be careless of conventions, though she may linger on the dunes, talking to a strange artist from the city, and even let him persuade her to pose for him; and though she may finally be found alone with him in the little shack where he does his painting, yet in the end she will come out unscathed by the trials and temptations which beset her. But the book is worth reading, not only for the sake of the story, but also because it contains a dozen memorable

characters of an unfamiliar type, whose acquaintance it is a pleasure to make and to retain.

An example of the wrong sort of First Impression, a lack of the instinctive recognition of just what element in the story needed to be emphasised at the start, is *Travers*, by Sara Dean. That the author

"Travers"

has a big theme, one may even say without fear of contradiction, a tremendous theme, becomes evident before we are a third of the way through the volume. That she has handled certain phases of it with real power and an intelligent recognition of what she is trying to do must also be conceded. And if, at the end, we are forced to admit that the plot was bigger than the execution of it, that is not to the author's discredit, because only one of the giants among the makers of fiction could have told that story as it deserves to have been told. Briefly phrased, the central theme deals with the mental and moral revolution effected in men and women when confronted by some vast, cataclysmal change in nature, a cyclone, a tidal wave, an eruption—something that suddenly sweeps away established law and order and brings to the surface all the primitive impulses dormant in each of us. Travers, the central character of Sara Dean's novel, once a British army officer, but driven from the service under suspicion of theft, has wandered half way around the world, always followed by his unsavoury record, constantly drifting lower and lower, until at last he tires of the struggle, and feels that since he bears the reputation of a criminal he may as well reap the profit of one. He is at this time in San Francisco, on the eve of the great earthquake. He sees Gwendolyn Thornton with a gay party in the restaurant of the Palace Hotel; he notes her magnificent diamonds, and he determines to possess them. A few hours later the girl awakens in her bedroom to see a strange man pocketing her rings, her necklace, her tiara—and then, as they look into each other's eyes, the floor beneath them begins to sway, beams crush through the ceiling, followed by a rain of bricks, and the horrors of the earthquake have be-

gun. Travers forgets that he is a thief; he remembers only that he is a man, and here is a woman, young and helpless, needing his protection. How Travers manages to take Gwendolyn to a place of safety; how he provides for her safety and comfort during the ensuing days; how his old-time skill as an army surgeon comes back in the hour of need, and he wins back his own self-respect while saving lives in the improvised tent, "Ward One, Twin Peaks"—all this is pictured with a remarkably clear understanding of complex mental phases, and stands out vividly against the tragic background of the blazing city. Strongly drawn, also, is the scene, at a later day, when Travers and Gwendolyn make their way back into the threatened business district, where the girl's dead aunt had her office and her securities; and, after running the gauntlet of falling ruins and alert soldiers, arrive just in time to find the girl's betrothed husband in the act of looting the safe of her fortune. The book is an admirable study in unexpected contrasts of good and evil, and of course the ultimate regeneration of Travers under the spell of Gwen's faith and love is a foregone conclusion. But in order to get the best first impression, open the book at Chapter IV, the burglary and earthquake scene. Chapter I is a wasted opportunity; it simply lets us listen to the conversation of two men who sit in the court of the Palace Hotel, see Travers pass by, and vaguely wonder whether or not he is the ex-army officer. All that you bring away from that first chapter is a hazy impression of a strong-featured, broad-shouldered man with a mystery about him, but not a hint of the real quality of the man or of the tremendous drama of which he is to be the centre.

The Harringtons of Highcroft Farm, by J. S. Fletcher, shows us at the start

a long, narrow wheat field in the Yorkshire uplands in all the young, green beauty of early June; a well-built, hard-working English lad, hoeing industriously down the long, straight, monotonous rows, while his thoughts are set on higher things—the books he has read and the books that he some day hopes to

write—together, an impression of sturdy youth and brave ambition and the sunshine and gladness of life's spring-time; and that, on the whole, is not a bad summing up of a large portion of the book. But the story is not alone the story of Gerard Harrington and his ambitions and dreams and their fulfilment; it is the chronicle of a family, proud, stubborn, secretive; a family whose several members clash constantly, and whose fortunes are held together only by the frail existence of Gerard's grandmother; the reader knows, and most of the characters in the book know, that at her death the house of cards on which the supposed prosperity of the Harringtons rests will tumble apart and Highcroft farm pass into other hands. Chronicle is a better name than novel for this book. Its interest is not so much in how it all turns out as in the personality of every separate member of the Harrington family. You grow to know them well, to like them without always quite knowing why; you even condone their shortcomings and end with an indulgent pity for the worst sinner of them all, the smug, pharisaical Uncle Benjamin, who reaps as he sows, and comes at last to a penniless dependence. You are glad that Gerard buys a pipe and tobacco for Uncle Benjamin; it is one of those trivial little episodes which linger in the memory when many a bigger event is forgotten.

In the case of G. B. Lancaster's new volume, *The Tracks We Tread*, the first impression, and the next,

and still the next, clear on to the end, are all to the same purport: that it is a book of uncommon

calibre, rugged, sincere, tremendously virile—a book that pictures the rough, hard men of a rough, hard country frankly, without illusion or euphemism, but with a deep understanding of human nature that makes it a book to linger over. They are alive, all those New Zealand herders of sheep and of cattle; and so are all the loafers and dredgers and gangers with whom they touch elbow in the intimacy of Blake's "bar-parlour" on the nights when a load of sheep or rabbit skins takes them into town. Listen

to them over their glasses; their talk is in an unfamiliar tongue; you sometimes have to read a phrase over once or twice to grasp the meaning of its racy idiom; but it is the talk of men who have lived, and toiled, and sinned, too, it may be—but Mr. Lancaster has caught it straight from the lips of the men themselves; you feel, as you read, that he has had no need to coin the first or the last word of it. One is tempted, just for the convenience of the comparison, to call *The Tracks We Tread* a New Zealand version of *The Virginian*; yet that would be a form of injustice to both books, for it overlooks Mr. Wister's greater charm of style and Mr. Lancaster's greater sincerity. In a certain way, if we single out Randal's career as the central interest in the book, his apparently hopeless love for the daughter of the man he works for, and his final triumph over obstacles, there is a similarity in the plots of the two stories. But plot in Mr. Lancaster's book counts for comparatively little. What does count is manhood, unvarnished and unashamed—the manhood that does not always conform to the social code of cities, nor even to the written law of statute books, but that nevertheless does have its stern, rigid standards and abides by them. And it is not merely the sort of life he pictures, but also the peculiar vigour with which he pictures it, that makes up the exceptional power of Mr. Lancaster's books. There are few men writing to-day who could approach him in sheer vividness when it comes to describing the hot haste, the mad recklessness of a man-hunt, the wild, destructive rush of stampeded cattle, the seething savagery of mob violence. These are some of the things that give colour to his pages. And in the midst of them one comes quite unexpectedly across brief flashes of tenderness and pathos, that stand out in bold relief by force of contrast.

A book so unpretentious in style, in subject and in general appearance that its modest and very genuine charm is in danger of being overlooked is *Bachelor Betty*, by Winifred James. In some ways it suggests comparison with *The*

Lady of the Decoration, which, after hanging fire for many months, suddenly burst forth in an unexpected blaze of popularity. The two stories have at least this in common: they are both written in the first person, they both chronicle the experiences of a brave young woman struggling to stifle homesickness and loneliness in a strange land and win her way to a successful independence, and they both end in complete surrender to the man against whom the heroine has been steadily trying to steel her heart. But here the similarity ends; and when we examine the points of difference the advantage seems to lie very largely in favour of *Bachelor Betty*. There is, to be sure, nothing odd or unaccustomed about the stage setting—it is the journalistic, semi-bohemian life of London. The novelty all lies in the way in which the familiar scenes impress a stranger, an inexperienced young woman from Australia, who is trying to make her pen earn her a name as well as a living. The book is written with very slight structural art—if it had not appealed strongly for indulgence by the unconscious and quite genuine charm of its later chapters there would have been a strong temptation to single it out from this month's instalment of fiction as the best available example of an unintelligent use of emphasis by position, a wasted opportunity in first impressions. But because, taken as a whole, the book is so distinctly worth while, it is enough to say that we might easily dispense with the Australian chapter and the several chapters that follow, the ocean voyage to England, the friends that Betty makes upon the steamer, the ports she stops at, and what she thinks about them all. The real story does not begin until much farther on, after we make the acquaintance of the Oldest Man, who is twenty-four; the Youngest Man, who is upward of forty, and last but not least the toy elephant. If we were to pick out some single distinctive feature of *Bachelor Betty*, it is that of having endowed a stuffed toy elephant with a personality and of making us feel that it is an important personage in the story, whose welfare is a matter of serious concern. No matter how brave or how clever a young man may be, there

"Bachelor
Betty"

come times when that worst of all forms of loneliness, the loneliness of a big city, makes itself felt, and pent-up feelings must have some object upon which to expend themselves, if it be only a cat, a canary or a teddy bear. In the case of *Bachelor Betty* it is a toy elephant; and the way in which that elephant creeps little by little into our affections, as we grow to feel a proper appreciation of his structural importance in the story, is really no small triumph on the part of the author; for this is one of those cases that lie close to the border line between pathos and comedy. The best evidence of the completeness of the author's victory lies in the fact that our first conviction of the Youngest Man's worthiness to win Bachelor Betty dates from discovery that he knows how to treat the elephant with becoming deference and affection.

Under the Southern Cross, by Elizabeth Robins, begins, like *Bachelor Betty*, on board an ocean steamer. But in this case the first impression is an honest one; within the first few paragraphs we get the scene, the leading characters, the main motif of the whole story. From the moment that Baron de Bach—the impetuous Peruvian gentleman whose father was a German and whose mother a Castilian, while he himself was bred in France and claims the title of cosmopolite—makes the acquaintance of the self-possessed young American woman who records the episode in the first person, it is quite evident that flint and steel have struck together, and the only question is, which of the two directly concerned is likely to be burned by the resulting fire? It is seldom that one comes across a new type of hero in the lighter sort of hammock fiction who is so sympathetic, so genuine, so altogether attractive as the Baron de Bach. And yet it is quite evident that the Baron's somewhat old-fashioned notions of woman's dependence upon man make it impossible for an American girl of such ultra-independence as the heroine to find a lasting happiness in his company. The special triumph which Miss Robins has achieved is to carry through a really seri-

ous love affair with a sustained touch of lightness during a lengthy voyage; to make us thoroughly fond of the man and of the girl; to make us hope, almost to the last, that in some way their temperamental and their acquired differences may be reconciled; and then, in the end, to leave us quite satisfied to find that the inevitable has happened. An exceedingly clever story, written with a half-veiled touch of satire.

The Real Agatha, on the contrary, by Edith Huntington Mason, is almost pure

comedy, verging at times upon clever farce. The mother of the real Agatha" Agatha was an English-

woman of rank, whose second husband was an American millionaire. The latter, foreseeing that his stepdaughter would be pursued by a swarm of impecunious fortune-hunters, makes a curious will, by the terms of which Agatha is to leave her American home and return to England, taking with her several other girls of her own age, up to the number of six; that all of these girls are to be known and introduced as "The Honourable Agatha," and that all claimants for the real Agatha's hand are to be received for a visit of a strictly limited extent, during which they must make up their mind which of the Agathas is the real one, or, rather, which of the Agathas they love sufficiently to be indifferent to the danger that she may prove to be the wrong Agatha. The story opens at a moment when two young Englishmen, knowing nothing about the existence of the six Agathas or of the extraordinary will, stumble upon them quite by accident, as a result of being left behind by their train at a way station—and there is no other train till the next day. How they become candidates for the real Agatha's hand, just for the joke of the thing; how the venture gradually becomes serious for one of the men, if not for both; and how every one is kept wildly guessing which, after all, really is the genuine Agatha—all this forms an exceedingly entertaining little book with which to while away a rainy afternoon. And while it would not be fair to give a clue which would help the reader to guess at the outset the identity

THE BOOK MART

of the real Agatha, it will do no harm to say that an application of the principle of the old nursery rhyme, "As I

was going to St. Ives—" may prove of some assistance.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Brentano's:

- Old Buildings of New York City. With Some Notes Regarding Their Origin and Occupants.

A volume of photographs and descriptions of many old buildings of New York City. In the introduction we are told that it was with a view of preserving the appearance of some of these landmarks that may be torn down any day that these pictures were taken and that endeavour has been made to present those that have been in existence about fifty years.

C. A. Hack and Son:

- Stories of Old New Haven. By Ernest H. Baldwin, Ph.D.

A history of the important and interesting events in the founding and growth of the famous old "City of Elms." It contains historical tales of adventure, romance and patriotism. The following are some of the chapters: "How the Founders of New Haven Built a City Four-Square," "How Momaugin Sold Quinnipiac," "How the Laws of Moses Became the Laws of New Haven," "How a Great Ship Sailed Out Through the Ice and Came Back in a Summer Cloud," "How New Haven Came to Be in the State of Connecticut," "How New Haven Became the Home of Yale College," "How New Haven Celebrated the Fourth of July in the Year 1779," "How New Haven Hid the Judges Who Condemned a King to Death," and "How New Haven Defended the Mendi Men." The publishers state that while the book was written primarily for the entertainment, instruction and inspiration of the young, it is well adapted for school reading and has been adopted by the public schools of New Haven as supplementary reading.

Little, Brown and Company:

- The Mongols. A History. By Jeremiah Curtin. With a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt.

The late Jeremiah Curtin has traced the history of the Mongols from the early part of the thirteenth century, when Temudjin (known as Jenghis Khan), having forced himself to the front and having gained absolute control over the tribes of herdsmen, gathered them into vast armies and sallied forth to conquer central and eastern Asia, down to the early part of the fifteenth century, when the Mongols were expelled from China by the founders of the Ming dynasty, which event started the decadence of the Mongol Empire. Mr. Curtin has told of the conquests of Jenghis Khan and his successors, of their savage warfares, and how the influence and power of the Mongols spread. He has written of the cruelty of Jenghis Khan and of the strength of his armies, which was such that when they entered a city the inhabitants were powerless to resist; in cases where no resistance was made the invaders took their treasure and spared the lives of the people, but where resistance was offered the city was plundered of everything the cruel warriors had use for and the inhabitants were driven out of the city and put to death.

- Some Neglected Aspects of War. By Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

To Captain Mahan's article have been added two others—"The Power that Makes for Peace," by Henry S. Pritchett, and "The Capture of Private Property at Sea," by Julian Corbett. These articles have already appeared in magazine form. The aim of the writers is to show that war plays a necessary and righteous part in modern civilisation and to demonstrate the impossibility of replacing it by any other agency under conditions as they exist in the world at the present time.

Longmans, Green and Company:

- Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen. Reminiscences of the Civil War. With Special Reference to the Work for the Contrabands and Freedmen of the Mississippi Valley. By John Eaton, Ph.D., LL.D., in Collaboration with Ethel Osgood Mason.

General Eaton writes of his work and experiences during the Civil War, when he took charge of the army of refugee negroes of the Freedmen's Bureau, un-

der instructions issued by Grant, Lincoln and the War Department. He also tells of many political and educational interests in connection with his career as United States Commissioner of Education from 1870 to 1886. The work contains many anecdotes of Lincoln, Grant and other men of the period.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia. By Frederick McCormick. Two volumes.

An important work on the late war. The author was the Associated Press representative with the Russian army. He went through the war from beginning to end; heard the first shot fired at Port Arthur, and was on the firing line at the great battles of Mukden and Liaoyang. In these volumes he has given an account of the war, its causes and its lessons. Mr. McCormick made many sketches on the battle field which have been reproduced for this work. The volumes also contain photographs of troops in action, maps, etc.

L. C. Page and Company:

Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre and the Basque Provinces. By Francis Mil-toun. Illustrated by Blanche MacManus.

The journeyings outlined in this volume skirt the slopes of the Pyrenees from the Atlantic Gulf of Gascony to the Mediterranean Gulf of Lyons and so on to the mouths of the Rhone, where they join on to the rambles in "Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine" by the same writer and illustrator. The work is made up of history, romance and adventure. The author is intimate with the history and legendary lore of the chateaux described and he has uncovered new romances and presented fresh pictures of the life and customs of the people in these old provinces of France.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Peasantry of Palestine. The Life, Manners and Customs of the Village. By Elihu Grant, B.D., Ph.D.

The author lived for nearly three years in Ram Allah, a village about ten miles north of Jerusalem, during which time he kept a journal of his experiences, and this he has now given to the public in book form. He has written, from his own observations, of such matters as relate to the peasant life and interests. He tells of the family life, the marriages, the care of children, the houses in which the people live, what they eat and how they get it, the attire of the male and female, the division of labour between the sexes and between the different members of the household, the treatment of the sick, the blind, the in-

sane, the leprous, funeral and mourning customs, the part which religion plays in the life of the people, and of many other items of interest.

James Pott and Company:

To-day in Palestine. By H. W. Dunning, Ph.D.

Mr. Dunning has made a number of journeys through Palestine, often going beyond the ordinary paths of travel, and this work is the result of his observations. One of his purposes is to persuade the reader that a visit to Palestine is no longer a difficult matter. The author's point of view is that of the archæologist rather than that of the Scripture student, and his journeys are illustrated with incidents of travel, remarks on the manners and customs of the people, and historical explanations.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Through Italy with Car and Camera. By Dan Fellows Platt.

A book that will appeal to the art-lover and the motorist is to be found in Mr. Platt's description of an extended automobile trip through Italy. The author's knowledge of Italy and Italy's art treasures is evidenced throughout the book, and he has woven with the story of the motor trip numerous reminiscences of student days in Rome, of climbs in the Abruzzi, and of cycling trips to old Etruscan and Pelasgic sites. The volume contains two hundred illustrations.

Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border. Connecticut, Deerfield, Berkshire. By Katharine M. Abbott.

The author here pictures for her readers the quaint by-ways of New England. She writes of historical spots of national interest and tells of the curious out-of-the-way places, bringing in many Indian legends and some Yankee folklore. The volume contains about two hundred illustrations.

Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France. By Elise Whitlock Rose. With Illustrations from Original Photographs by Vida Hunt Francis. Two volumes.

The author and the illustrator have spent much time in wandering together through "rare unspoiled France," where the tourist is practically unknown, and from their own observations and photographs they have prepared this volume with its many views of the consecrated structures as they appear to-day, together with their life story, with its drama and its glory of the days of old. The present work is devoted to the cathedrals and cloisters they met with in their wanderings.

through the provinces of Burgundy, Savoy, Dauphiné, Auvergne and Aquitaine.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

China in Legend and Story. By C. Campbell Brown.

The author's object in writing this book has been to show how the Chinese people live and think, first when they are heathens and afterward when they become Christians. He aims to give a real picture of the native mind and character.

The Continent of Opportunity. By Francis E. Clark.

Early in 1907 Dr. Clark made a trip to South America extending over a period of five months. In the course of his journey he visited eight of the eleven republics of South America, met a number of the presidents and many government officials, dwelt at times in the homes of the presidents and had exceptional opportunities to observe the people of all classes. The author's object here is to present a comprehensive view of the countries and peoples of South America, their history, their possibilities, their chief resources, their intellectual and religious life, together with a traveller's impressions of present-day conditions.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Congo and Coasts of Africa. By Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S.

An account of Mr. Davis's travels in Africa last year. He gives a description of the voyage along the coasts, with glimpses of missionaries and natives and the lives they lead, and throws light on the present discussion of the manner in which King Leopold of Belgium has conducted the government of the Congo. There is also an interesting chapter on "Americans in the Congo."

Chile. Its History and Development, Natural Features, Products, Commerce and Present Conditions. By G. F. Scott Elliott, M.A., F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Martin Hume.

A history of the country is given with the various wars between the natives and Spaniards or among the Spaniards themselves, and also a description of the country as it is at the present time—geographically, commercially and politically—with an account of the commercial prospects for the future.

The Andes and the Amazon. Life and Travels in Peru. By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S.

The author has travelled extensively in the country and is familiar with the Peru of to-day and with her people. He

gives here a detailed account of Peru from the historical, geographical and commercial viewpoints, in which he tells of his journeys in the country and furnishes descriptions of the land and of the people from his own observations.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Memoirs of Mistral. Rendered into English by Constance Elisabeth Maud.

The famous poet tells of his boyhood days on his father's farm in Provence, of his family and neighbours, of his schoolboy days, of his young manhood with his first aspirations and triumphs, and gives interesting incidents in connection with his friendship with such men as Daudet, De Musset, Millet and Balzac.

The Burrows Brothers Company:

The Life and Correspondence of James McHenry. By Bernard C. Steiner.

A volume of interest both to the student of history and the general reader. It covers the life and career of Dr. McHenry, who served through the Revolution beside Washington and Lafayette, was a member of the Maryland Senate and of the Confederation Congress, sat in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, was a member of both houses of the Maryland Legislature, and was Secretary of War from 1796 until his retirement to private life. The correspondence between Dr. McHenry and his friends, among whom were some of the greatest men of the period of the American Revolution, reveals the character of the man and the affection felt for him by such men as George Washington, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Marquis de Lafayette, and many others. These letters also give a view of the life of the day and the relations existing between the men who formed the inner circle at Washington.

Ginn and Company:

Memorials of Thomas Davidson. The Wandering Scholar. Collected and Edited by William Knight.

A volume of reminiscences contributed by such friends of Thomas Davidson's as William James, Havelock Ellis, Felix Adler, and also gathered by Mr. Knight from numerous other sources.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Abraham Lincoln. A Biographical Essay by Carl Schurz with an Essay on the Portraits of Lincoln by Truman H. Bartlett.

Besides the brief biography of Lincoln

the volume contains the essay on the Portraits of Lincoln, illustrated by eighteen reproductions in photogravure, a picture of the life mask and of a cast of Lincoln's remarkable hands; also the poems upon the mask and hands by Richard Watson Gilder and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

John Lane Company:

The Heart of Gambetta. By Francis Laur. Authorised Translation by Violette M. Montagu, with an Introduction by John Macdonald.

Interwoven with the history of the life of this great French statesman is the romance of that life. Many of Gambetta's letters to Leonie Leon appearing in this volume show his great love for her—the woman who inspired many of his actions and influenced him in his political career.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Last Days of Marie Antoinette. From the French of G. Lenotre. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell.

The terrible scenes that followed the captivity of the royal family are described here in the narratives of those men and women who were eye-witnesses of the last days of the famous French woman.

The Life and Public Services of George Luther Stearns. By Frank Preston Stearns.

An account of the life work of George Luther Stearns has been prepared by his son, partly from documentary evidence and partly from family traditions. The volume is largely devoted to his connection with those who were interested in the anti-slave movement and to the part he played in the reconstruction period following the war.

The Macmillan Company:

Leaves from the Note-Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by Ralph Nevill.

The selection and arrangement of material from the scrap-books and note-books of Lady Dorothy Nevill was carried on by her son under her own supervision. The volume contains many memories and observations extending over a long period of years and recounts personal experiences of her own or of some of the well-known people whom she met.

The Neale Publishing Company:

J. E. B. Stuart (Major-General), Commander of the Cavalry Corps, Army of

Northern Virginia, C. S. A. **An Address.** Delivered at the Unveiling of the Equestrian Statue of General Stuart at Richmond, Virginia, May 30, 1907. By Theodore S. Garnett. His Aide-de-Camp.

In dedicating the Stuart monument the Veteran Cavalry Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, through whose efforts the plan for erecting this equestrian statue was carried out, sought for a man peculiarly well fitted to speak of the great cavalryman, and their choice of Judge Garnett gave them a man who had known General Stuart intimately and had enjoyed his confidence and friendship. He has spent many years studying General Stuart's military operations, and in this address, after briefly outlining the General's preparation for the career upon which he entered in 1861, he traces his movements through the Civil War from the day he captured an entire company of the enemy's infantry near the Potomac to the hour of the fatal charge at Yellow Tavern when he received his death-wound.

Princess Pocahontas. By Mittie Owen McDavid.

Mrs. McDavid, being a Virginian and especially attracted to the life of the young Princess Pocahontas, has written the story of her career and her relation to the English colonists.

Elisha Franklin Paxton, Brigadier-General, C.S.A.

Composed of his letters from camp and field while an officer in the Confederate army, with an introductory and connecting narrative collected and arranged by his son, John Gallatin Paxton.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Henry Hudson. His Times and His Voyages. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

In the series of American Men of Energy, being a study of the life and character of the explorer and an account of his voyages. The voyage which chiefly interests the author is the third, or the one made in 1609 under the patronage of the Dutch East India Company, and which finally resulted in his discovery of the river which has since been known by his name.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists. By Elbert Hubbard.

Short sketches of the lives of the following eminent artists: Raphael, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Thorwaldsen, Gainsborough, Velasquez, Corot, Correggio, Paul Veronese, Cellini, and Whistler.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between January 1st and February 1st:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Adam's Clay. Hamilton. (Brentano's.) \$1.50.
2. Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre. Gale. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Red Year. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Avenging Hour. Battersby. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Under the Crust. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Seven Ages of Washington. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Sheaves. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Walled In. Phelps. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kennerly.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kennerly.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. My Lady Caprice. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Light-Fingered Gentry. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

4. The Road to Damascus. Keays. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart Line. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Six-Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) \$1.25.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

THE BOOK MART

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Bud. Munro. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. Bud. Munro. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Six-Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) \$1.25.
3. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Powers of Maxime. Williamson. (Empire Book Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Love Is the Sum of it All. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Angel of Forgiveness. Carey. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Old Peabody Pew. Wigginn. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Wailed In. Phelps. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart Line. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The California Earthquake. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$3.50.
6. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Deborah of Tod's. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
5. The Altar Fire. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. Walled In. Phelps. (Harper.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

POINTS				
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10			
" " 2d " "	8			
" " 3d " "	7			
" " 4th " "	6			
" " 5th " "	5			
" " 6th " "	4			

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50 285
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50 284
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00..... 139
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50. 137
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50..... 120
6. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50..... 87

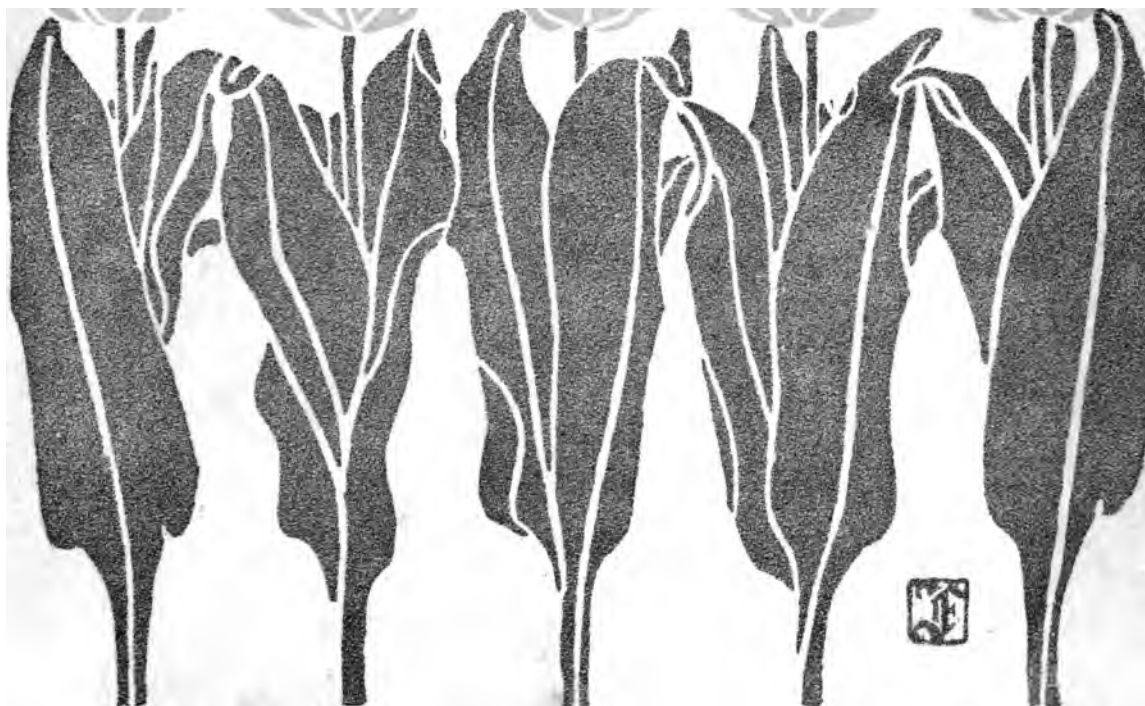
VOL. XXVII. PRICE 25c. \$2.50 PER YEAR. No. 2

THE BOOKMAN

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

APRIL, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have always supposed that Conan Doyle derived his general theory of scientific detection from the reading of Poe, and that Poe had taken his notions of deduction from the interesting story in Voltaire's *Zadig* which tells how Zadig described to the king's chief huntsman all the peculiarities of a horse and a dog which he had never himself seen, his description being based upon the same method of reasoning which so interests us in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and in the Sherlock Holmes story-cycle. Poe was, of course, familiar with Voltaire, and doubtless got his original suggestion from the work of that ingenious author. This theory we still hold to be true so far as Poe and Conan Doyle are concerned. But the interesting question arises: whence did Voltaire derive his hint? This question has been very satisfactorily answered by Mr. Leon Fraser in a short but interesting paper which he contributed to *Modern Language Notes* more than a year ago. In this paper he points out that Voltaire's story is not very different in form from one contained in a book by the Chevalier de Mailly, entitled *Voyage et Aventures des Trois Princes de Sarendip*, which appeared in 1719, or twenty-eight years earlier than *Zadig*.

Mr. Fraser summarises De Mailly's version as follows:

The three princes starting out on their journey encounter a camel-driver, who has lost one

of his herd. They have noticed the tracks of such an animal, though not seen him, and when asked by the driver if they know of his whereabouts, the eldest replies, "Was he not blind?" the second, "Did he not have a tooth out?" the third, "Was he not lame?" The camel-driver assents with delight to the questions and continues on his way rejoicing. Not finding his camel, however, he returns and accuses them of bantering with him. "To prove that what we say is so," said the eldest, "your camel carried butter on one side and honey on the other." The second, "And a lady rode the camel," etc. In the same manner they are arrested for theft and sentenced. And in the same manner the camel is re-found and an explanation is given: "I judged that the camel was blind because I noticed that on one side of the road all the grass was gnawed down, while the other side, which was far better, was untouched. Therefore, I inferred that he had but one eye, else he would not have left the good to eat the poor grass." "I found in the road mouthfuls of half-chewed herbage the size of a tooth of just such an animal," etc.

De Mailly's book professes to have been translated from the Persian; but this only helps Mr. Fraser to demonstrate that De Mailly was nothing but a copyist who transcribed the tale from a book by an Italian writer, Christoforo Armeno, printed at Venice in 1557. Of it there are only three copies now known to be in existence; but it was translated into German, French, Dutch, Danish, and finally even into English, twenty-four years before Voltaire wrote *Zadig*. Armeno's

work by its very title shows it to be the source upon which De Mailly drew so freely. It is called *Peregrinaggio di tre giovani figliuoli del re di Sarendippo*, and it also professes to have been translated from the Persian. Mr. Fraser remarks that the episode of the lost camel is, indeed, Oriental in its origin, being found in nearly all the Eastern languages with only slight variations, and that it probably first appears in the Babylonian Talmud (about 200 A. D.). We cannot here follow out all of Mr. Fraser's clues, but we recommend those who are interested in literary genealogy to look up his paper which will be found in *Modern Language Notes* for December, 1906. Though brief, it is an important contribution to the study of sources, and we wish that it could have appeared in THE BOOKMAN instead of in a publication intended only for specialists, and therefore, not likely to be seen and read by a larger public.

If any one desires to study some peculiar phases of the Gallic temperament, let him read a book which has just been translated from the French of M. Francis Laur, and entitled *The Heart of Gambetta*. It displays a certain sort of Frenchman at his very worst—maudlin, theatrical, and positively sloppy in the sentimental mush which he regards as fine and soulful. Did the book not deal with an historical personage, it would seem beneath contempt. As it stands, however, it is, in its way, a feeble contribution to our knowledge of a man who for more than a decade was the most conspicuous person in the French Republic. One must concede to Léon Gambetta a certain amount of power. When the Empire fell in 1871, Gambetta organised a spirited resistance to the Germans. Escaping from beleaguered Paris in a balloon, he attempted the impossible. He raised armies. He called upon the nation to rise *en masse*. He displayed wonderful energy in the face of continual disaster. Fate was against him, however, and France was beaten to the earth. After that time, Gambetta's arena of activity was the Chamber of Deputies, which he domi-

nated until his final fall, which he thoroughly deserved, and which was soon after followed by his death, regarding which mysterious tales were told.

This Judæo-Italian Frenchman was a true *méridional*. His type is almost cruelly delineated by Daudet in *Numa Roumestan*. Some sentences of Daudet *père*, preserved by M. Léon Daudet, are fairly applicable to Gambetta and his kind: "A morality as loose as one's belt. Torrents of faults, talk as facile as their impulses and their promises. Alas, for the lofty comedies! What breasts smitten by the hand, what low emotional voices, hoarse but captivating, what easy tears are theirs! What adjurations and calls upon patriotism and lofty sentiments!" Gambetta had to be reckoned with, but he was, none the less, a Numa Roumestan—a miracle of ill-breeding, of bad manners, hawking and spitting, and with a score more of unpleasant personal traits. His eloquence seemed magnificent to a certain type of Frenchman. It would have been intolerable to any but men of a Southern race. Because of his preoccupation with political intrigue in 1880, he allowed Egypt to slip into the practical possession of the English, and made his countrymen appear timid and almost chicken-hearted. In a large way the two guiding principles which made up his policy were revenge on Germany and a dissolution of the Concordat.

This book of M. Laur is written to prove that Gambetta's public life was largely influenced by a woman with whom his acquaintance began in 1869 and ended only with his death in 1882. There is so much rant and rhetoric in the book that it is rather difficult to disentangle the thread of narrative which runs through it. It appears, however, that in 1869, while Gambetta was making an impassioned speech in the Corps Législatif, he noticed in the gallery a young woman, tall, and beautiful with a somewhat severe type of beauty. As he concluded his speech, his eyes met hers. He "hastily scribbles a note, puts it into an envelope, points out the black-gloved lady to one of



MADAME LÉONIE LÉON

the officials, and then awaits his fate." Later, the two meet by appointment in the park at Versailles. They exchange theatrical talk. She tells Gambetta "the story of her life." The daughter of a French colonel who had committed suicide, she, at the age of eighteen, had been ruined by an official of the Ministry. The name by which she goes is Madame Léonie Léon. She becomes to Gambetta what Madame Hanska became to Balzac. Indeed, the parallel is a fairly close one. Gambetta loved her wildly. She loved him tepidly; but she was fascinated by the thought that she could control and influence so conspicuous a man. Her affection for him was chiefly from the head and very little from the heart. This is seen in the letters published by M. Laur. Gambetta's are the outpouring of a passionate nature. Hers are meagre, unemotional, and almost chilly. There seems to be no

doubt, however, that she really did share all his confidences, and that he often sought her counsel even when he did not follow it. In the original French, M. Laur tells a cock-and-bull story of how Gambetta had a secret meeting with Bismarck at Madame Léon's request. This story was promptly exploded by French historical annalists, and in the English edition it is denied. There can be no doubt, however, that Gambetta did contemplate such a meeting and had actually arranged for it, but that at the last moment he gave up the scheme, which would of course have resulted in nothing tangible. The glimpse of Bismarck, however, which is given in the book is thoroughly convincing.

■

An intermediary, M. Chéberry, went to Bismarck in 1878 and spoke to the



THE OPEN LIFE

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and Mr. and Mrs. Methuen
at the Methuens' English home

Chancellor about Gambetta in terms of eulogy. Bismarck interrupted him impatiently. "I know, I know," said Bismarck. "He is the only one among you who thinks of revenge and who is at all a menace to Germany. But he won't last much longer." M. Chéberry was astounded at this saying, and declared that Gambetta was the very picture of strength and health. Then Bismarck went on in his rough way:

"I am not speaking thoughtlessly. I know by secret report exactly what sort of a life your great man leads, and I know his habits well! His life is a life of continual overwork. . . . All politicians who have led the same life have died young. Your Mirabeau is the most celebrated example. To be able to serve one's country for a long time, one must marry an ugly woman, have children like the rest of the world, a country place or a house to one's self, like any common peasant, where one can

go and rest, nurse one's cold, wait calmly for the moment of action, and hide one's self from the bores and the rulers of the day. Your Gambetta is burning the candle at both ends. That is my opinion. He had much better marry and go and settle in the country. Tell him that from me, for, after all, I rather like him. . . . So, as one man to another, I personally recommend him the practical advice which Princess Bismarck would also give him, like the good housewife that she is."

Some time afterwards, came Gambetta's political downfall. His enemies combined to overthrow him. He was only forty-four years of age, yet already he was very grey and stout, and, like Napoleon, was old before his time. So he and Madame Léon decided to buy Balzac's former house and grounds, called Les Jardies, to marry, and to live there in peace. But the price of the estate was too high for Gambetta's purse. Thereupon he bought for 12,000 francs a ramshackle little cot-



THE OPEN LIFE

Mrs. John Van Vorst, author of *The Bitter Cry of the Children*

tage which had been occupied by Balzac's secretary. To this place Gambetta and Madame Léon presently repaired, and busied themselves in making it more habitable. One day the news reached Paris that the former great man had been shot in the hand by a pistol. This news was soon followed by that of his illness and death on the last day of 1882. The scandal-mongers of the Parisian press declared that Madame Léon had shot him in a fit of jealousy. For many years this story was implicitly believed by the public at large. M. Laur now gives the evidence

which shows that the pistol-shot had nothing to do with his death, which was caused by appendicitis and by the timidity of too many physicians, there being nine in all. The pistol wound was purely accidental, owing to Gambetta's carelessness in cleaning a weapon with which he had previously fought a duel and which he handled under the belief that it was unloaded. After his death, the woman who in a few days more would have been his wife, vanished from the public view.

It may be asked why the two had not



ARTHUR STRINGER

From a sketch by Arthur William Brown

been married long before. The reason sprang from the difference in their beliefs. The woman was a sincere Catholic, and having been disgraced before she met Gambetta, she felt that only the blessing

of the Church could restore her purity of soul. Gambetta, on the other hand, was an enemy of the Church, a free thinker, an atheist. To Léonie Léon, a civil marriage was not only no marriage at all



FREDERICK J. STIMSON

*The author of *The American Constitution**

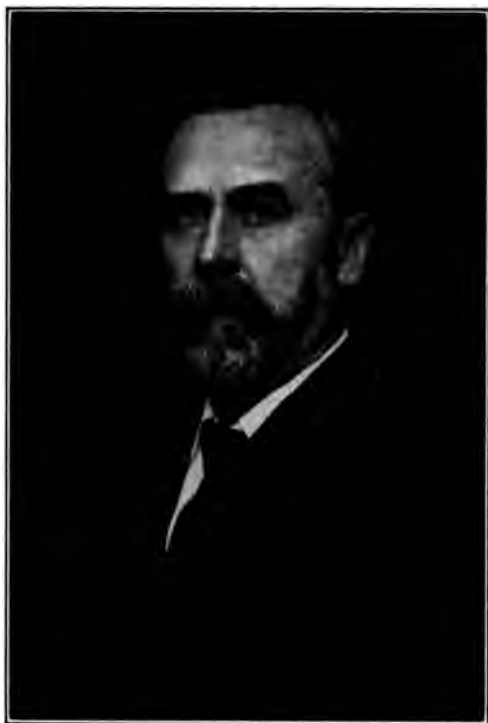
but was an act of sin. To Gambetta, a religious marriage seemed a mockery, and would also have brought on him the jeers of his associates. But he had extorted a promise from his mistress that if he were ever defeated, ill, and in need of comfort, she would forego her convictions and be married to him by a civil ceremony. When he fell from power, he claimed the fulfilment of this promise; and she consented to their union. Death stepped in and parted the woman from this man who had, for her sake, once refused the presidency of the French Republic. The story in itself has elements of dignity and pathos. It is turned into a ridiculous, gushy bit of false sentiment by the ingenious M. Francis Laur. On the whole, it will recall the volume published several years ago regarding Victor Hugo and Madame Juliette Drouët. In any other country than France, neither book would probably have been written. Certainly, neither would have been published until after the lapse of very many years.



Arthur Stringer, the author of *The Under Groove*, is one of the younger school of Canadian literary workers who have made their home in New York. Yet he could scarcely be called a New

**Arthur
Stringer**

Yorker, as he spends the summer months on his fruit-farm in Canada and each winter plans a trip into some one of the remoter corners of the world. Last year his wanderings took him into Central and South America. The year before his pilgrimage was to Morocco, following a still earlier journey up among the Indians of the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Stringer, who is thirty-three years old and the son of a Great-Lakes ship-captain, was educated at Wycliffe College and the University of Toronto. After his graduation from Toronto he studied at Oxford and spent a year on the Continent. During all this time he was writing occasional verse. But a new turn was given his career when he entered journalism, as a member of the Montreal *Herald* staff. After one year of newspaper work he felt the attraction of New York and promptly migrated to the



JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

Author of *The Social Unrest* and *As Others See Us*

Mecca of American literary men. One year later *The Loom of Destiny*, his first prose volume, appeared. This, however, was not his initial appearance in print, as no less than three volumes of poems had already been printed in Canada and a number of his verses had found their way into American magazines. Then came his first dramatic volume, *Hephæstus*, which was published in England. This was followed by a novel of New York life, *The Silver Poppy*, and *Lonely O'Malley*. Then appeared *The Wire Tappers*, which was quickly followed by *Phantom Wires*, in which a new phase of the author's development was clearly shown. Last year Mr. Stringer returned to verse by the publication of *The Woman in the Rain*.



Readers of that most worthy organ of British respectability, *The Spectator*, must have noticed with what frequency the appeal has of late appeared in

**Socialism in
Literature**

its columns for all decent men to bury their political differences and unite against the common enemy—Socialism. One may view the alarm of *The Spectator* with sympathetic concern or with wicked glee, according to one's sociological predilec-

tions; but there is no doubt of the fact by which it is inspired. Socialism is indeed so much in the air that it is becoming the topic of discussion not only in political circles, but also in the high-ways of literature. The editor of *The*



UPTON SINCLAIR

Spectator himself, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, has condescended to combat the peril in a series of ponderous *Letters to a Workman*—a task which has been much more ably performed by Professor Goldwin Smith in America, and by Mr. W. H. Mallock in England. It is true that the apprehension seems to be livelier in England than in this country, but it is doubtful if the peril, real or imaginary, is any greater across the water than here. It may be only a coincidence that Mr. Mallock crossed the Atlantic to deliver in this country the lectures on which his anti-socialistic book was based, while one of the most prominent and perhaps the most scholarly of American socialists, Mr. John Graham Brooks, has just gone to England to preach the new gospel in a series of lectures at Oxford.

At the moment the literary manifestations of socialism are indeed rather astonishing. In its most radical form it appears as the inspiration of two novels published within a fortnight of each other. Whatever one may think of Mr. Jack London's *The Iron Heel* and Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Metropolis* as mere literature, they must unquestionably be taken as signs of the times. Within the month have also appeared two more sober and serious efforts to explain what socialism is—Mr. H. G. Wells's *New Worlds for Old* and Mr. Robert Hunter's *The Socialists at Work*. Mr. Hunter's book is particularly welcome to those who have only the vaguest ideas as to what the socialists are actually doing in various European countries. Perhaps most astonishing of all is the extent to which recent religious and theological literature is tinged with socialism. Two of the most talked-of books of the season in this field are by avowed socialists—Professor Walter Rauschenbusch's *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell's *Christianity and the Social Order*. And such titles as *The Church and the Changing Order* (Shailer Mathews) and *Jesus Christ and the Civilization of To-day* (Professor J. A. Leighton), whether the books are actually socialistic in their teaching or not, show the same consciousness of the problems which

are conveniently focused under the label of socialism.

Among all those books dealing with socialism from so many points of view, the one that stands out in most direct and noisy challenge, and which will unquestionably attract by far the widest attention, is

"The Metropolis"

Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Metropolis*. No matter what opinion one may have of the man's work and his sincerity the time has come when a book by Mr. Sinclair cannot possibly be ignored. You may, and very probably will, find *The Metropolis* ridiculous in the extreme. You may deplore its execrable taste, its vulgarities, and its gross exaggeration; but if you begin it at all you are almost certain to read it to the end, and to lay it aside with the mental acknowledgment of a real, if an ill-directed power. A very great man who wrote immortal books about those who lived in exalted places has been accused of an undignified overconsciousness of, an irritation against, the flunkey who waited behind his chair at table. "This trait in Thackeray," wrote Walter Bagehot, "was by no means evidence of the loftiest courtesy and breeding." It is a very far cry from the author of *Vanity Fair* to the author of *The Metropolis*. Yet in Mr. Sinclair's work may be detected something of the same intense overconsciousness. Only it is the overconsciousness of the man behind the chair.

The Metropolis is less a story than a series of scenes. To give these scenes continuity and to weld them into a narrative Mr. Sinclair introduces a lay figure whom he names Allan Montague. Montague is a lawyer from the South, thirty years of age, who goes to New York taking with him his mother and his cousin Alice, and the ideals about honour among men, and between man and woman, that are to be shattered, of course, by his experiences among the iniquities of *The Metropolis*. A brother, Oliver, four or five years Allan's junior, has preceded him, and being of a less sensitive nature, has climbed right into the innermost

circle of New York society, hobnobs with multi-millionaires, and has grown so lost to shame that he actually seems to enjoy it. He it is who welcomes Allan to New York, conducts him to a modest apartment the rental of which is a mere \$600 a week, and throughout the four hundred pages of the book endeavours to reconcile him to Mammon and unrighteousness. Of course Oliver, despite his worldliness, is just as much of a marionette as Allan, or as Mrs. Montague and Alice. But that makes no difference whatever. They serve Mr. Sinclair's purpose and with their eyes the reader may witness some very extraordinary phases of high and low life in the great city.

If all the scenes of *The Metropolis* were of the quality of the one with which the story opens Mr. Sinclair's book might make something less of a sensation, but it would have far greater claims to our admiration and respect. This first scene describes a reunion of the Loyal Legion, and in reading it one remembers the Upton Sinclair of the best parts of *Manassas* and forgets the unsavoury flavour of *The Jungle* and the silly blasphemy of *The Journal of Arthur Sterling*. The picture of the old colonel reading his paper "Recollections of Spottsylvania" while his fellow-soldiers sit about, leaning forward in their chairs, with hands clasped and teeth set, and finally breaking forth spontaneously into the inspiring "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is a very vivid one. But Mr. Sinclair is not content to keep long upon this level. A few pages later Montague's real initiation comes when his brother whirls him out to Long Island in an automobile at an incredible rate of speed and introduces him to a topsy-turvy luncheon.

It began with ice-cream, moulded in fancy shapes and then buried in white of egg and baked brown. Then there was a turtle soup, thick and green and greasy; and then—horror of horrors—a great steaming plum-pudding. It was served in a strange phenomenon of a platter, with six long, silver legs; and the waiter set it in front of Robbie Walling and lifted the cover with a sweeping gesture—and then removed it and served it himself. Montague had about made up his mind that this was the end,

and began to fill up on bread and butter, when there appeared cold asparagus, served in individual silver holders resembling andirons. Then—appetite now being sufficiently whetted—there came quail, in piping hot little casseroles; and then half a grape-fruit set in a block of ice and filled with wine; and then little squab ducklings, bursting fat, and an artichoke; and then a *café parfait*; and then—as if to crown the audacity—huge thick slices of roast beef!

Montague is now embarked on a career in real society, and needless to say his sensations come thick and fast. From the topsy-turvy luncheon he is taken to a certain "shooting lodge." As the car approaches the estate he perceives with admiration a palace but is informed that that is only the gatekeeper's lodge. The house itself utterly baffles our own powers of description, so on this point we refer our readers to Mr. Sinclair. After a dinner prepared by the Robbie Wallings ten-thousand-dollar chef there is bridge whist played for fabulous stakes, the consuming of wines of "priceless vintage" and innumerable highballs by the "Birdies" and "Vivies" and "Carries" as well as the "Ollies" and Chappies. In former days we used to find huge amusement in those heroes of Mr. Howells's novels—Bartley Hubbard, for instance—who were so delicately constituted that two or three mild hot Scotches reduced them to a shocking state of inebriety. These society persons of Mr. Sinclair's pages are of sterner stuff. The daintiest of the young women of *The Metropolis* is capable of tossing off of an evening a dozen or eighteen whiskey and sodas, not to mention a few benedictines, curaçoas and fine champagnes, without turning a hair.

Next we find Montague sitting at an informal dinner party, the guest of Mrs. Winnie Duval, the young widow who had recently married the founder of the great banking house of Duval and Co. Major Arthur Pendennis used to try to impress upon his nephew the vast importance of carefully studying his Peerage and keeping closely in touch with who was related to who, pointing out as an awful example the disastrous experience of a certain young suckling. That Montague has had

no such careful social mentor is apparent from the following bit of dinner-table dialogue. He has taken in a certain Mrs. Alden, a matron of fifty, who divides her time between him and a decanter of Scotch whiskey, not without showing considerable partiality for the decanter, and is struggling to make conversation.

"Do you know Mr. Charlie Mason?" he asked?

"Quite well," said the other placidly. "I used to be a Mason myself, you know."

"Oh," said Montague, taken aback; and then added: "Before you were married?"

"No," said Mrs. Alden, more placidly than ever; "before I was divorced."



There is a successful and estimable American gentleman of letters whose remarkable versatility is generally attributed to his cleverness and discrimination as a collector of clippings. He is said to have about a hundred envelopes, each marked with the title of a proposed article, and into these envelopes he industriously pops the proceeds of his careful reading and scissoring of the newspapers. When one of the envelopes reaches a certain bulk he takes it out and constructs his article. In writing *The Metropolis*—despite the weird yarn which appeared in the press a few months ago to the effect that he obtained employment as a servant in a very wealthy family for the purpose of gathering material—this seems to have been altogether Mr. Sinclair's method. To do him justice it must be said that his envelope was a very plump one. Everything went into it—every sensational exaggeration from the yellow journals, every innuendo of the society sheet which Mr. Sinclair characterises as "used mainly as a means of blackmail"; every scandal whispered over a bar or in a greenroom. The last half of the book contains what is practically a complete list of all the evil stories whispered about men of financial prominence in New York during the last half dozen years and to any reader of the newspapers Mr. Sinclair makes it pretty clear whom he has in mind. Nor in his description of the persons who play major parts in the narrative does he show any more discretion. There is for instance Reggie

Mann, "of slender little figure and mincing gait, and the delicate hands and soft voice of a woman." Reggie, we are further told, "wore a gold bracelet upon one arm" and painted his face in a matter-of-fact way. Then there is Freddie Vandam, a high official of the great Fidelity Life Insurance Company. Freddie is described as "a man of fashion, with all the exaggerated and farcical mannerisms of the dandy of the comic papers. He wore a conspicuous and foppish and posed with a little cane; he cultivated a waving pompadour and his silky mustache and beard were carefully trimmed to points and kept sharp by his active fingers. His conversation was full of French phrases and French opinions; he had been reared abroad, and had a whole-souled contempt for all things American—even dictating his business letters in French, and leaving it for his stenographer to translate them. His shirts were embroidered with violets and perfumed with violets." Nor will one require any hint as to the identity of Mrs. Devon, for twenty-five years the undisputed mistress of New York society, whose ancestor of one hundred and fifty years ago had come to America, made money in furs, and invested his savings in lands on Manhattan Island; or of Siegfried Harvey, the famous cross-country rider and polo man, who had been named after a race horse; or of Jim Hegan, the big railroad king who was engaged in building a great mansion on the top of a mountain across the Hudson; or of the Robert Wallings or of the Havens, or of Judge Ellis with his after dinner stories and his hypocritical suavity. It has been said of *The Metropolis* that to appraise it properly one should not be a New Yorker. But why so? Certainly in any village of the middle west there will be found a score of readers of newspapers perfectly able to construct an adequate and accurate key.



Two years ago, when Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* was attracting widespread attention, and other books in the running of a somewhat sensational nature were works by Mr. Dixon, Mr. London and Maxim Gorky, Mr. Wallace

**The Literary
Horror
Club**

Irwin wrote for these pages some verses entitled "The Literary Horrors Club." These verses to our mind were so good that they would bear reprinting at any time, and they certainly should be recalled at the present time in view of the appearance of Mr. Sinclair's *The Metropolis*. In that book there should be at least half a dozen more verses of a similar nature for Mr. Irwin.

THE LITERARY HORRORS CLUB

I

I have no literary style,
I am no diplomat;
But those who read *The Clansman* know
I'm not alone in that,
And those who read *The Jungle* know
How one succeeds who hooks
The sweepings from the slaughter-house
And turns it into books.

II

'Twas in a literary fog
Beside an inky wave.
Some rather handsome skeletons
Were waltzing on a grave;
A very pretty lynching, too,
Gave zest to the affair,
When Jack o' London, stalking in,
Cried thrice, "Ahoy, Sinclair!"

III

Then Upton came from Packingtown,
As gay as one can be
Whose progress is accompanied
By Reverend Thomas D.,
The latter striking attitudes
And braying at the moon
While flourishing a manuscript
Entitled "Coon, Coon, Coon!"

IV

"This is me weekly masterpiece!"
The Reverend Thomas yelled,
"Though most of it is short on facts
And some of it's misspelled—
Yet who'll deny this portraiture
Of Dixie's golden age
With forty horrors to the word,
Three murders to the page?"

V

"Enough, enough! suppress the stuff,"
Quoth Upton of Sinclair,
"I would a bitter tale unfold
Of Sausage and Despair.

My hero is a foreigner,
A stranger yet to soap,
His name Bzzzzisqtyozistnob,
(Pronounced Bzzuzzixstnope.)

VI

"The pigs were squealing lustily
As knives thrust home to kill.
Our hero stood knee-deep in blood
And ran a sausage-mill,
When suddenly his foot it slipped
And on the wheels he fell;
The sausage-grinder gave a twist,
As with a horrid yell"—

VII

Up popped a stranger, weird and wan,
Whose chin required a shave.
He tore three handfuls from his beard
And writhed upon a grave.
"Alas! she was a cannibal!"
He moaned as if in pain.
Then all the Club arose and cried,
"Good evening, Mr. Caine!"

VIII

"Her Pa committed suicide
By biting of his head.
Her mother saw her uncle's ghost
And died of fright," he said,
"So her unpleasant habits seem
Quite curios to me—
Considering she came from such
A pleasant familee."

IX

There came a Russian accent next,
Belike a popping cork.
I think 'twas Maxim Gorky who
Was showing How to Gork;
But tired of madhouse fantasies,
Right quickly home I gat:
I've shed no blood in pen and ink—
And thank the Lord for that!

Two months have passed since Professor Munroe Smith published in the February *North American Review* the most fair-minded and discerning criticism of American newspapers that has appeared in many years. These qualities probably account for the fact that not one line of rational comment on his article has so far appeared in the daily press. Had it missed the point, we should have

"Journalistic
Inerrancy"

heard more about it, for newspapers are apt to reply to foolish criticism, while obviously it is no part of their business to meet sound criticism with a necessarily lame rejoinder and thereby draw attention to its merits. Under the title of "The Dogma of Journalistic Inerrancy" Professor Smith applies some principles of common sense to the relation between "news" and facts and to the newspaper policy of refusing to acknowledge its own errors.

News, of course, presents itself as matter of fact, but it is in reality only matter of impression. News of an occurrence reflects, at best, a one-sided superficial view of the occurrence. The difference between facts and news becomes evident when we compare the methods by which facts are ascertained and those by which news is gathered. The most efficient agencies which the wit of man has devised for ascertaining facts are scientific investigation and judicial inquiry. Both agencies have found it necessary to develop special and highly technical processes and to take plenty of time—processes which journalism could not employ if it would, and time which the journalist has not at his disposal. . . . The most important factor of variation, however [of news from fact] is the news gatherer's duty to make a "story." This duty is not imposed upon him by arbitrary editorial policy; it is imposed upon the newspaper by the news-readers; and all that the editor decides is how far he shall go in meeting the public demand. Nor is the public desire for true stories a new desire created by the newspapers; it is as old as human society. . . . More strictly than ever before the news-gatherer is held to-day to the duty of making a story. If the occurrence which he has to describe is not interesting, he must supply the interest. If the details do not group themselves dramatically, they must be regrouped. Omission or addition of incidents is governed, not by a desire to make the picture correct, but by the obligation to make it striking.

From these and other considerations he concludes that "with facts as such newspapers have nothing to do." All of which is known in every newspaper in the coun-

try, but newspapers are constrained to act as if it were not true. Readers demand the "illusion of reality." They do not care to be reminded of the limitations of daily journalism. Corrections intrude belated and uninteresting matters. Letters to the editor must according to present practice be printed with exactness; but "the newspaper is bound to resent and resist them." "They call upon the journalist to turn aside from his business of publishing the news and making comments on the news, and to go into the inconsistent business of publishing facts and rendering judgments based on facts." The logical result of such a policy would be the issue of a "supplementary fact paper." "In the fact columns of this supplement the reader would find corrections, first, of yesterday's news; second, of day before yesterday's news; and so on back for weeks, for months and possibly for years, for in some instances no satisfactory approximation to the truth could be attained until years had elapsed."

But while Professor Smith justifies this policy of journalistic inerrancy, basing it on things as they are, he does object to the exaltation of it to a dogma, as not only absurd in itself but as likely to injure the profession.

The degree to which the dogmatic attitude has been substituted for the rational is reflected in the treatment of letter-writers who ask for an editorial correction or retraction. To journalists of the agnostic and indifferentist type, the aggrieved individual who forces his way into their columns is a fussy little man whose grievance is of no real consequence. Of course no satisfaction is to be given him, but it is unnecessary to take him seriously or to treat him very badly. Such journalists defend themselves with the weapons of wit and humour, in the use of which they naturally excel. To the thoroughgoing dogmatist, on the other hand, the outsider who denies journalistic inerrancy is a miscreant, to be punished not merely for the general purpose of repressing infidelity, but also because of his personal sin against the light. The journalist of the self-righteous type is peculiarly vindictive in his treatment of such offenders. What does it profit him

that he is scrupulous beyond others, if he is to be reproved as are the publicans of the press? These journalists are not happy in the use of humour or wit; for the humour of an earnest man is heavy and the wit of an angry man is blunt. Outsiders who question the opinion of an editor of this type in matters of any consequence are often treated with unwise brutality. They are trampled and gored by the Sacred Cow.



This is unwise and dangerous because the resentment aroused may in time lead to a restriction of journalistic activities.

More effective enforcement of the remedies which the law provides may be secured by associated effort. Societies might well be formed which for a moderate annual premium would insure their members against defamation. Able counsel would be retained; every grievance alleged by a member would be promptly investigated. . . . The laws of other countries would be examined, and it would be ascertained that in many respects these give more efficient protection against misrepresentation than is afforded by the laws now in force in our States. It would be found in particular that most foreign legislatures do not require allegation and proof of pecuniary damage, but only of such misrepresentation as affects the reputation. . . .

In our States it is notoriously easy for an organised minority to secure almost any sort of legislation, and it is evident that these libel insurance societies would take care that the new laws did not sleep in the statute-books.

The result, lamentable from the point of view of present American journalists, might be newspapers resembling "those staid journals of Continental Europe, which the American newspaper man has always derided for lack of enterprise and dearth of interesting news."



When Mr. J. C. Snaith was first introduced to the American public, four years ago, through the medium of *Broke of Covenden*, the majority of his readers, whether they liked the somewhat sardonic quality of his irony or not, seem

to have agreed that whatever he might do in the future, the one thing which he never would do, even by accident, was to be commonplace. THE BOOKMAN has not had the privilege of reading two other novels by Mr. Snaith, *Mistress Dorothy Marvin*, which certain English reviewers pronounce a "rare achievement;" and *Henry Northcote*, which the *London Times* regards as evidence of "gifts of almost disquieting power." But even a casual glance at his latest volume, *William Jordan, Junior*, proves it to be sufficiently eccentric to justify the earlier impression derived from *Broke of Covenden*. Whether it is the eccentricity of genius, or something quite the reverse is a question over which his critics so far seem unable to agree. The *London Times*, after a serious effort to understand the book, concludes helplessly: "We admit frankly that it beats us." Several other English critics follow the line of least resistance, and apply to the author a line quoted from the novel: "I know the poor chap is hopelessly mad!" And on the other hand we come across such eulogies as these: from the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "The book is strong and thoughtful; it is born of intense questionings; it probes the strange problems of genius;" from the *Morning Leader*, "His eccentricities manifest his genius. . . . We have read no more remarkable book for a very long time;" from the *Glasgow Herald*, "There are signs in this book that the author may in future reach a far higher level of distinction." As for ourselves, we reserve judgment, admitting only that the book interested us deeply. It is not a volume easy to lay down. You read on and on, even where you understand the least, in a dogged determination to discover whether the obscurity is due to your own brain or to the author's.



A pretty good evidence that Mr. Snaith knows quite well what he is doing, and deliberately adapts his style to his subject-matter, is found in the announcement, just made, that his next story, to be published in the autumn, is a historical novel of adventure, the scene laid in Spain, the title *Fortune*, the general

structure and atmosphere that of the modern school of Dumas imitators. In fact, those who have read the manuscript assert that, aside from a few mannerisms, it might pass as the work of Stanley Weyman at his best.

■

From Guzman de Alfarache to Moriarty and Raffles, the Rogue in Fiction

**The
Gentleman
Vagabond**

has had full honour done him. It is quite otherwise with a kindred and equally appealing type, the Gentleman Vagabond,—the man who, with rank, wealth, success at his command, elects, either from a love of adventure, or perhaps out of sheer boredom, to cast these things aside and become a Knight of the Road. The novelists who have attempted to present this type have almost without exception begun by apologising for him. The hero of the earliest picaresco novel that has survived,—the *Metamorphosis*, by Apuleius of Medaura, written in Latin centuries before the word picaresco was even coined,—was of the breed of Gentleman Vagabond, a man of birth, fortune and refined instincts; and the author can think of no better way of explaining his erratic adventures than by metamorphosing him into an ass, gaunt, hungry, long of ears and tail. The Knight of La Mancha, the prince of all Gentleman Vagabonds, was, as the whole world knows, mentally unbalanced. And so, to this day, every writer who ventures to convert a gentleman into an outcast and a wanderer, straightway starts in to find an excuse for him,—it matters not how far-fetched the excuse may seem, so long as it is an excuse.

■

Now, the plain truth is that nearly all of us have, somewhere in our nature, a remnant of the old, primeval nomad instinct. At certain intervals, especially at this season of the year, when field and stream and tree are all awakening, we feel a longing to break away from convention, to don our hat, walk out into the open, and on and on, without turning, without looking back, without worrying about letters unanswered, appointments

unkept, bills unpaid, but thinking only that the sun is warm, and life is good, and the road ahead calls invitingly. Luckily for the established social order, no such epidemic seizes a large proportion of mankind at once; and most of us go through life content to enjoy our vagabondage by proxy, comfortably gowned and slippers, following imaginary wanderings from the depths of an easy chair. But the point which it is worth while for the novelist to consider seriously is that our nomad instinct is sufficiently strong to make us believe in the imaginary hero's revolt against conventions, without any further apology. We do not need to assume that every Gentleman Vagabond in literature has first been transformed, literally or symbolically, into a Golden Ass. We are even disposed to be fairly tolerant of the vagabondage of certain of Ouida's pseudogentlemen, such as Tricotrin, until she mars our pleasure by some preposterous story of self-abnegation and the patient bearing of another's sins. Self-abnegation? We simply refuse to credit it. Tricotrin was in modern parlance having the time of his life; so was William J. Locke's Beloved Vagabond, so is the whole race of Gentleman nomads to which they belong. They wander for the pure love of wandering; and all this laborious structure of melodramatic excuses is a sheer waste of time, because it convinces nobody.

■

It is much to the credit of Mr. James Prior to have given, in his recently published novel, *The Walking Gentleman*, the pure type of the Gentleman Vagabond, who takes to the road from no better reason than the promptings of an in-born instinct. It pictures an English nobleman, young, well-to-do, on the eve of marriage with a woman whom he has always liked fairly well, who leaves his home one clear summer day, with a luncheon engagement ahead of him, falls in with a party of butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, just starting on a rollicking all-day picnic; joins them, for the first time in his life coming in close contact with fellow human beings who are not of his own exclusive caste; finds

life for the first time a succession of pleasant novelties, instead of an endless boredom; and accordingly throws himself like a bit of driftwood on the waves of chance, and drifts on, endlessly, along the highways and byways of England, regardless of friends and family and bride-to-be. A consideration of the merits of this book in detail may well be left to the reviewer, who discusses it elsewhere in the present issue. But, whether good or bad in structure and development, it may at least be hailed as a welcome pioneer in a new and interesting field.

A propos of Miss Ticknor's paper in the present issue on Edmund Clarence Stedman and Eugene Field we recall the very extraordinary programme announced by the latter in his column "Sharps and Flats" at the time, some years ago, when Mr. Stedman was to visit Chicago as a guest of the Twentieth Century Club of that city. Field, it will be remembered, possessed to an extraordinary degree the faculty of inventing the most impossible yarns and writing them up with such apparent sincerity and such minuteness of detail that most readers gulped them gaspingly but without question. On one occasion he concocted an outrageously ridiculous story concerning Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Had the story been given baldly the hoax would have been apparent to the most gullible of readers; but turned and twisted in Field's hands, embellished by figures and supported by names and addresses, it was made at last to seem extraordinary but true. Henry Labouchère printed it solemnly in London *Truth* adding some comment of his own. In the reception to Mr. Stedman, Field found a delightful opportunity to give vent to his spirits. According to the circumstantial and dramatic picture that he drew, the prospective visit of the poet was certainly stirring up Chicago literary circles. "Sharps and Flats" told picturesquely, yet with the utmost gravity, of very wonderful preparations that were being made and of a grand banquet that was to be. A giant procession was to conduct

the guest from the railway station and Field announced authoritatively the following order of march.

Twenty police officers afoot.
The Grand Marshal, horseback, accompanied by ten male members of the Twentieth Century Club, also horseback.
Mr. Stedman in a landau drawn by four horses, two black and two white.
The Twentieth Century Club in carriages.
A brass band afoot.
The Robert Browning Club in Frank Parmelee's 'buses.
The Homer Clubs afoot, preceded by a fife and drum corp, and a real Greek philosopher attired in a tunic.
Another brass band.
A beautiful young woman playing a guitar, symbolising Apollo and his lute, in a car drawn by nine milk-white stallions, impersonating the Muses.
Two hundred Chicago poets afoot.
The Chicago Literary Club in carriages.
Another brass band.
Magnificent Advertising car of Armour & Co. illustrating the progress of civilisation.
The Fish Bladder Brigade and the Blue Island Avenue Shelley Club.
The Fire Department.
Another brass band.
Citizens in carriages, afoot and horseback.
Advertising cars and wagons.

Here is a plot which possesses at least the merit of extraordinary originality. It

The Automaton Pugilist must be credited to Mary S. Watts, the author of *The Tenant*, which is being published this spring. Mrs. Watts tells us that all during her childhood she was pursuing the story-telling fancies; but that she can now remember only one of these early stories. This was about an automaton prize-fighter. He won the fight, upon which, it is unnecessary to say, a great deal of money was at stake. Afterwards, however, his inventor got into a row with the defeated pugilist on a railroad train, and trying to make the automaton fight again, it wouldn't work. The secret is in imminent danger of being divulged when the train runs off a trestle. In the smash-up nobody is hurt, but the automaton pugilist is shattered to atoms, so that no one but his inventor and his backers ever know about the deception.

We do not know that Mr. Winston Churchill has ever avowed an ambition

to become the American Balzac, but there is a curious symmetry in his literary career which suggests the possibility of a far-reaching plan. Beginning with *Richard Carvel*, he evi-

**The New
Churchill
Novel**

dently set himself to the representation of certain important epochs in American history. *The Crisis*, dealing with the period of the Civil War, and *The Crossing*, which pictured the westward development of the United States, com-



WINSTON CHURCHILL

From his latest portrait



The original of W. J. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond*

pleted a trilogy which fairly represented the most important moments in the first one hundred years of our history as a nation. This was in itself a scheme of some magnitude, but Mr. Churchill followed it up with *Coniston*, in which he set forth a typical example of the political development of the country immediately after the Civil War. Up to this point he had never dealt with a strictly modern theme except in his first book, *The Celebrity*, which was, so to speak, a mere by-product and had no special relation with the rest of his work.

Now comes the news that his new book, *Mr. Crewe's Career*, which is to be published this spring, is a story of the present day and has for its background the political life of a generation succeeding that of *Coniston*. Primarily, of course, it is a story of character, as all of Mr. Churchill's books have been, and the "love interest" is said to have received rather more attention than in some of his earlier novels. But secondarily, *Mr. Crewe's Career* is to be an exposition of the political game as it is played to-day. Without doubt Mr. Churchill, who is of an observing turn

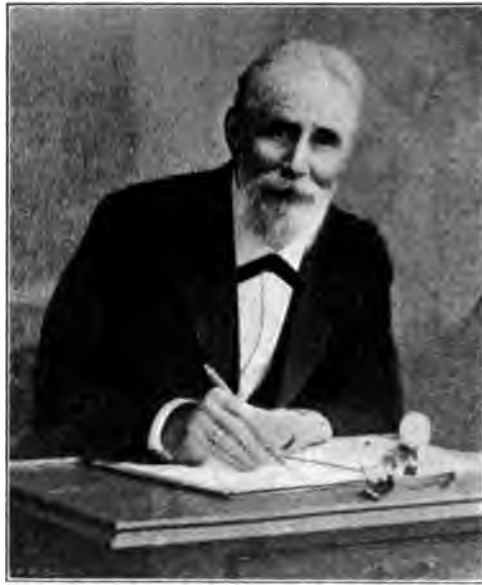
of mind, has found plenty of material in his own experience as a candidate for the governorship of New Hampshire. The fact that he is receiving his full share of abuse in certain New England newspapers indicates that he has fairly qualified as a political expert and that he has become a factor in the politics of his state. If only he has "let himself go" in his new book, *Mr. Crewe's Career* may be expected to furnish an amount of amusement and instruction greater than that afforded by any of his stories of the past.

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General Homer Lea, author of *The Vermilion Pencil*, a romance of China which will be published this spring, has long been somewhat of an enigma even



HENRI BERNSTEIN
The author of *The Thief*



C. M. BRIQUET

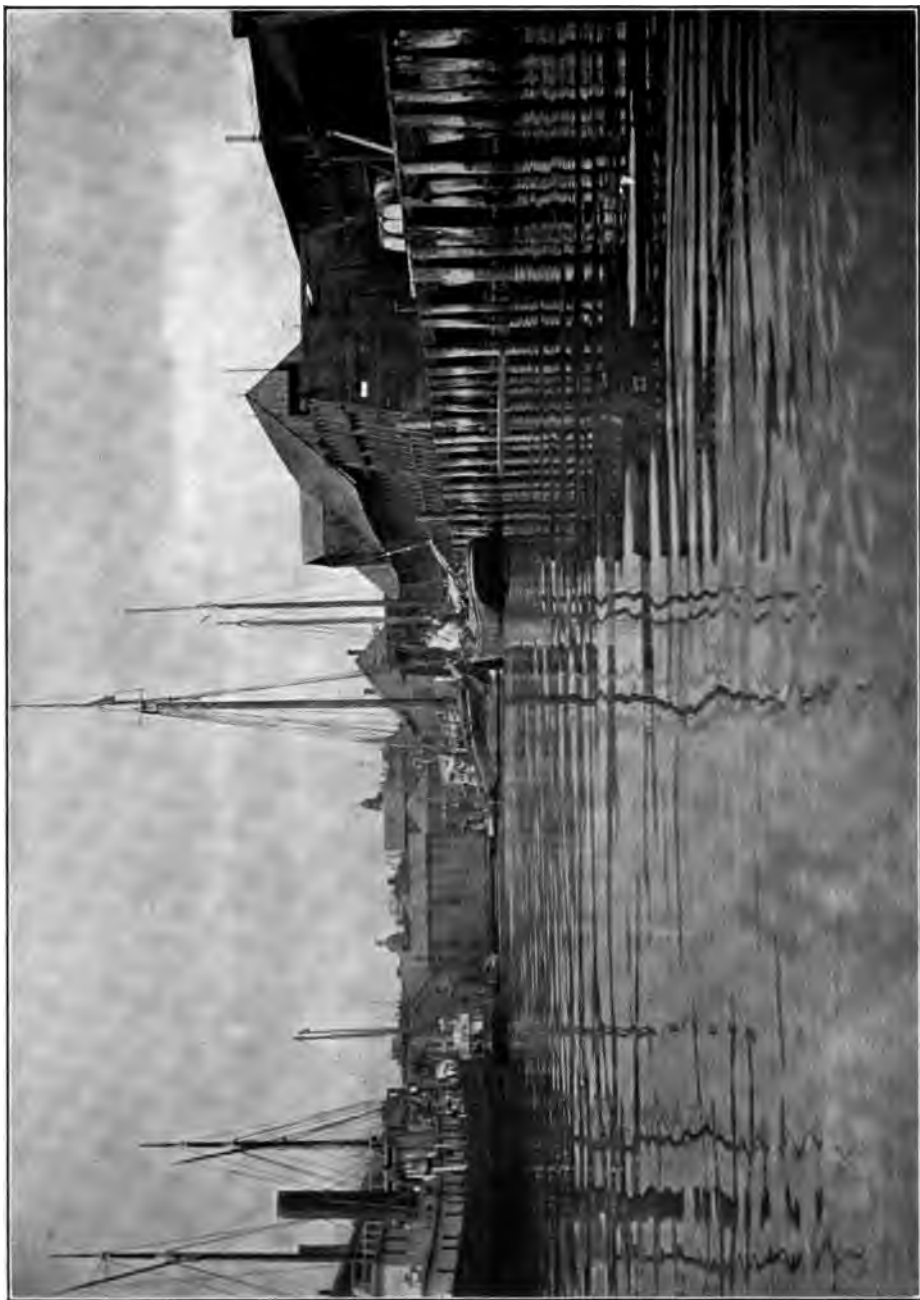
Whose work *Les Filigranes* is reviewed elsewhere
in this issue

to his friends, and it is only recently that any facts concerning his mysterious career have come to light.

Homer Lea

A descendant from the collateral branch of the Lea family which gave the South its greatest general, Homer Lea while still a student of Stanford University in California began to turn his attention to matters military, acquiring an intimate knowledge of history and, amongst other peculiarities, making a specialty of the study of Chinese. None of his college friends, not even his room-mate, professed to understand him properly. He was considered a good fellow but eccentric, and when prevented by an attack of smallpox from graduating he suddenly left California for China without giving any warning of what he intended to do. It is now known, however, that he became deeply involved in the internal troubles that disturbed the Celestial Empire, and became identified with and a leader in that party which aimed at the restoration of the Emperor who since 1898 had been a helpless prisoner in the Purple Palace.

In 1900, when the Boxer rebellion had thrown the Empire into a state of chaos, he saw a chance to strike. Peking was occupied by eight foreign nations and the court had fled from the imperial city to the fortress of Siamfu. Homer Lea was away in the southern provinces raising recruits, but as soon as he heard what had happened in Peking, he determined to travel alone with two of his Chinese officers a distance of about a thousand miles, form a conjunction with Tong Tsoi Shang, a powerful friend of the Emperor, who had 20,000 men at his command, and march with him on Siamfu. After an extraordinary journey through a remote part of the country infested by robbers and river pirates, and when he had got within about one hundred miles of his destination, word was brought him of Tong Tsoi Shang's execution. He immediately despatched a courier to the mountain cantonments of Tong Tsoi Shang's forces with orders to await his arrival, but it was too late, as the Empress had already caused the troops to be dispersed and incidentally set a price on Homer Lea's head.



"At the Harpswell landing and swaying in the slip is a stout little steamer which from its size would be mistaken in the harbour of Manhattan for a tug-boat"

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

IV.—PORTLAND, MAINE



R. SAMUEL JOHNSON once said to the attentive Boswell, that for him the current of his life was at its full whenever he was driven briskly along Fleet Street in a hackney-coach. This was all very well for Dr. Samuel Johnson. He happened to be a purblind, corpulent person, unable to see very far beyond his nose, and afflicted with an asthmatic shortness of breath which made him gasp and wheeze whenever he was obliged to walk. Years of garret-life, of tavern talk and of London fog had caused his appreciation of Nature in the large to become atrophied, just as the nicety of his tastes had become blunted. Hence to rattle along over the cobblestones in a stuffy coach was to him the very acme of delight. If, at the end of his drive, he found awaiting him a platter of stewed hare that was unduly "high," accompanied by a stout loaf, plenty of rancid butter and a steaming jorum of strong tea, he felt that he had really reached Elysium.

Now if I were a person of sufficient importance to have a Boswell, I should set forth to him an ideal very different from that of the Great Cham. Of all the places on the habitable earth, where is it that one can get the keenest sense of what is good in life? Where will his blood race through his veins most joyously? Where will a glorious exhilaration make him feel as though he were walking upon air, with a sense of supreme well-being, of healthful, zestful happiness just because he is alive and *there?* Believe a normal human being of nomadic tastes when he tells you that all of these sensations will come upon you overwhelmingly, if you will only walk on Congress Street in Portland, Maine, some where about the end of June. The sunny fields of Kent are very fine. The roses of the Riviera and

the blue of the Italian lakes are charming. The palms of Santa Catalina sway with a seductive fascination. The Rockies and the Alps are majestic in the boldness of their beauty. The long, dim vistas of the Schwarzwald murmur almost lyrically through the leaves that make of every tree a deep-green bower. Yet these may all go hang when I recall the buoyancy of soul which comes over me on Congress Street in Portland, Maine.

The truth is that certain places are meant to be enjoyed by poets only, while others are supremely satisfying to the wholly unimaginative nature. Thus, the Lago di Garda would give endless pleasure to a sensitive, unworldly spirit such as Shelley—that beautiful and ineffectual angel of the luminous void. On the other hand, the Hon. Enoch P. Scruggs of Altoona, Pennsylvania, and his good lady and the Misses Scruggs, would ask nothing better of Providence than a long sojourn at Asbury Park. Yet few of us are really poets, and some of us are more exacting than the *famille* Scruggs. We like to have our heads well up in air and yet at the same time to keep our feet planted firmly on the solid earth. The actual and usual seen against a background of romance—this is what appeals to me, at least, far more than either abstract and unchanging beauty, or the crude monotony of the commonplace. Fundamentally, this middle ground, when you come to think of it, is attractive and appealing just because it is a microcosmic reproduction of human life itself—life as it actually is and as it has been made for us, not by poets nor yet by plodders, but by the God of Things as They Are.

Here is the Horatian philosophy of the *aurea mediocritas*. *Mediocritas*—yes, but always *aurea*. That sagacious Roman who has seemed to every age to be its own possession, who is to-day more truly

modern than even Mr. Bernard Shaw, and who will remain eternally the genial friend and easy-going monitor of all mankind—Horace, I say, knew well that contrast is the very essence of enjoyment.

*Sed neque qui Capua Romam petit imbre lutoque
Adpersus volet in caupona vivere; nec qui
Frigus collegit furnos et balnea laudat.*

Harmony is the more ravishing when it follows discord; beauty is the more entrancing when it stands out radiantly beside ugliness; and grains of gold gleam brightest when one finds them in a lump of clay. So let us learn to view the complicated web of human life that we may at last arrive at the supreme philosophy

caporal supérieur, paquet rose—be granted me as a concomitant to meditation.

But to return to Congress Street in June. The sky above is intensely blue. A soft yet bracing breeze blows up the street from the undulating waters of the Bay. It flutters the awnings and makes the flags stream proudly on their staffs. Everything is as fresh and sweet and as clearly outlined as though Portland had been created on that very morning instead of much more than two centuries ago. This is not really newness, much less rawness. It is the neat, self-respecting trimness of a city—*simplex munditiis*—that is



LIFE AND NATURE IN CASCO BAY

of enjoyment which can derive exquisite pleasure anywhere from the contrasts which meet us in the study of mankind, from the analysis of anything, from the gleams of humour, the subtle tints of personality, the ways and manners of one's fellow men and women, and the picturesque-ness of the background, whatever it may be. If you have acquired this priceless gift, you can be happy even at Ulubraë. The smallest hamlet or the largest city—it is quite the same. Everywhere the human comedy goes on forever. As for myself, I think that I have learned the lesson—provided only that I can be sure of getting well-cooked meals, however simple, and provided also that a certain brand of cigarettes—

still American to its very core, with suggestive touches of Old England to give it dignity and the softened charm of age. Looking down from a gradual slope is one of the most delightful of hotels, nestling among trees, and with broad verandas that invite you to be quite at home. Yet if you choose, you can turn into Oak Street and take up your abode in "chambers" and be as comfortable as you will, *à l'Anglaise*.

The spreading trees with their half-arched greenery are one of the great charms of Portland. Turn off just where you like, and you will gaze down shaded streets on which the sunshine sifts its way seductively through the foliage. The houses—fine old mansions—are set in



"In half an hour the keel will grate gently on the pebbles of a crescent beach."

velvet lawns dappled by the shadows of their elms and oaks. And every little while you will come upon a park with limpid pools of water and beds of flowers and the spray of fountains. Or, if you care to take another course, you

will find yourself upon a strip of turf which overlooks the sparkle of the sea. Only a few antique and interesting cannon share the place with you; and if you are so fortunate as to wander thither by the side of a charming girl, you may ad-



"Here and there is a huge boulder that seems like a missile hurled from a giant's sling when the world was young, with a gaunt, uprooted pine beside it."



"Here are grass-grown paths from which you get a glimpse of some slender pier running far out into the water."

mire her to your heart's content, while the wind, with caressing touch, loosens the little fluffs of hair about her face and makes her colour come and go bewitchingly. And what you say to her no one will ever hear, except perhaps the birds that twitter in the tree-tops.

But it is Congress Street that calls one back—Congress Street, with its throngs of people moving busily up and down the sidewalks, its handsome shops, its general air of thrift and order and prosperity. Every one you meet has clear bright eyes and a touch of incipient tan. Every one is well and cheerful and alive. You are very much alive yourself, and are every moment thanking Heaven for it. You look into the windows where the jewellers display their dainty wares. You purchase great masses of carnations at a price so trifling as to make the flowers seem a gift from the *Portländerinn* who hands them to you with a frank and friendly smile. You are ready to do anything, to go anywhere, to laugh aloud and even to burst forth into song, because, as I said, you are so very much alive. Small wonder that Anthony Trollope wrote as he did of Portland and its people nearly fifty years ago. Mark the healthy and roast-beefy tone of the approving Briton:

"Portland has an air of supreme plenty. . . . The faces of the people tell of three regular meals of meat a day, and of digestive powers in proportion. O happy Portlanders! If they only knew their own good fortune! They get up early and go to bed early. The women are comely and sturdy, able to take care of themselves, without any fal-lal of chivalry, and the men are sedate, obliging, and industrious. I saw the young girls in the streets coming home from their tea-parties at nine o'clock, many of them alone, and all with some basket in their hands, which betokened an evening not passed absolutely in idleness. No fear there of unruly questions on the way, or of insolence from the ill-conducted of the other sex. All was, or seemed to be, orderly, sleek, and unobtrusive. Probably, of all modes of life that are allotted to man by his Creator, life such as this is the most happy."

Dear old Anthony knew a thing or two. In Trollope's time, Mr. Cordes had not yet spread his tables for the hungry visi-

tor, nor was the fine hotel there, with its admirable *chef*; but Portland was well catered to, we may be sure. And even then the sun shone bright on Congress Street and its historic monuments. There is a good deal of history associated with Portland, but I admire this chiefly because it gives a fitting background for the living present. That is what history is for, just as that is the real use of architecture. I like to think of Preble, and I like to look at the fine structures of St. Dominic's and St. Luke's as I rove about the town; but the trolley-cars are also an essential part of it, and so are the trees, and the shops, and all the rest.

If you care to, you may visit the house where Longfellow was born; but I have never myself done so. It seems rather foolish to make pilgrimages to the birthplaces of distinguished men. You are certain to be disappointed. There is Shakespeare's—at least, it is conjecturally his; a wretched, squalid hole of a garret, which only makes you sorry for the poet. And there is the birthplace of Robert Burns, transformed into a peep-show of tawdry "relics." What does it matter where a man was born? There is no particular merit in being born. No one who is born has any choice in the matter. He is just born because he has to be. The real thing to consider is what he does with himself after he has been born. I feel a reverential thrill when I enter Sir Walter Scott's noble book-lined study at Abbotsford, and see everything just as it was when he was still alive—his leathern chair, his desk, at which he wrote each morning before his guests were out of bed. But where he was born is of no earthly consequence. Shakespeare and Scott and Burns and Longfellow must all have looked alike when they were babies—rather red, and given to squalling, and doubtless smelling of sour milk. No; Longfellow's birthplace I will not visit. I like to think that when he was a man, he, too, walked on Congress Street wearing rather gorgeous waistcoats. But to my mind, Portland is not so much an object of admiration because of Longfellow, as Longfellow is to be envied because he had the good luck to be born in Portland.

A grocer's shop is not usually the sort

of place where one lingers merely because it provides a sensation of æsthetic pleasure. Yet on Congress Street there is a grocer's shop which has a singular attraction for me. In it Art has cast a certain glamour over Utility, as, indeed, it always should. In the golden period of Greek genius, the two were never separated. The artistic glorified the useful, while the useful made the artistic serve the needs of human life. It was only in the time of Aristotle that the notion of Fine Art was made separate and distinct; and Aristotle marks the beginning of Greek decadence. A Platonist would understand just why this grocer's shop attracts me,—and so would a mere hedonist. I admire the spaciousness of the place, the orderly arrangement of everything in it, the subordination of such usual wares as flour and kerosene and butter to the more tempting confections which are in themselves delightful and which can be treated with daintiness and delicacy. The honeycombs gleam like pale gold through the glass which lucently contains them. The cherries *au marasquin*, the thick white stalks of asparagus, the terrines of *pâtés truffés*, the jars of Dundee jam, the dark-green olives, the luscious California peaches, the slim round wooden disks enclosing Camembert, the candied violets, the thousand and one trifles which make gastronomy a part of poetry—why on earth did Zola write a symphony of cheeses only, instead of a dithyramb of dainties that should leave nothing out?

But what I like most is the broad counter which runs along nearly the whole of one side, and which seems almost empty, save for a few trifling hints of devilled crabs and other freshly prepared comestibles. Two or three neat and pleasant-faced girls are standing here. If you merely hint the wish, they will see that, at whatever hour you mention, there will be ready for you whole roasted chickens, or delightful ducks and dainty salads and lettuce sandwiches blending their green leaves with the gold of their rich mayonnaise,—hampers, in short, packed full of things such as Lucullus would have loved. And why? Because, indeed, you are intending to take a little steamer and go down the

Bay to picnic on one of the fascinating islands that rise above the sunlit waters, with great rocks and woods and winding beaches, while Nature's own reposeful spirit touches them with peace. Let us convey our wishes to one of the maidens—and intimate that we wish her to be very, very bountiful and make the hamper a marvellous one even for Portland, where the horn of plenty pours forth all the gifts of the genial goddess, Copia.

Then, presently, let us make our way down to the crowded wharves, where every sort of craft is moored, and where, even if there be no "Spanish sailors with their bearded lips," there is a glorious suggestion of all "the magic and the mystery of the sea." At the Harpswell landing, and swaying in the slip, is a stout little steamer, the *Maquoit*, which from its size would be mistaken in the harbour of Manhattan for a tug-boat. Yet please view the *Maquoit* with all respect. She has a Cap'n with a gold-laced cap, presiding in the pilot-house, whom his crew address in true naval style as "sir." She has a first officer and a purser and a sufficient complement of sailors—a sturdy, self-respecting, manly set of men; and officially they are just as proud of navigating the *Maquoit* as though she were the *Lusitania*.

Maybe the boat will not leave the pier on time. To oblige a friend of the Cap'n, the *Maquoit* can be held indefinitely. If a lady has asked the purser not to leave until she comes, and has intimated that she may be just a little late, the purser will tell the Cap'n, and the Cap'n's weather-beaten face will radiate a ready acquiescence. It is a friendly country, this. Every one likes to be nice to everybody else, and time is of no particular value. Meanwhile, the passengers come aboard, and strange-looking packages and boxes are loaded on the lower deck and even, at a pinch, upon the upper deck. Parcels from Portland milliners, crates of cackling poultry, great sides of beef, and perhaps a protesting pig, are mingled with articles of furniture and baby-carriages. For the people who live on the islands all the length of Casco Bay down to the open ocean must be nourished and made comfortable from

Portland. You lazily view the loading, and admire the varied tastes of those whose most sacred Lares and Penates are shipped on the *Maquoit*. And the passengers as they arrive are worth your study too. Delightful girls appear in simple costumes, with rosy faces and the touch of sun upon their shapely arms. Their white skirts and fluttering ribbons show bravely against the sober costumes of the island men, or for the matter of that, against the grey or dark blue of Outlanders like yourself. The whole scene is animated—the rumble of the trucks, the chatter of the women, the splash of the restless water against the piles, the swaying of the little steamer, the breeze and sun and salt and splendour of the Bay beyond. So, if the *Maquoit* neglects the time-table, you do not care. Nobody cares. You are happy anyhow. In the cities time is money; but up here in this blessed land, time is something better—time is pleasure and you have all the time there is.

In the days when our great country had not yet expanded westward very far, men used to say "From Maine to Georgia" when they wished to convey a sense of ultimates. It is odd, but somehow or other, extremes have really met in this particular antithesis. Maine and Georgia are very much alike in certain aspects of their people. The typical man of Maine resembles not a bit the typical New Englander as we are wont to think of the New Englander. He is as remote from the Massachusetts man as from a South Sea Islander, and much more agreeable than either. The Massachusetts man speaks with an air of sharp decision. He is tremendously "informing." He is not happy unless he can direct you or reform you or instruct you. His accents, always slightly nasal, twang like a Jew's-harp when he talks to you. He is brisk, self-conscious, ill at ease, and he would rather like to bully you—for your own good. All these traits—even the twang—he inherited honestly from the provincial regions of Old England whence his dissenting forbears came. But the Maine man has not the slightest affinity with him. His speech is slow and gentle. The harsher consonants shade off into mere phonetic hints, while the liquids and the vowels

are prolonged deliciously. He has no twang whatever, but instead a pleasant drawl, precisely that of the far South. He does not want to teach you anything. He is not in a hurry. He is patient, kindly, unobtrusive. He seldom laughs aloud; but a glint of humour will come into his eyes and a smile will light his face. He observes everything, but he says very little. He is not self-conscious in the least, but wholly natural and simple with a dignity which comes from living close to Nature. Take him all in all he is about the finest type of American that I know.

I wonder for how long a time these kindly, honest, upright people of Maine will remain unspoiled. How long will it be ere their sound, simple qualities will feel the uneasy influences of the age? Even to-day, one seems to recognise a weakened moral fibre, a slight decadence, in the rising generation when compared with the fathers and the mothers. The young men and the young women are drifting to the towns, or at home are growing to be less rugged and less sound.

While I am thinking of these things, the whistle of the *Maquoit* hoots hoarsely and the boat steams out into the Bay. Two lanky men are sitting near me in the bow; and as we swing into the channel, they begin to talk in measured tones.

"Yes," observes the elder of the two, "'twas a blamed queer thing. It happened in Noo York. I read it in one of them papers. You see, 'twas like this. A widow woman had lost her husband an' she went and c'lected the insurance money from a bank."

"What had the bank to do with it?" inquired the other.

"I d'no; but anyhow the money was in the bank and she went and drew it out. Well, the feller in the bank handed her the bills and she was sticking them in her wallet. Up in one corner of the bank was one of them things thet whirl around and make a sort of rush of air. They have 'em in banks, I'm told, to keep them fellers cool in summer. Well, jest as the lady was poking them bills into her wallet, a stream of air licked up one of 'em—th' paper said 'twas a thousand dollar bill,—and ketched it. 'N she never noticed it till she got home and counted the money."

"I guess she was put out some."

"Well, I guess so too. But when she went back to th' bank, thet feller there had seen the bill and had kep' it for her. When she came in, he just forked it out as ca'm as you please."

His listener meditated for a while. Then he asked:

"Would you 'a kep' it for her an' give it back?"

"Oh, yes, I'd a done just the same." He spat meditatively over the side. "Only 't would 'a bin a pull, I guess. But, you see, she was a widow woman."

"Yes, it doos make a lot of diff'rence who 'tis. Now I found a wallet once with seven dollars and eighty-seven cents into it. I knew whose it was, because it had her name on it. She was a good woman, too. I knocked off work a little earlier than usual an' took a car over to her house. Well, she wasn't in. Her old aunt said I c'd leave it. I sez 'No, mam, not till you give me my car-fares coming and going.' Well, now, she wouldn't agree. So I sez: 'All right; then I'll keep the wallet till Mis' Brown comes and gets it.' An' so I went off with it an' left her there. I guess she was pretty mean."

"The old hen!" commented the other, yet with a certain philosophic calm that made the remark seem quite impersonal.

But now the *Maquoit* has got down into the open Bay, past Peak Island and Long Island, and into the wonderful archipelago beyond which lies the illimitable ocean. There is nothing like those islands anywhere. Their trees are so very green; their beaches are so snowy white. They are just as God meant them to be forever, from the smallest to the greatest, except perhaps Orr's Island, which has experienced the taint of other influences. When Mrs. Stowe described the Pearl of Orr's Island, I suppose that the Pearl was really pearly. But she is dead and gone to-day. I have seen the present Pearl. She is blowsy and bold-eyed, and when I saw her, she was sitting in the lap of a half-drunken hackman. But of all the other islands, I know none that is not beautiful in its own way—

from bleak Mark Island, lonely and uninhabited, to Great Chebeague, which is the queen of the whole group. It is large enough to have some good inland roads, so that you do not feel imprisoned by the surrounding sea. Its shore is scalloped into curving strips of sand, or else it juts out boldly in great rocks upon which the surf comes thundering in clouds of spray.

Here and there is a huge boulder that seems like a missile hurled from a giant's sling when the world was young, with a gaunt uprooted pine beside it, keeping it company in its isolation. Here are grass-grown paths from which you get a glimpse of some slender pier running far out into the water. And the people are the best people in all Maine in their hospitality and rightness and self-respecting courtesy. Heaven send that they may never change!

Go down to the beach that faces the north end of Littlejohn's, and push out in a rowboat which answers to your slightest stroke. In half an hour the keel will grate gently on the pebbles of a crescent beach. The thick grass and the white birches come down to the very edge of the fine sand. Throw out your anchor there and find a place to lie on, with the sun streaming full upon your face and filling you with the glory of life. It is not the sickly, sticky sun-fire of the cities. The fresh wind tempers its power, so that it makes your face tingle under its touch, and you feel a glow all through your veins as from some rare and wondrous wine. The sky above is a vault of pure sapphire through which now and then a gull wings its way, a fleck of distant white. Before you is the sea with its infinite murmurings. Behind you, the notes of a wood-bird come faintly through the trees. The scent of clover-blossoms mingles with the odour of the seaweed. You are lulled and soothed and fascinated by the beauty of it, the perfection of it, the wonder of it all; and you believe with a deep reverence and thankfulness that everything is for the best in this very best of all possible worlds.



CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF GULBRANSSON BY
HEINE

A GERMAN'S CARICATURES OF LITERARY MEN



PERHAPS it is the spirit of Teutonic militarism that gives to modern Germany an objective directness in almost everything from poetry to painting, a quality that lends an incisive poignancy to the art of her caricaturists. We Americans depend too much on a caricaturist's illustrative capacity, the English upon his record of affairs that are past, the French on the pathetically ridiculous, the Spaniards on the horrible, and the Italians on nothing in particular. As for the German he hits hard and hits home, without plot, without reminiscence, without foolishness, without ghastliness, and without froth. He can imprison satire in one line, and let it loose with another. Even when his caricature-portraits have none of the usual earmarks of facial resemblances his lines catch the index of personality, mercilessly and inflexibly. Caricature of that sort becomes international in its appeal to the scalpel-like instinct (variously assorted, but as yet without a

specific class-name), with which humanity is endowed to an extreme degree. We Americans may consider London *Punch* the primer of hilarics; the English probably find us too subtle; we all tire of the Frenchman's froth and frivol, and every one of us is apt to be bored by the Italian's endeavour to perpetrate a joke with a pencil. However, the German caricaturist has found an "open sesame" to the whole world's sense of humour, and as you sit over coffee at Florian's in Venice, or in the Paix at Paris, you find them bringing you the German satirical journals oftener than those of your own country or theirs; even the most Britannic perception knows what the German jokist is about from the way the Teuton goes at things, biting the plate of manners and morals with the mordant of his art and producing an etching on mentality that counts for something everywhere.

Like the German editor, the German caricaturist stands a good running chance of living at the expense of the government, to judge from the experiences of

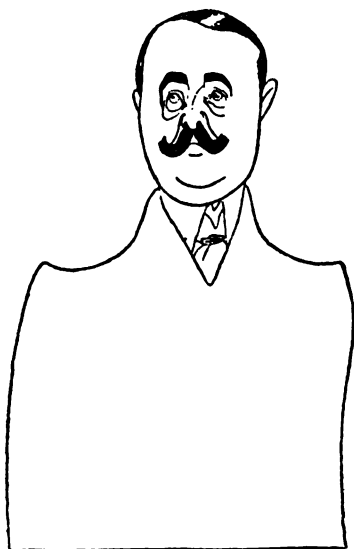


GULBRANSSON'S CONCEPTION OF MAXIM GORKY



GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

Remembering that the eyes are the windows of the soul
the caricaturist here indicates his conclusions
unmistakably—perhaps unfairly



MARCEL PRÉVOST

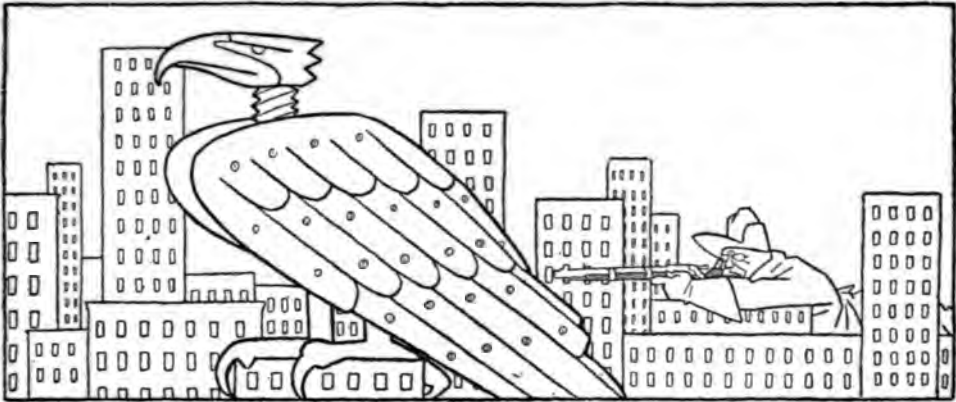
Watchful for the main chances in
literature



PAUL HERVIEU

Who here reflects on his countenance the embroidered
effect of his official honours





PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING EXPEDITION—I

The Trust is a mighty bird disguised, for certain reasons, in the borrowed plumage of patriotism. At last Theodore the Hunter creeps upon it, roosting in its Wall Street eyrie. Careful is the aim and well loaded the gun. Click! Bang!



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING EXPEDITION—II

When the cloud of smoke cleared



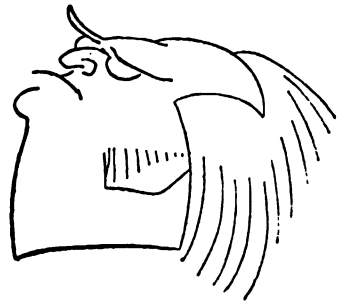
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING EXPEDITION—III

Theodore the Hunter is standing ready to receive congratulations—if there should happen to be any



TOLSTOY

For Gulbransson what there is of Tolstoy out of his books is the pose of a certain ferocity—which here he has eliminated by the facetiousness of his pencil. The sheer spirit of fun occasionally leads him to experiment with patriarchs



BJÖRNSON

Even if ideals are slaves to materialistic things this Norseman forgets it



IBSEN

'Behold me! Divine is my delight in the Dismal'



EMANUEL VON BODMAN

Who takes a spiral point of view of things and likes to feel that his neck is safe



GEORGE BRANDES

the indefatigable Th. Th. Heine, who courted the imperial wrath of William of Germany by an audacious excursion into the realms of satire and art. This he did by his political shaft aimed at the target of the Emperor's progress through Palestine. Whether in *Jugend*, the *Fliegende Blätter*, *Simplicissimus*, or in the *Meggen-*

dorfer Blätter it is all the same—everywhere directness of line and mass are employed to convey ideas more than to convey stories.

I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that among the leading satirists of Germany O. Gulbransson, known best by his caricatures in *Simplicissimus*,



THE GERMAN ARTIST HEINE

stands foremost in the art of caricature in that country to-day. Perhaps his recent cartoon of Mr. Roosevelt's blow at the Trust idea best illustrates, in a general way, his keen and searching sarcasm, which is saved from the cynicism of situations by the grace of humour. Of that he, in common with all successful caricaturists, has a store abundant, as his drawings of famous men of letters show. The one of Heine depicts Gulbransson's confrère seated on a sofa—seat of honour, if you please!—piping in willy-nilly complaisance. Even the pug on the pillow sleeps an untroubled sleep, he little guessing, and Heine little caring, that the master is about to be marched off to gaol!

Of course Heine could not overlook the attention shown him by the affable Gulbransson; therefore he returned the compliment with another, paying Gulbransson in his own coin by depicting him gleeful over his graphic joke.

The Frenchmen Paul Hervieu and Marcel Prévost are least in Gulbransson's province, just as to the German in-

tellect the French sort seems to be like lace in its fabric, but the northmen, Björnson and Ibsen and Brandes, he hits on the nail, and Gorky and Tolstoy as well. You cannot be angry with him for any of these, they are funnier than unkind. As for D'Annunzio, probably Gulbransson never saw him—I doubt if he has seen any of the others yet, and though there is little about this caricature, if anything, that is portraiture. It seems to be almost a pictorial analysis of D'Annunzio's work, of his writing as the Italians know it and as the Germans know it, since translators have made it quite proper for American readers, imagining us less tolerant, and it is a hopeful sign that we are. Gulbransson's portrait of D'Annunzio seems to indicate clearly that he is with us here.

Surely Gulbransson reads deeply in the volume of man's foibles and follies, his faith and his fancies, his hopes and his humiliations, and alas for whom he awaits, pen in hand, for that one shall be routed by the wrath of his ink-pot!

Gardner Teall.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The personification of the stolidly solid



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AND EUGENE FIELD



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN disproved the oft-quoted saying, "he that hath many friends hath none," for he was a man exceeding rich in friendships. Nor were these merely so-called "literary friendships," which make a showing in black and white. Among his real friends was Eugene Field, whose early literary productions at once attracted Stedman's notice. He was among the first to discover the "Lakeside poet," for despite his necessary absorption in business and in his literary tasks Mr. Stedman had always an ear and voice for every new and promising aspirant for literary laurels. His pen too was ever at the service of the newcomer, and in this instance Stedman wrote to his Boston publisher suggesting that the other communicate with this new poet and daring wit, and ask him for a book of verse, which he considered his strong point.

The suggestion resulted in the publication of Field's first little book, entitled *Culture's Garland*, for which the author was most desirous that Stedman should write the introduction, the very incongruity of such a combination seeming to please the western poet exceedingly. Some amusing correspondence followed which may be prefaced by Field's first response to a letter from the publisher in question:

DEAR MR. T—: I hardly know what I ought to say in answer to your courteous letter of the 23d ultimo. I am just enough of a Yankee to be a long time making up my mind when once in doubt. However, it is but fair that

you should know what bothers me. I am not troubled about my verse, for I made up my mind a long time ago that my verse never did and never could amount to a —! I wrote to Mr. O— at the earnest solicitation of numerous unwise friends, and the consequence was that the mere suggestion of printing a tome of my alleged poetry precipitated an old and prosperous publisher into bankruptcy! I tell you this because you ought to be warned against inviting the dreadful buffetings of fate which inevitably follow a dalliance with my Muse. And now let us drop the painful subject of verse. I have written about forty short stories (or shall I call them sketches) in the last two years. I really have a good opinion of them, and this opinion has been encouraged by the favour with which these tales have been received by readers—for you must know that nearly all the stories have appeared in print. I would like to see these tales in book form. I believe that they would sell. Of their merit I have no doubt, but whether they would strike you as marketable—why, that is a question. I have spent much time on them, and if you were to indicate a desire to publish them I would want to rewrite them over again—for just as a mother is anxious to have her little children appear decently and properly, so do I want to have these children of mine to go out into the world apparelled as neatly as my intellectual purse can afford. I have here, we will say, forty short stories, aggregating 125,000 words; do you think that it would pay you to publish them? They are stories for young and old; perhaps I should say that they are (most of them) child's stories so written as to interest the old folk. I have made them as simple as I could, and in many of them the fairy element predominates. In two of them there are a number of lyrics, humorous and serious. A

book of this kind could be illustrated with great effect—but I would want to suggest the illustrations. Now I can send you a part of or all these tales, if you think that you would care to print a work of this character. But, as I have said, I would like to rewrite all, even though in their present shape they might be acceptable to you. I send you a schedule which may assist you in making up your mind as to whether you care about reading the tales, and although it may be rather hazardous, I inclose a copy of a letter written by Mr. Hawthorne. Let me thank you for your kind note, and believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

CHICAGO, April 2, 1887.

Mr. Field's diagram of the forty stories referred to above is extremely decorative. It is made out in four columns; the first, in blue ink, contains the names of stories; the second, in red, the number of words in each; the third, in green, the sub-titles of the tales, while the fourth, in blue again, designates whether the story is "pathetic," "gay," "lively," etc.

This letter having been forwarded to Stedman called forth the following:

I had to clap a virtuoso-glass over this damnably exquisite handwriting of the great apostle of culture in the Porkopolis by the Lake. But it was worth the trouble.

I did and do strongly advise you to take a book from this gentleman. I have seen scores of short sketches, skits, humorous poems, satires, etc., by him, all of which were original and "taking." I do not know whether he is the author of the famous "Lakeside Musings"—if so, so much the better. My notion is a vague one. But I think it defined itself into this—that humour was the business-card, and that you could get out a collection of his humorous sketches and verses, with an odd and effective title, and make a hit for both author and publisher. That would lead the way for other and more serious books. At the same time, pathos is an attribute of every true humourist, and very likely you could make just as good a first book of a selection (say one-half) from the rather staggering list of tales which he sends you. I am quite sick to-day, from prolonged negotiations and overwork. I fear my letters will be brief and few to you for some time to come.

A second letter from Field was for-

warded by the publisher to Stedman, in which Field says:

I send to-day the last batch of the clippings, and among them you will find two handsome engravings, which I have executed for your special (private) edification. The portrait of myself I made from a photograph taken in 1880; I look more like Dante now than I did then. In this packet I enclose one little story, which should be put with the other stories I sent you. I had forgotten all about it, and found it in the old file. In this lot of stuff you will find a criticism of the Wagner opera, *Die Walküre*; when it appeared it made quite a stir among folk here. But I am heartily sick of this whole scheme. Why not print the genteel stories and let this flubdub remain undiscovered until I am in heaven with Mr. Stedman and you? Then your grandson (Eugene Field Ticknor) can announce the discovery of genuine old Field manuscripts—the critics will dispute—the public will go wild—fifty editions of the great work will be struck off—the demand will increase in volume and ferocity, etc. Ought we not to make this sacrifice for posterity?

May 22, 1887.

At the head of this letter Field has drawn a caricature of himself with a wreath of sausages around his head; underneath he has written, "The Chicago Dante."

Of this Stedman writes:

I have read Eugene Field's letter with the aid of a magnifier.

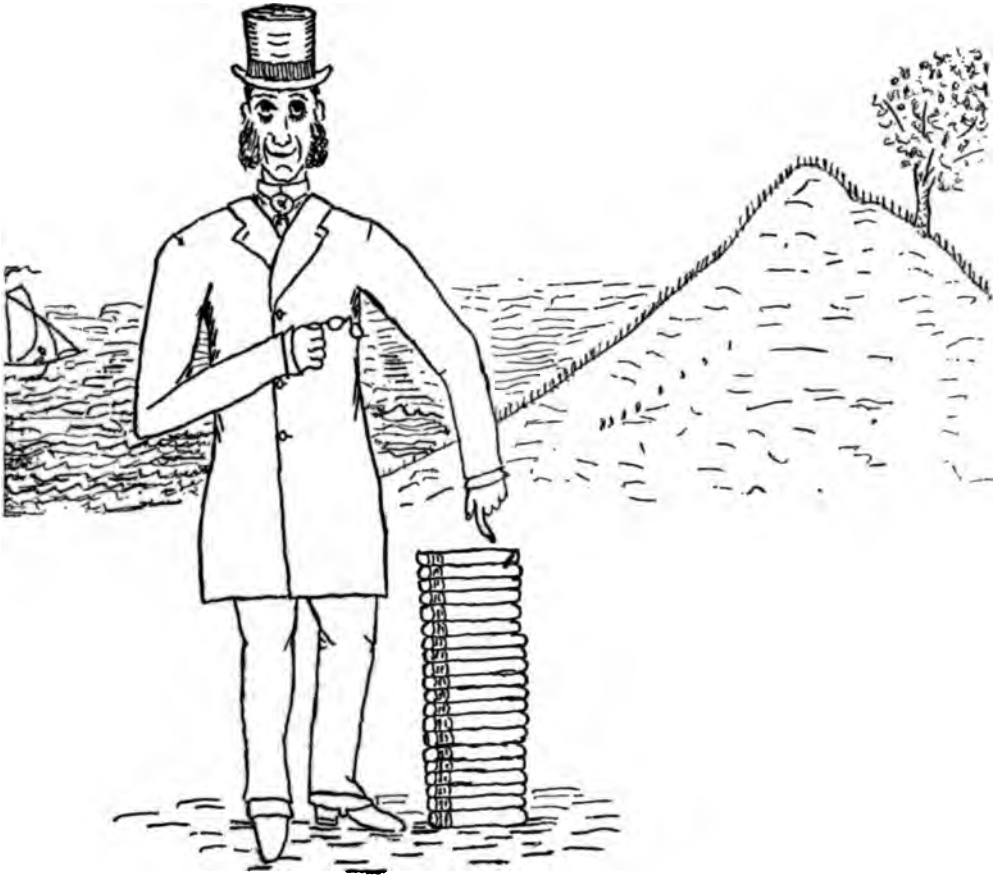
Now look here! I should just spoil a good thing if I tampered in any way with Mr. F.'s name, plan, selections. No one but he can name the book. If he chooses to invent a dozen names, you and I can recommend our choice of the lot. That's all.

As I said, I have no doubt his pathetic work is equal to, or better than, his humorous. But I would not advise him or you to get out a *first book* without an *admixture* of the *humorous and quaint* sketches and "skits," for which he has a *professional and popular* reputation. After such a book shall have been pushed to a wide sale, he can bring out just what he wishes.

Did you or did you not ask him if he wrote the "Lakeside Musings"—such as the enclosed? I know that "A" is by E. F., and suspect that "B" is. Please return the two latter.

If any one would give me half as good a hint





Allegorical tableau representing Tarkenton. Standing on the shore of the blue Atlantic and pointing with pride to "Culture's Garland", saying: "These are our jewels!" To the right appears Pausanias' Hill covered with soft verdure; near its summit is the famous Tree of Liberty.

in stocks as I have given you *in re* E. Field, I should make a fortune, and not expect *him* to "run the deal." Of course I can't have anything to do with making up his book. It is at the opposite pole from my work.

Indeed, for a year to come I am mortgaged, and shall write you as seldom as possible. For a month I have been trying, in the face of poverty and sickness, to preface my supplement to the Victorian Poets, for which the printers are clamouring—and haven't a line ready yet. Work is required on our Library of American Literature, as you know. It is doubtful if I shall spend three days at New Castle this summer. Consider me dead.

Field having been informed of Stedman's interest in his project of publishing in book form a collection of his sketches and verse, set his heart upon having the other write a preface for such a production, and Stedman's refusal to comply with his suggestion was a source of keen disappointment to him, which, however, he concealed under various amusing disquisitions upon the subject.

The following communication to his publisher was penned in June, 1887:

... So far as the business part of our joint book is concerned, I feel no interest at all. I do not look upon my heaven-given talents with the sordid eyes of the average Chicago litterateur. If Mr. Stedman and you think that from the mass of erudition I have wafted Bostonwards you can expiscate enough desirable matter for a tome—why, I am going to let you have your own way, and I'm not going to worry about the business part of the scheme. I hope you will let me know when the book is likely to appear, as I shall be hunting a cyclone hole about that time. Perhaps you may remember what that humorous old Aristophanes once said to Critobolus, his Athenian publisher:

* *Ἦς φην φορ Τικνορ ἀνδ φορ Στεδμαν
Βυτ ἰφ θατ βοοκ ἀππεαρς οὐτ βεστ
Ἦς 10 το 1 θατ Ἰμ α δεαδμαν
Βεφορε θε νεχτ σπρινγ ροβινς νεστ.*

It's fun for Ticknor and for Stedman;
But if that book appears out 'vest
It's 10 to 1 that I'm a dead man
Before the next spring robins nest.

I am strongly of the impression that you ought to inveigle Mr. Stedman into writing an introduction to that book. I have a positive

conviction that his apology for the affair would be the most humorous thing between the covers.

A week later Field pursues the same line of suggestion:

... If I had ever imagined that an edition de luxy of my work would be demanded, I most certainly would have preserved the original plates. It is true of all great geniuses (I should say "Genii!" The Chicago plural for "opus" is "opi"). I begin to see that they do not know when they really do a good thing. I am very anxious to know what Mr. Stedman has decided to do in the way of a preface or proem. I suspect that his regard for me is simply the cold, mercenary, sordid passion which the crocodile conceives for a succulent yellow dog; I have discovered that he does not mention me among his Victorious Poets.

Stedman remaining inflexible, it was found advisable to secure the desired preface from Mr. Julian Hawthorne. In regard to this, the author of *Culture's Garland* writes a few days later:

... I have despatched a letter to Hawthorne upon the subject of the preface. It was not at all Christianly of Mr. Stedman to inveigle me into this circus and then leave me to the mercy of the multitude. I would not treat him likewise. If he were to ask me to write a preface for any of his books, I would do it, and it would be the boss preface in English literature, too. The plea that he hasn't the time to devote to it is a feeble one; if I can write an able preface for his book in fifteen minutes, he ought to be able to write a fairly good one for mine in half an hour.

A few days later he remarks:

... Mr. Stedman need not be ashamed to write a preface for me. I'd have him know that a biographical sketch of myself appeared last winter in A. T. Andreas and Company's "Pictorial Chicago," Vol. III. It would have had my portrait, too, if I'd been willing to pay \$50 for the boon. If Mr. Stedman is smart he will make himself solid with the brain and brawn of the West. A lot of us young litterateurs will write the obituaries bye and bye. Or, if he prefers, I will write the preface and sign his name to it. I fancy that I could say more pleasant things of myself than he could.

Field's parting shot is contained in a letter dated June 22d of the same year:

. . . Hawthorne writes me that he will undertake the preface, and I think it will be well to send him duplicate proofs, so that he may get some idea of what he is expected to say. . . . When you see Mr. Stedman you can tell him (unless you think it would entirely crush him) that I have expunged his name from the tablets of my memory.

Eugene Field's delight at the appearance of his first little book was that of an enthusiastic schoolboy, but his attitude toward this early volume changed completely after the publication of his later works, and *Culture's Garland* was recalled by its author, who was then as keen in his desire to destroy all available copies as he had been to launch his first volume, for the preface of which he had wished to make Stedman responsible.

The above correspondence regarding the question of a preface was itself a preface to the warm friendship between these two characteristically human and at the same time strikingly diverse types of literary men, who were held together by a close bond of fellowship, which was only severed by the death of Field in 1895.

In December of that year, Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote a charmingly appreciative tribute to Eugene Field, whose suggestion regarding the penning of "obituaries" was ironically reversed. In this tribute he likens Field to "Shakespeare's Yorick, whose motley covered the sweetest nature and tenderest heart."

He also describes Field as a "complex American with the obstreperous bizzarerie of the frontier and the artistic delicacy of our oldest culture always at odds within him—", but pronounces him "above all a child of nature, a frolic incarnate, and just as he would have been in any time and country." Stedman, moreover, refers to the time when Field put their friendship to one of those tests, which sooner or later he applied to all, the test of linking their names with something utterly ludicrous and impossible, but to be published with all the solemn earmarks of verity. Such was the case in regard to Field's reception of Stedman in Chicago, in 1891. At that time the former prepared a humorous announcement of the coming of the "poet-critic," followed by a detailed account of the extraordinary procession which was to serve as escort upon Stedman's arrival; this programme was eagerly copied by the New York papers and filled the expected guest with apprehension so that he hardly dared to alight from the train upon reaching Chicago. It is needless to say that when Stedman arrived he found only the delinquent himself awaiting him. And this test, like many others, in no way loosened the strong bond of friendship which was forged at the time when Stedman refused to pen the introduction for *Culture's Garland*.

Caroline Ticknor.

APRIL

We hear no step, but from her brown hands tossed
Green blades of grass and tender flowers are spread;
From soulless clods stung through with winter frost
New life comes forth divinely heralded.

Benjamin F. Leggett.



SOME RECENT WOMEN SHORT-STORY WRITERS



O one who has watched the development of our magazine literature can help being impressed by the number of women concerned therein, and also by the high average of their work, their diversity of talent, and their general literary skill. And this is peculiar to America, for, although in France the short story has reached a degree of excellence unsurpassed elsewhere, yet it is the work of men; there are few women who have sought that method of literary expression. And while England has had a continuous line of notable women writers since the days of Jane Austen, yet it was as novelists that they gained their fame, there are hardly any short story writers among them.

Of course there have been, in both countries, exceptions to this rule, but the short stories of the French women are more like novelettes, while in England it seems to be only writers associated with a certain locality, such as Jane Barlow, M. E. Francis, and the clever authors of *The Irish R. M.* to whom the short story is a natural mode of expression. The Englishwomen need space in which to mature their ideas; it is impossible to imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward or Lucas Malet condensing into the limits of a short story anything they may have to say, for their theme is the development of character through a long series of events.

In this country, on the contrary, there has been, during the last fifty years, an array of women short story writers which, beginning with authors like Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has continued through names of varied degrees of excellence, down to those of women like Mrs. Deland and Edith Wharton, whose only similarity is the sterling quality of their work.

Women ought to be among the best writers of short stories, especially of

those modelled upon the French style, the story of character rather than that of incident, the successful seizure of an emotional moment, of a phase of thought; and there are writers who, like Mrs. Wharton and Miss Cather, are particularly good in that line. But it is more in character study that the American women excel, and for which material is offered them in the great diversity of type found in this country, material which has been so admirably dealt with in Alice Brown's studies of New England life, Myra Kelly's sketches of Jewish school children and Ruth McEnery Stuart's silhouettes of Southern life.

The great number of periodicals published here, with their incessant demand for short stories, is perhaps responsible for the number of women who are now writing them, but it does not account for the high quality of their work. Ever since the publication in 1863 of Mrs. Spofford's remarkably good volume of stories, *The Amber Gods*, there has been a long line of women writers, fully equal to the men of their calling, and those who are coming to the front now are keeping up the standard.

Among the best of these younger writers is Miss Willa Sibert Cather, a Western woman by birth, who not long ago gave up a position as a school-teacher in Pittsburg in order to accept one on the staff of *McClure's Magazine*.

In her book of short stories, infelicitously named *The Troll Garden*, Miss Cather shows a wonderful aptness in seizing a decisive moment and, with a few touches, deducing from it a whole character, sometimes an entire life. Such a story is "The Sculptor's Funeral," where the body of the great artist is brought back to his native place for burial, and where we learn from the talk of the watchers, uncomprehending men to whom the palm on the coffin means nothing, just what his early life was, what he had to struggle against, his weaknesses and his faults; and after Jim Laird, once



BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

the sculptor's school friend, now the clever, unscrupulous, drunken lawyer, has risen to his defence, we know not only the character of the artist, but that of every man in the room. Such also is "A Death in the Desert," the story of the singer, dying at her brother's ranch in Wyoming, with the recollection of her brilliant career, her longing for New York and all that it represents to her, and her bitter memories of her fickle lover, all eating into her heart; and such is the story of "Paul," the young degenerate with a sort of inarticulate longing for beauty which he gratifies by means of a week of luxury at the Waldorf on stolen money; all of these show the author's keen perception of emotional value as well as her skill in character drawing.

Miss Edith Wyatt is another Western woman whose work is on a very high plane, as she adds a sense of humour to her great capacity for sympathetic analysis, and in her book of short sketches, *Every Man His Own Way*, she has

shown us how much there is of real interest in the lives of the most prosaic people. Her *locale* is Chicago and its neighbourhood and her characters the kind of people of whom George Ade writes—typical Americans, in that no country but this could produce them, frankly uncultivated, mid-Western and not ashamed. There is Hoffman, the city alderman, a saloon-keeper by trade and a "square-dealing and innocent boodler" in his civic capacity; there is Fred Einstein, the big, exuberant, affectionate Jew; Sigurd Bhaer, the German flute-player; Ham Kinney, the professional bicycle-rider—these are the people of whom Miss Wyatt writes, and whom we are perhaps a little surprised to find so interesting. Besides her comprehension of these every-day mortals Miss Wyatt has an equally keen appreciation of that conscientiously cultivated class of whom



WILLA S. CATHER

Richard Elliott, whose "test of life is refinement," is a fair example, and she even has the audacity to stand up for the western R and to poke a little fun at that fetish of the half-cultivated, the board A.

Mary Stewart Cutting has published at least three volumes of short stories, one of which, *Little Stories of Courtship*,

guage and thinks the same thoughts that she does. In "Henry" we have the shilly-shallying lover in a plainer class of life, and the story of his discomfiture by his more manly rival is told with delightful vigour and energy. "Cinderella's Shoes," with its unexpected climax, is the story of a woman who, born to leisure, finds herself obliged to earn her own living.



ZONA GALE

is far above the average both in excellence and variety. In "Paying Guests" we have the well-born, cultivated woman, striving to make a living by taking boarders, and proving, by reason of her refinement, utterly unable to cope with the vulgar women who compose the larger part of her household, and we welcome her release, which comes by her marriage with the man who speaks the same lan-

She attends a reception given by an old school-friend, and is shocked to find many of her contemporaries grown old before their time, dull, and uninterested in anything outside of the limits of their own narrow lives. She is amazed to find that the life of leisure which has always seemed to her so desirable has proved in so many cases a stultifying influence, and she realises that it is her work and her

association with workers that has kept her young.

In her *Stories of Suburban Life* Mrs. Cutting has not succeeded so well, although she has given us the atmosphere of sympathy and family interest which makes the bright side of suburban life.

"Sad Story" is only an account of the void left in a small community by the death of a little boy, but it is told with a touching feeling and sympathy that suggest a personal experience.

Mary Shipman Andrews, a daughter of the late rector of Christ Church, New



MARY STEWART CUTTING

It is well to have a friendly interest in one's neighbours, but difficulties with servants and troubles with dilatory plumbers are not in themselves interesting. In one story, however, the author has touched a note of pathos with great skill. "Not a

York, and sister of a recent West Point chaplain, shows the influence of both the Church and the army in her last book of short stories, *The Militants*, for most of her heroes are either clergymen or soldiers. With one exception these are

stories of incident, but in "Crowned With Glory" there is that introspective note so often found in the American short story. A mother is looking through the papers of her young son who was killed at San Juan and finds the letters of two women, one, a gay, shallow young girl to whom he was engaged, the other, an older woman of deeper feelings and maturer

been published in separate form, and they illustrate very well two different aspects of her skill. "The Good Samaritan" is an account of the adventures of a young theological student in trying to take home an intoxicated friend, and is a most amusing description of the latter's vagaries. He takes a refreshing nap on a baggage truck at the ferry, he offers his seat in



MRS. WILSON WOODROW

mind, whom he evidently loved. There are also a few lines of farewell, undressed, written the night before the battle; for whom are they intended? This is left to the decision of the reader, but this is the only story of Mrs. Andrews with that note of uncertainty which was at one time so common in fiction.

Two of Mrs. Andrews's stories have

the elevated train to a lady and remains politely standing in the half empty car until his destination is reached, and when he has got as far as his own door, turns back to telegraph his impending arrival to his family lest the shock of his arrival be too great. All these performances, executed with the ceremonious gravity of intoxication, are described by the author

with a sympathetic humour seldom elicited from women by a display of inebriety.

In "The Perfect Tribute" pathos, not humour, is the informing spirit. the central figure is that of Abraham Lincoln, and the scene, the death-bed of a young Confederate soldier in a hospital who, all unknowing who it is that sits at his bedside, speaks with enthusiasm of the Gettysburg speech, made the day before, predicts that it will become a classic in the language, and dies with his hand in that of the great opponent of the cause for which he had given his young life.

One of the many good writers who have come to us from the West is Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, who has been for ten years at least a contributor to magazines and at one time was the editor of *The Puritan*. Her stories are noticeable for their high level of interest; they all have that quality of readableness so hard to define, so easy to recognise, and have variety of theme and character as well. There is the innocent little pair of variety artists whose sketch is so poor that an astute manager of vaudeville hires them for "chasers"; there is the young wife



MARY HEATON VORSE



MARY S. WATTS

who suffers the pangs of disillusionment when she finds that her husband falls asleep over Pater, declines to read Plato aloud to her, and is more interested in automobiles than in the proper housing of the poor; and there is the insignificant husband of the poetess adored by young girls, who finally gives up \$50,000 in order to cease from being known as the husband of Lucile Grant Parker and to assert himself a man among men. But best of all her recent stories is that masterpiece describing the young artist and his bride—the Lovelys, whose childlike innocence of business, entire disregard of other people's rights and willingness to take anything offered them, combined with their great charm of manner, make them the glorified type of the eternal sponge.

Anne O'Hagan, whose name is always associated with good work, is one of the many successful writers whose first sketches appeared in a newspaper. Her stories have great diversity, ranging in scene from the Western plains to the Italian quarter in New York, and varying

in *personnel* from Joan Fletcher, the woman whose pride of race is her strongest feeling, down through the political boss to the enlisted man in the ranks. She deals with emotions, as well as character, and one of the best of her recent stories is called "And Angels Came—," in which a girl who has lost her lover by death is saved from a later unworthy marriage with a rich man by a chance encounter with a little old maid who belongs to "the shining company of those who keep unsullied the early vision."

Miss O'Hagan has humour as well as pathos; it is seen in her stories, but it pervades certain delightful little essays which are mostly given to considerations of the single versus the married life. This is a subject which offers every opportunity for sentimentalism, but Miss O'Hagan is saved from this pitfall by her clear vision and good judgment. No one but a woman can appreciate at its full value her description of the compassion with which the married woman, no matter how commonplace her existence, always regards even the most brilliant and successful of spinsters, and there is a touch little short of genius in the author's ac-



JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

count of a lunch where, after listening spellbound to the adventures of a friend who, as a missionary in China, had participated in the Boxer troubles, and had become familiar with that wonderful crystallised civilisation, the married woman of the party regrets in perfect good faith that Estella should have had so little experience of life, by which she meant that she had never married.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow is another Western woman whose work has been steadily growing in favour with the public since her first appearance as a writer. Perhaps the best of her short stories are those in which she has depicted the feminine side of life in a Colorado mining village, and in which the principal character is one new in fiction, the Missioner. She does not let us forget that in Colorado women have political power, and that their votes are as liable to stray from purely patriotic paths as those of men.

A year or more ago there appeared in one of the magazines a remarkably good story by Mary S. Watts, a name new to most readers. It was called "The Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins" and was



ELIZABETH JORDAN



JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

a story of smugglers in a little French seaport. It had the charm of originality, incident, and humour, and a finish quite remarkable for a first achievement. Since then two more stories from her pen have appeared: "The North Road," a tale of highwaymen on the road between London and Edinburgh, and "The Voodoo

Woman," a story of West Indian magic. The three are entirely different in scene, character, and incident, but each is so good in its way as to assure us that one of the latest recruits to the band of women writers may be relied on to sustain the high quality of its work.

It is not the writer's purpose to com-



MYRA KELLY

ment fully upon the work of those women who, in spite of their comparatively recent entry into the field of short-story writing, have already secured for themselves a high position therein, nor is it possible to deal adequately, within the

limits of this article, with the many clever writers with whose names the magazines have made us familiar. There is Herminie Templeton, with her sketches of Irish life and character; Eliza Calvert Hall, whose "Aunt Jane" is such a de-

lightful personality, and George Madden Martin, who has caused many of us to re-live our happy, foolish youth in the person of Emmy Lou. And there are writers like Mary Heaton Vorse, Zona Gale, Olivia Dunbar, Elizabeth Jordan, and Beatrix Lloyd, whose work is constantly to be met with in the pages of the periodicals.

The old accusation that women have no sense of humour is fully refuted by a glance at the writings of many of these women. Besides the atmosphere of gentle humour that pervades the work of Miss O'Hagan and Miss Tompkins, the latter has done some clever burlesques, one in particular which hit off the peculiarities of the epigrammatic school of fiction, having attracted much attention. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow is a frequent contributor to *Life*, and her humorous work is

fully up to the standard of that periodical. Both Josephine Daskam Bacon and Christine Terhune Herrick have made merry at the expense of the advanced method of bringing up children, and the very foundation of Myra Kelly's success is her power of showing us the funny side of the foreign children who throng our public schools.

The short story has always been popular in this country, and from Edgar Poe's fantastic imagery down through Hawthorne's spiritual symbolism to Henry James's intellectual exercises our best writers have not disdained this form of literary expression. Of later years it has devolved largely upon women to keep up the national reputation, a task in which they are acquitting themselves with great credit.

Mary K. Ford.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

G. S. LAYARD'S "SUPPRESSED PLATES"

To the enthusiastic bibliophile the words, "with the rare suppressed plate to be found in but few copies," are as appealing as was the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge to our first parents. Whether it is better to feast on the green fruit of an author, as presented in the first editions of his works, or upon the ripe fruit of his genius, the results of his corrections, revisions, and additions, is perhaps a question. But as some prefer the former and others the latter, we have no quarrel to pick with either.

Mr. George Somes Layard, the English author and reviewer, has for years pursued the avocation of book-hunting and print-collecting. He has recorded some of the knowledge thus acquired in a very entertaining and instructive volume* recently published. In it the author discusses not only book illustra-

tions but plates separately issued, and devotes considerable space to adapted, or, as he very appropriately calls them, palimpsest plates; that is, plates which have been entirely changed from their original purpose by burnishing out certain portions, and adapting them to their new purpose by re-engraving the erased sections. The volume treats a new subject in an interesting way. It appeals primarily to bookmen and it is to the portion treating of book illustrations that these remarks will mainly apply.

Plates have been suppressed in books for various reasons. Among the most important of these are plates discarded for moral reasons, those lacking artistic merit, those not adequately illustrating the text for which they were designed, and those of a libellous character. The reader will find in this volume no descriptions of plates which have been discarded for the first of these reasons, however interesting they might be, as the author explicitly states that it is not his

*Suppressed Plates, Wood Engravings, etc. Together with Other Curiosities Germane thereto; being an Account of Certain Matters Peculiarly Alluring to the Collector. By

George Somes Layard. London: Adam and Charles Black. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907. Sm. 4to, xiii, 254 pp.



THE SUPPRESSED PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUIS
OF STEYNE

intention to make his book a devil's directory to illustrations which have been suppressed for indecency.

Numerous instances are given of the suppression of plates in books written by well-known authors.

Dickens says he was thrown into a "horror and agony not to be expressed" when he first saw the plate which Leech had designed for his Christmas story, *The Battle of Life*. The artist made the mistake of supposing that Michael Warden had taken part in the elopement, and introduced him in the scene representing Marion's flight. The author, thinking of the pain it would cause the artist to have the plate cancelled, allowed it to remain, and it still continues to appear, though failing to be a suitable illustration for the text.

The wood-engraving of the Marquis de Steyne, which appeared in the monthly parts of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (p. 336), was omitted in subsequent issues of the work, though it reappears in the later editions of the novel, published by Smith, Elder and Company. It is not to be found, however, in the biographical edi-

tion, in which the illustrations are confined to full-page plates. In this case it is a little uncertain whether the plate was really suppressed, whether its omission was due to some accident to the block, or whether Thackeray himself was not so disgusted with the brutal frankness of the picture when he saw it in print that he insisted on its removal. It has been stated that "libellous proceedings (*sic*) were threatened on account of its striking likeness to a member of the aristocracy," by whom was undoubtedly meant the Third Marquis of Hertford. Whether true or not, such a statement having once gained currency would, of course, add piquancy to the subject and tend to increase the profits of such booksellers as were the fortunate possessors of the earliest issue of the first edition.

Perhaps the best known example in which inadequacy of treatment has led to the suppression of plates is that of the artist R. W. Buss, who was called in to



"THE BATTLE OF LIFE"—LEECH'S GRAVE MISTAKE



The plate in its first state



The plate in its second state

ROSE MAYLIE AND OLIVER AT AGNES'S TOMB

fill the gap caused by the suicide of Robert Seymour, the illustrator of the first number of *Pickwick*. Unfamiliar with the process of etching, Buss undertook the work after much solicitation on the part of the publishers, and employed a professional etcher to make the plates from his designs. This part of the work, unfortunately for him, was poorly done and Buss's engagement with the publishers was promptly broken. Several artists entered into competition for the vacancy, among them being Thackeray and "Phiz" (Hablôt K. Browne), the latter sending a sample plate ("Mr. Winkle's First Shot"), which was not then used but which now appears in the national edition of that work (1:110) recently published by Chapman and Hall. That Buss might have proved an acceptable illustrator is shown by two plates ("Mr. Pickwick at the Review" and "Mr. Wardle and his Friends under the Influence of the Salmon"), which he afterwards executed with a view, perhaps, of making, as did several other artists, a set of extra illustrations for the work, to be sold separately. These two plates are also to be found in the national edition (1:60 and 132).

It may not be generally known that a portrait of Dickens is also to be num-

bered among suppressed plates. In 1837 a portrait of the great novelist was published by Churton. This plate was signed "Phiz," but as it was promptly repudiated by the chartered bearer of that name, the plate was at once withdrawn from publication, and is now, in consequence, much sought after by collectors.

"Phiz" illustrated several other works by Dickens, among them the *Strange Gentleman*, published in 1837, for which he prepared the exceedingly rare etched frontispiece. The plate has disappeared, for what reason no one seems to know. *Master Humphrey's Clock* was also illustrated by "Phiz"; and while that artist is under consideration, it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact, not noted by Mr. Layard, though germane to his subject, that Browne prepared several plates which were not used when the book appeared in print. Thomson, his biographer, reproduces three such illustrations in his *Life and Works of Hablôt K. Browne*.

One of the most interesting of the numerous cases described by Mr. Layard is that of the "Rose and Oliver" plates in *Oliver Twist*. This novel was published serially in *Bentley's Magazine*, beginning with the number for February, 1837, and concluding with that for March,

1839. The work was illustrated by George Cruikshank. Several months before the work had run its course as a serial, the novel with its illustrations had been completed and was published in three volumes, November 9, 1838. The latter part of this three-volume edition is, therefore, the earliest issue of all that portion which had not previously appeared in *Bentley's Magazine*.

In this three-volume edition appeared the plate known as the fireside scene, in which Rose Maylie and Oliver are seated before an open grate. Dickens did not see this plate until the work was on the eve of publication, the illustrations for the last volume having been hastily executed "in a lump." To this fireside scene Dickens so strongly objected that it had to be cancelled. The publication of the book could not, of course, be delayed; so copies with the objectionable plate were distributed until the new one could be prepared and printed. Hence, in the three-volume edition, we have the suppressed plate, and in the serial number, containing the same matter, instead of the cancelled plate, which we should naturally expect to find in the "original parts," we have the one which took its place.

Before finally cancelling the fireside scene, Cruikshank seems to have worked it over, putting into it a large amount of added work, by which the tone of the plate is rendered much darker. No doubt a proof of the retouched plate was taken and submitted to Dickens, and again rejected. A copy of the plate in this second state was in the Bruton Collection; and if any others exist, they must be of the utmost rarity.

For the fireside scene was substituted a plate representing Rose Maylie and Oliver at Agnes's tomb. Singularly, however, this latter plate is also to be found in two states. In the first, Rose is dressed in a light gown, with a dark shawl, or lace fichu, thrown over her shoulders; in the second state, the plate has been touched up and the gown changed into a black one. Mr. Layard gives both the suppressed and the substituted plates, each in its first and second state; but in the national edition only the first state of the suppressed plate and the second state of its substitute are given.

The book closes with a chapter on "adapted" or "palimpsest" plates. In the days of woodcuts, copperplate engraving, and etching, much more time was required to prepare illustrations for the press than at the present day, when process work has almost entirely superseded the older methods of illustration. It sometimes happened, however, even in those days, that prompt measures were necessary to counteract the effect of some cartoon or pictorial satire. In such a case, an old plate was often taken and so changed by burnishing out certain portions and re-engraving them that it could be made to answer its new purpose, and the lampooner be confounded with a retort while the subject was still fresh in the public mind. It is to such plates as these that the very proper name of "palimpsest plates" has been given. This phase of the subject has been illustrated by a number of fine examples showing the plates in their different states.

Among these are three different states of the original engraving by Pierre Lom-bart after the made-up portrait of Charles I. on horseback, purporting to be a Van Dyke. This same plate has been treated by Whitman, in his *Print Collector's Handbook*, London, 1903, where two additional states are given.

Mr. Layard's work contains more than sixty plates, and illustrations in the text, the two being about equally divided. He treats in a most entertaining manner of a subject which cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to every ardent book-hunter, print-collector, and artist. It is to be hoped that the work will meet with the success which it deserves, and that its author will be encouraged to publish a second and much enlarged edition.

George Watson Cole.

II

MR. TRAUBEL'S "WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN"*

In the two volumes which Mr. Traubel has now given us is contained a day-by-day record of seven months in the life of

*With Walt Whitman in Camden. Volume II. By Horace Traubel. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

O Captain! dearest Captain! ^{get} ~~wake~~ up
 & hear the bells ^{ring} ~~ring~~
 Wake up & see the ^{glorious} ~~shining~~ sun, & see the
 flags a-flying ^{splendid} ~~in~~ ^{sun}
 For you it is the City's ^{heart} ~~heart~~ - for you the
 shores are crowded;
 For you the ^{red-rose} ~~rosy~~ garlands, and ^{reflecting} ~~the many~~ eyes
 of women;
 O Captain! O my father! my arm I ^{push} ~~place~~
 around you;
 It is some dream that on the deck
 you ^{sleep, slumber, bask} ~~lie~~ & ^{rest} ~~lead~~.

FIRST DRAFT MANUSCRIPT OF ONE VERSE OF WHITMAN'S "MY CAPTAIN"

Walt Whitman, from March 28 to October 31, 1888. It is reported that a number of additional volumes exist in manuscript. The books already published form, I believe, a document without parallel. Mr. Traubel has something more than the ordinary disciple's devotion to a master. He is so sure of his hero that he has set down everything that came to his hand without a sign of discrimination or criticism—the bad with the good, the endlessly trivial with the significant, the mean with the important, Whitman's vanity, egotism, vulgarity, littlenesses, as well as his magnanimity, humanity, clarity of vision. Consequently we have in these volumes a huge and amorphous diary, an *omnium gatherum* of Whitman's talk on every subject under the sun, interspersed with letters and other documents injected into the record as they happened to come to the surface in the litter of his room in Mickle Street, Camden. Mr. Traubel is not an editor but a scribe. He has left the reader to do his own editing. Boswell's *Johnson* shows, by comparison, a rigorously selective hand. It is the Boswellian method of biography carried to its extreme. It is

hardly, even, in the restricted sense, a book.

For all this Mr. Traubel has been and will be much criticised. Undoubtedly he might, by judicious selection, have compiled a remarkably interesting book dealing with Whitman's literary opinions. On all reasonable grounds of precedent, of taste and fitness, this is what he should have done. For justification of his actual course one can only fall back on the most frankly subjective reasons. Personally I am glad that the experiment has been tried of putting to paper, as fully and indiscriminately as seems possible, the daily life and talk of a man—and a man great enough, with all reservations made, to be representative. And in the actual result, despite enormous masses of the irrelevant, I find something curiously interesting. Others may not agree with me; they may find the man obscured under this mass of detail of his talk. I shall not attempt to justify the personal impression.

Yet even those who would have preferred to have their selecting done for them can by searching find here much that is worth while. The most unlitrary

Before I leave
 America I must see
 you again - there is no
 one in this wide great
 world of America
 whom I love and
 honour so much.
 with warm
 affection, and honest
 admiration,
 Oscar Wilde

10

A PAGE FROM AN OSCAR WILDE LETTER TO WALT WHITMAN

of writers, Whitman was a catholic reader, and his judgments of men and books are often illuminating. They may be picked at random from these pages: Of Emerson: "He was our one man to do a particular job wholly on his own account." "Dana has a hissing, hating side, that I don't like at all—it goes against my grain—but it is not the chief thing in the man, and when his total is made up cuts only a small figure." "Browning is in some respects utterly free—free not to explain: free to put down his statement where it may be seen and then let the world find its own way to a meaning—free of the desire to be at once or ever understood." "Sheridan was in many respects our soldier of soldiers—was the most dashing of the lot—though as I sit here nowadays I am wondering if the whole soldier business is not cursed beyond palliation." (A characteristic comment, that last.) "Blake is great—very, very—and is not to be imitated: Blake began and ended in Blake." Of Sheridan again: "He was in essentials a

genius: he had almost phenomenal directness, and genius is almost a hundred per cent. directness—nothing more." "Norway has made her best men much bigger than her own size—has made them men of world-dimensions: Ibsen, Björnson, the others." "Conway is always writing . . . seemed intended for a better fate but some screw got loose in the machinery and the result, though not a dead failure, was not what I call the right sort of success." "Wilde . . . has extraordinary brilliancy of genius with perhaps rather too little root in eternal soils." "Carlyle's very existence was an insult to the Almighty—a slap in the face of the universe." (This in spite of his great admiration for Carlyle.) "George Eliot was a great, gentle soul, lacking sunlight."

These pronouncements are perhaps less characteristic of their subjects than of Whitman himself—of his ideas and his direct, vivid manner of expressing them. This does not reduce their value. It is no longer necessary to protest that Whitman

is one of the men of our country who demand to be taken most largely into account. His egotism, as it appears in these pages, is also characteristic. Sometimes it is the egotism of a rather small vanity, but on the whole it is the egotism of a big man, healthily conscious of himself and the importance of his work. No man was ever better able to wait for recognition. "I do not look for a vast audience—for great numbers of endorsers, absorbers—just now—perhaps not even after awhile." Evidently his democracy was not altogether founded on a false premise. "I always say that it is significant when a woman accepts me." "I had, I may say, an unusual capacity for standing still, rooted on a spot, at a rest, for a long spell, to ruminate—hours in and out, sometimes." "I don't mind the fellows who say without a tremor: 'Here, damn you, Walt Whitman, what do you mean by all this nonsense. To hell with you, Walt Whitman: to hell with you! to hell with you!' That don't sound bad—on the contrary it sounds very good—it is tonic." "I am not a saint—have never been guilty of setting up for a saint. I find some of my friends—some of the ardent eulogists—making very many claims for me which I would not make for myself. Neither do I feel that I am such an awful sinner: I have made mistakes—many of them: led an average human life: not too good, not too bad—just a so-so sort of life." These confessions, which have the ring of truth, show how healthily-minded the man was. The book is not all triviality.

The net result of this volume is not to overturn any accepted judgments of Whitman the man. It shows us the figure we have known from other books—most of all from his own—only filling in details and giving the close, first-hand view that means intimacy. At least, so it affects one reader. Mr. Traubel's report of Whitman is the man himself, good and bad, interesting and tedious—all the qualities that go to the making of a human being thrown at you indiscriminately, and only to be smoothed out and arranged into an artistic portrait by the exercise of care and patience.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

COLONEL DODGE'S "NAPOLEON"*

These two volumes, each containing about 750 pages, complete the elaborate military study of the greatest of all soldiers, to which Colonel Dodge has devoted many years. How strictly the history is a military history may be seen from the sub-title which styles the work "A History of the Art of War." The third volume begins with the Peninsular War and continues to the end of the Russian campaign. The fourth and last volume leads us from the battle of Lützen to Waterloo.

It is for the professional soldier to estimate rightly the value of Colonel Dodge's criticisms and comments upon the great Napoleonic campaigns. The thoroughness with which he has carried out his task is apparent even to the civilian reader. The volumes are supplied with a great number of maps and plans which illustrate the strategic and tactical operations. Colonel Dodge has brought to bear upon the problems the same meticulous industry which he applied in his previous studies of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Gustavus Adolphus, whom, with Napoleon and Frederick the Great, he regards as the most illustrious soldiers of all time.

Most readers will turn at once to Colonel Dodge's treatment of the Waterloo campaign, bearing in mind for purposes of comparison the elaborate history by Mr. John Holland Rose and the slighter works of Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley. It will be remembered that Mr. Rose makes an elaborate argument against the generally accepted belief that Napoleon in 1815 was neither physically nor mentally the same man that he had been at Marengo and Ulm and Austerlitz. This contention by Mr. Rose is, of course, flattering to English national pride; for Englishmen like to think that Wellington met Napoleon on equal terms and conquered him when he was still master of all his marvellous fertility of resource and with his genius un-

*Napoleon. Great Captains Series. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U.S.A. Vols. III. and IV. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

impaired. Colonel Dodge, however, makes it once more plain that from the year 1807 the real Napoleon began to fade; that more and more his judgment became untrustworthy, that his old-time energy was sapped. He recalls again Napoleon's recurrent periods of lethargy, his carelessness about details, his failure to examine in person the condition of his enemy, and his neglect to give explicit instructions in writing as to movements which were crucial in their importance.

There can be no doubt that in June, 1815, he was the victim of a painful urinary disorder, and that, like his nephew, Napoleon III., during the Franco-Prussian War he often suffered exquisite pain when compelled to mount his horse and ride long distances. To these causes must be ascribed the succession of delays in carrying out his plans. No one of these delays was in itself important; but the *combe* undoubtedly gave the victory to his two opponents. Had Ney seized Quatre Bras directly after the defeat of the Prussians, there can be no doubt that the English and the Prussian armies would have been driven so far apart that they would have been unable to unite on the field of Waterloo. In that case Wellington must have suffered the full shock of Napoleon's undivided forces, and must have been chased beyond Brussels at the close of that momentous day.

As it was, Wellington by no means fought the battle like a master of war. That he made serious blunders both before and during the engagement is a matter of military record. That the final victory was due to the arrival of Blücher is a fact which even Englishmen to-day admit. Speaking of Wellington, Colonel Dodge ranks him no higher than many other commanders whom Napoleon had beaten in the early part of his career. He regards him as about equal in military gifts to the Austrian Archduke Charles, who was, indeed, a competent and by no means ineffective soldier, but who is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the great Corsican.

Those who cannot readily follow the technicalities of the campaigns as described by Colonel Dodge will read with pleasure the concluding chapters of his

book, which sum up the character and genius of Napoleon, and which compare him with the other supreme commanders to whom history assigns the foremost rank. Alexander, says Colonel Dodge, was the first teacher of systematic war; Hannibal was the father of strategy; Julius Cæsar was the ideal organiser; Gustavus Adolphus was the father of modern war; Frederick the Great was preëminently the battle tactician; while Napoleon was the perfect strategist.

In intellectual grasp, all six great captains stand side by side. In enthusiastic activity and in all the qualities which compel good fortune, Alexander stands clearly at the head. No one but Frederick has perhaps so brilliant a string of tactical jewels as Hannibal; while in a persistent, unswerving struggle of many years to coerce success against the constantly blackening frowns of Fortune, Hannibal stands alone and incomparable. Cæsar was a giant in conception and execution alike, and stands apart in having taught himself in middle life how to wage war, and then waging it in a fashion equalled only by the other five. Gustavus will always rank not only as the man who rescued intellectual war from oblivion, but as a most splendid soldier, in nobility of purpose and intelligence of method, that the annals of the world have to show. Frederick is not only the Battle Captain who never blanched at numbers, but truly the Last of the Kings—king and priest—in the history of mankind. Napoleon carries us to the highest plane of genius and power and success, and then declines. We begin by feeling that here is indeed the greatest of the captains, and we end by recognising that he has not acted out the part. No doubt, taking him in his many-sidedness, Cæsar is the greatest character in history. It may not unfairly be claimed that Napoleon follows next, especially in that he preserved for Europe many germs of the liberty which was born of the blood of the Revolution. Cæsar was the most useful man of antiquity; Napoleon comes near to being the most useful man of modern times.

It may be remarked that there are some infelicities in Colonel Dodge's narrative, unimportant, to be sure, yet still annoying. Whether or not he personally translated all the documents from the French in Vol. IV., we do not know, but he is certainly responsible for them and

many of them are very badly done into a sort of schoolboy literal English. Accents are omitted in some of the French names, as regularly in the case of Masséna. Again, there is the same carelessness with regard to the umlaut in German. Thus, Colonel Dodge consistently writes Bülow, but also consistently and incorrectly "Blucher" for Blücher. Probably "Somatophylaxes" (page 683) is a misprint. His mention of Jackson's "cotton-bale rampart" at the battle of New Orleans involves a surprising error for an exact student of military history. It may be too that the reader will find himself occasionally wondering whether Colonel Dodge is not himself the greatest master of war that has ever appeared; for he makes it evident in almost every chapter that, had he been in command, the errors which Napoleon made would never have been committed. It reminds one of his comment on Grant's superb campaign at Vicksburg—the one great military achievement of that general. In his *Bird's Eye View of Our Civil War*, Colonel Dodge remarked that Grant's manoeuvring was "strange." It was, however, essentially Napoleonic, and the result of it ought to be a sufficient justification of it even in the eyes of Colonel Dodge himself. The truth is, of course, that no battle is ever fought precisely as a general would wish to have it fought. The element of uncertainty plays a very large part whenever great bodies of men contend together; and doubtless if we knew the truth, the most superb success is often more surprising to the commander who achieves it than to any other human being.

Richard W. Kemp.

IV

THE LAST OF THE STEWARTS

The value of fiction as a means of teaching history has often been discussed. It is not necessary to renew the discussion here. Perhaps it is just neither to fiction nor to history to consider the so-called historical novel in any other aspect than its aspect as a work of art. If such a novel excels in such matters as plot, dialogue, characterisation and the like,

and if the historical background is correct in the general outlines, it is a good novel, whatever errors of detail it may exhibit. Whatever information the reader may gain is incidental. Undeniably many persons have gained from the pages of Shakespeare or Scott vivid glimpses of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago. Yet it is Shakespeare who is largely responsible for the distorted view of the last of the Plantagenets which has prevailed in the face of the facts. And it is an even greater novelist than Scott who has done most to perpetuate the injustice of posterity to the memory of the son of James II. The portrait drawn in "Henry Esmond" is brilliant and convincing in itself; but it has little basis of fact. James III. of England—for so the partisans of the Stewarts always called him, and so he was in justice—was not "a wild, witty, heartless and ingrate young profligate, seldom sober, and when sober running after every pretty face; destroying the plans and striving to ruin the honour of his most devoted adherents." That theory has been exploded before, but never so thoroughly as by Miss Shield and Mr. Lang in *The King over the Water*.* By a careful study of all the documents available, what is really the first complete modern biography of James has been produced. "Most of the research, and almost all the writing, are Miss Shield's. My part has been mainly that of supervision and of condensation," Mr. Lang says in his preface. The volume thus prepared is a notable addition to the Stewart literature.

The third James Stewart was unfortunate from his birth. The slander that he was not really the son of James II. and Mary of Modena persisted long after its absolute falsity had been proved. William of Orange, whose hopes of succeeding quietly to the throne for which he had long intrigued were blasted by the event, and all the enemies of the rightful king did their utmost for years to keep it alive. Sent with his mother to France before his father was forced to abdicate, the young prince was in perpetual peril; the usurper who sanctioned the Massacre

**The King over the Water*. By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1907.

of Glencoe would not have hesitated to connive at his assassination. He was a delicate boy, and, indeed, all through his life he suffered from ill-health. There were times when he wearied of the task to which he was in honour bound; but his strong sense of duty held him. We search the chronicles in vain for any justification of the accusations brought against him by Thackeray. He was sincerely religious, scrupulously moral in an immoral age, intelligent, conscientious and faithful to every obligation. He had, of course, the defects of his virtues. He sometimes hesitated where a bold course was essential; he shrank from bringing misfortune to his adherents or shedding the blood of his adversaries; he had not the buoyant temperament and the personal magnetism with which Bonnie Prince Charlie set the heather on fire. Yet he was loved by those who knew him best; and for years Scotland watched in vain for "Jamie" to "come hame."

Probably he might have regained his lost throne had he consented to forswear his faith. There is nothing to indicate that he contemplated any subversive designs upon the Anglican Church. But hatred of Romanism was deep rooted among the English people; and however much they might despise the first two Georges they would not consent to be ruled over by a "Papist." James III. had promised the fullest protection to the established faith, and he was one who kept his promises; he was no propagandist, like his father, but rather inclined to Quietism; and yet the dread of Papal aggression inherited from the days of Elizabeth stood in his path. The charges of immorality also doubtless had much weight with the Puritan element. Such charges are easy to bring and hard to refute. But the most exhaustive investigation has failed to substantiate them. Even the explicit accusation of Queen Clementina is shown to be baseless. For James was no more fortunate in his marriage than in the other affairs of his melancholy life. The story of Clementina Sobieski should be tolerably familiar. Her arrest at Innsbruck by order of the emperor while she was on her way to join her husband-to-be, her rescue by the gallant Chevalier Wogan, her narrow escapes

from a hundred perils—these things appeal to the romancer. The trouble was that the granddaughter of the great Polish hero, passionate, impulsive, fond of gaiety and splendour, was no fit mate for the grave, brooding man oppressed with a sense of failure and devoted to endless schemes which came to nothing. Yet the two were happy enough at first. It was after the failure of her hopes had alienated Clementina from her crownless king that she began to sulk and to intrigue with his false friends. The action of James in appointing a Protestant tutor for his elder son enraged her beyond measure; she resented her exclusion from her husband's political counsels; and she finally went so far as to declare that Lady Inverness, the wife of the king's secretary of state, was the king's mistress. The miserable quarrel scandalised all Europe, and injured James with his own countrymen.

"Hysteria was at the bottom of it," is the conclusion reached by the authors of *The King over the Water*; and there is no reason to dissent from that conclusion. It is certain that James never failed in his love for Clementina, sadly as she tried him. Nor was he without a stoic virtue in the other chances and changes of his mortal life. The story of his son's adventure in "the Forty-Five" need not be repeated here. It came so near success that no one has ever really succeeded in explaining why it failed. Charles was better fitted for such an enterprise than his father. But he had not his father's strength of character in misfortune. Few things in history are more pathetic than the record of James's closing years. Charles, plunged in unworthy dissipations and fruitless intrigues, was lost to him; for a time he was divided from his younger son Henry, the Cardinal Duke of York. And yet through all the darkening shadows he lived and died a sincere Christian. It is no more than justice that his character should at last be vindicated beyond dispute, as it is in these pages.

The younger son, considered by many in his youth more promising than Charles, but who injured his brother's prospects and spoiled his own by taking Holy Orders and becoming a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, is to most persons an

exceedingly shadowy figure. Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan has therefore filled a distinct gap in the story of the unhappy house by giving, in *The Last of the Royal Stuarts*,* a careful account of his life—a life far more serene than that of either his father or his brother. Henry IX. never abated his pretensions to the English throne, and he maintained the royal style to the last; but the hopelessness of his ambition did not seem to trouble him much. Obviously his turn of mind was ecclesiastical rather than political. He busied himself in his diocese of Frascati with reforming clergy and people and founding schools and orphanages. His purity of life and conscientious regard for duty were as marked as his father's. He carried forward many public works and turned the deserted Jesuit college into a seminary for the better education of priests. Here he brought together a fine library, which still exists, though it was plundered by the French when Napoleon overran Italy. It was at this time, too, that the cardinal was driven in poverty, first to Naples and then to Venice. He had had considerable wealth and lived in the state becoming an exiled king. Through the efforts of Cardinal Borgia and Sir John Hippisley, George III. became interested in his case, sent him £500 and afterwards granted him a pension. This is as curious a chapter in the history of the Stuarts as the visits of Charles Edward to London, about the time of George III.'s coronation, unmolested by the government. Henry responded gracefully to this overture, although he did not cease to sign himself *Henricus Rex*.

It is impossible to suppose that Henry had any expectation of a Stewart restoration at this time. But much interest and sympathy was aroused in England in his behalf. He, too, appealed to generous hearts by reason of his many sorrows. The quarrel with his father was largely his own fault, but it was speedily made up, and on the whole he appears as a rarely dutiful son. Toward his brother he was usually kind in spite of many provocations. and his treatment of

Charles's wife and daughter was uniformly considerate. He was no hero of romance, but in these pages he presents a not unattractive appearance. The tragic history of the Stuarts came to a peaceful end when he died in 1807, two centuries after a Stewart king succeeded to the English throne.

Edward Fuller.

V

LES FILIGRANES*

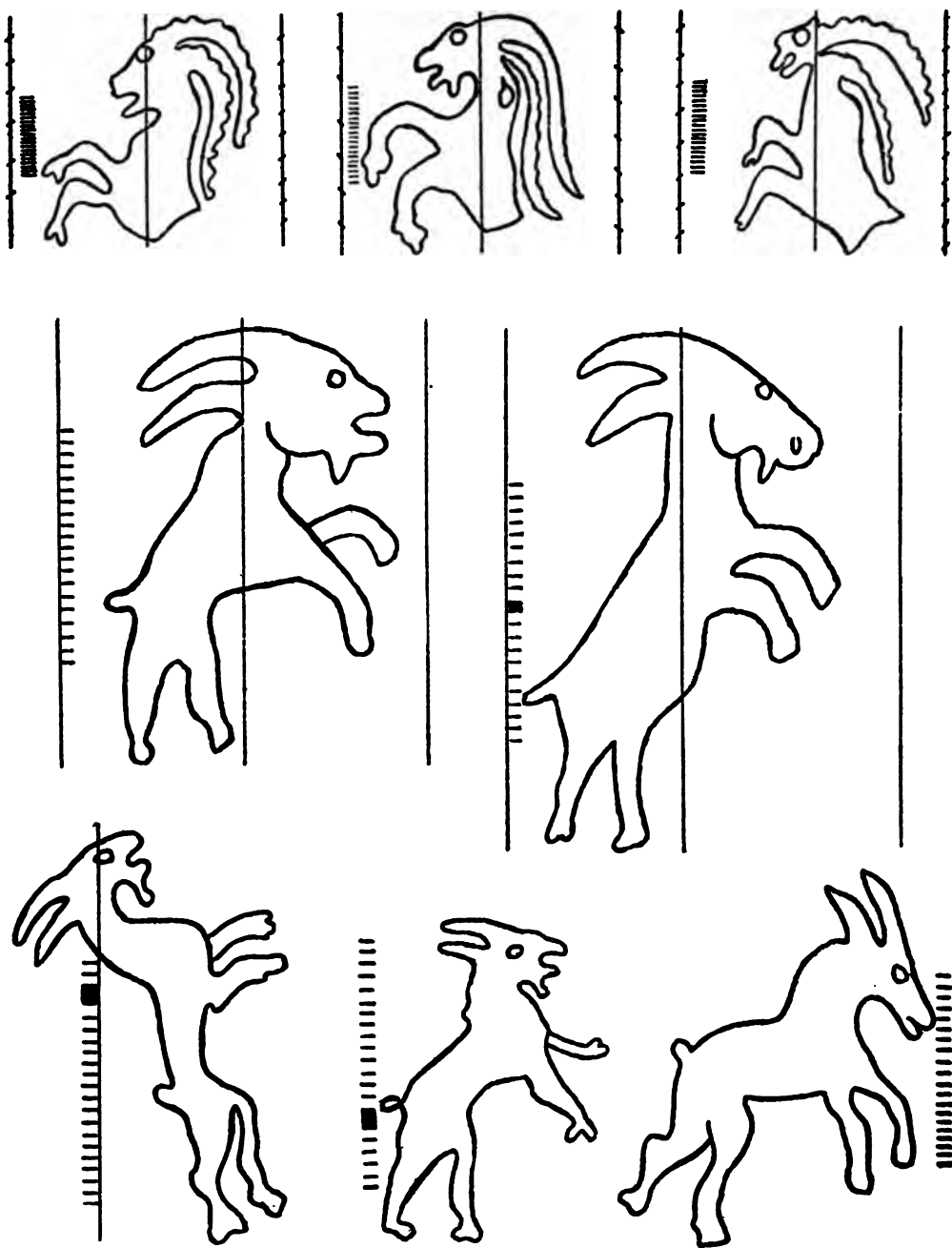
Booklovers will be grateful to us for calling their attention to a curious and remarkable work published recently by C. M. Briquet, a gentleman of French descent living in Geneva, Switzerland. The field of researches picked out by the author was almost unexplored, and therefore, in our age of encyclopædias, the book gives the reader the rare and delightful privilege of coming into contact with something really new—at least to most of us, and offering a new range of sensations.

Mr. Briquet has devoted twenty-five years of his life to a careful study of filigranes, or water-marks in the paper—really trademarks—which are made by a copper wire shaped in some determined fashion and pressed on the moist paper pulp. To see them one must hold the sheet against the light. The filigranes of our days seldom offer anything striking, but in the early days of paper manufacturing, people devoted a good deal of care in inventing models and working them out; in consequence those filigranes of the middle ages frequently possess a certain "cachet" which renders a study of them truly fascinating. Most paper was at that time manufactured in France, and we know well enough how those French *artisans*, before the time of the invention of machines, would never allow anything to leave their shops where the artistic touch would be lacking.

Then, in former centuries, people showed a respect for whatever pertained to books which has long since passed

*Les filigranes. Dictionnaire historique des marques du papier dès leur apparition vers 1282 jusqu'en 1600. Par C. M. Briquet. Avec 39 figures dans le texte et 16,112 fac-similés de filigranes. 4 vol. gr. in 4to. Genève, 1907. A. Jullien. Prix 200 francs.

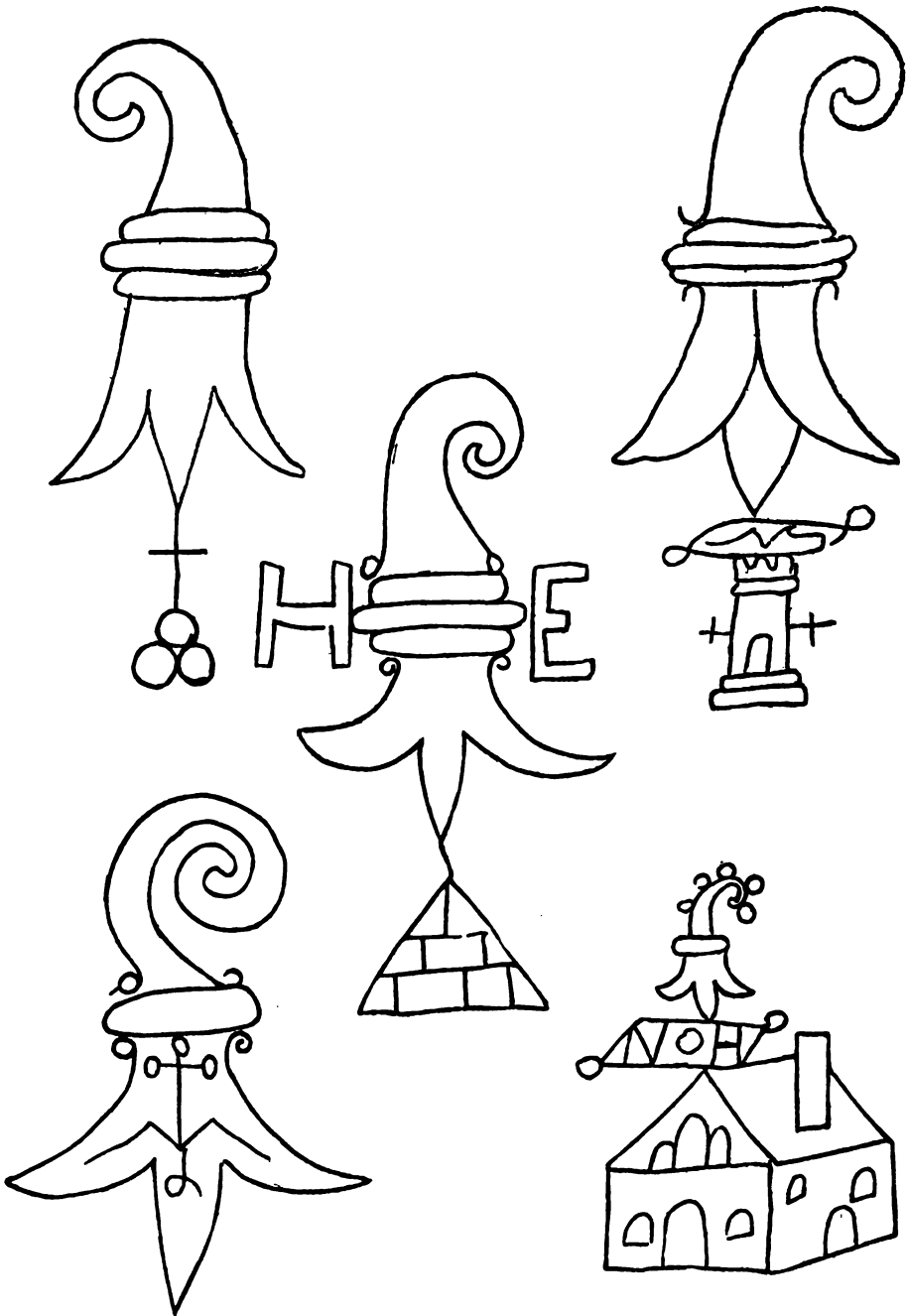
*The Last of the Royal Stuarts: Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York. By Herbert M. Vaughan. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1906.



FILIGRANES OF SOME OF THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN PAPER MAKERS IN THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES

away. Books were for them really temples of thought; and as in building their churches and cathedrals they always wanted to work out every detail, as they

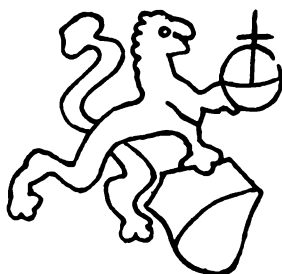
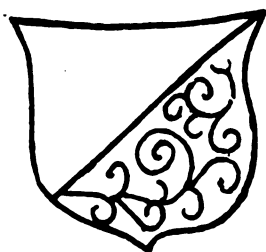
did not use one stone, so to speak, which had not been previously consecrated by no matter how little art, and as no corner was too obscure, too inconspicuous for



FILIGRANES CONTAINING THE CROSS OF BASEL, ACCOMPANIED BY THE INDIVIDUAL MARKS OF
 ~ " PAPER MAKERS. THE MARKS ARE THOSE OF DÜRING, 1567; HANS ECKLIN, 1578;
 THURNEYSSEN, 1561; FRIEDLI HÜSSLER, 1543, AND NICOLAS HÜSSLER 1591

some little bit of sculpture, so in their books they would not only put art in their lettering, in the illustrations, in the binding, but even in their paper, where one

cannot see it unless expressly looking for it. And those designs, although concealed, were by no means contemptible art. All the fanciful dreams and represen-



FILIGRANES OF THE ZURICH PAPER MAKERS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

tations of the romanesque middle ages are reflected in those filigranes, an endless procession of naïve, touching, quaint, fascinating figures: bells, scales, crowns of all sorts and of all shapes; moons, suns, stars, towers, cutlasses, crossbows, and other arms; chimeras, basilics, sirens; bears, horses, stags, lions, boars, eagles; angels, pascal lambs, Virgin Mary, the Holy Father, and so forth. (And those objects, by the way, explain names which are still in use to-day, like crown paper, post [postman's horn] paper, elephant paper, foolscap.) There are thousands and thousands of them, for Mr. Briquet has spared no trouble to be as complete as possible. He has consulted, as he explains himself in his Introduction, some 30,840 volumes and bundles, and 1,432 portfolios full of documents of all kinds, in libraries, archives, and various collections all over France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary, Italy, Holland. He has taken about 44,000 tracings of filigranes, of which 16,112 are reproduced in fac-similes in the four volumes of the work.

It would be an injustice to the author to convey the impression that his book can interest only booklovers of the contemplative kind; in fact it is just the other way. *Les Filigranes* is meant to be, and is going to be, first of all a useful work, a first-class tool for scientific purposes. Long ago scholars wanted such a study to be made, but the most interested recoiled before the magnitude of the task.

Useful it will be first for ascertaining dates of manuscripts or prints of the middle ages. Often the greatest scholars cannot, by historical methods and philological criticism, determine with sufficient accuracy the age of a document. A well-

informed work on filigranes, as the one on hand, may assist the student in a wonderful manner. The paper mark being known to have been used between such and such dates, a very vexed problem may be solved by a mere glance at the *Dictionnaire*. Not long ago a long scientific discussion was settled, thanks to Mr. Briquet's method. There exist several copies of a valuable chronique of early Swiss history. It was important to know which was the original copy. Palæographers and archivists were helpless. In examining, however, the filigranes, the problem was solved without any possibility of doubt.

The book will also be useful, thanks to its original and various designs, to archæologists, antiquarians, students of art; heraldists will consult it frequently, and collectors of autographs too.

And last but not least this work will practically put out of a very lucrative although very objectionable business, the forgers of old documents. Tragedies like Vigny's *Chatterton*, and novels like Daudet's *L'Immortel* will hardly be possible in the future.

Thus this work of Mr. Briquet, hailed all over Europe as a monument of patient and exact erudition, and yet which has nothing of the dryness often found in scholarly books, will no doubt find recognition on this side of the ocean as well as where bibliophiles are becoming more numerous every day.

A. Schins.

VI

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "JEAN D'ARC"*

The most salient feature of this new life of Jeanne d'Arc (a feature which has

**Vie de Jeanne D'Arc*. In Two Volumes. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

evoked several protests within a week of publication and which is sure to evoke more) is the relative unimportance which the author assigns to the direct action of the maid of Domremy. The rescue of the beleaguered city of Orléans, upon which generations of poets and historians have lavished stirring stanzas and thrilling periods, seems to him anything but a brilliant feat of arms, and the campaigns which followed were, in his opinion, nothing to boast of:

"The city of Orléans had, by way of defence, walls, moats, cannon, men-at-arms, and money. The English had not been able either to take it by assault or to invest it. Between their works passed convoys, companies. Jeanne was introduced into the city with a fine army of reinforcements which brought numbers of cattle, sheep and swine. . . . The besiegers were exhausted as regards both men and money. They had lost all their horses. Far from being able to attempt a fresh attack, they had not the force to maintain themselves long in their positions. At the end of April, there were four thousand English before Orléans and, perhaps, less, for some left every day. . . . At this same time, the defenders of the city consisted of six thousand men-at-arms and archers and of bourgeois militia to the number of three thousand. At Saint-Loup, there were fifteen hundred French against four hundred English; at Les Tourelles, five thousand French against four or five hundred English. In withdrawing, 'the Godons'* abandoned to their fate the little garrisons of Jargeau, of Meung and of Beaugency. The state of the English army may be judged by the battle of Patay, not a battle but a massacre, at which Jeanne arrived only in time to bemoan the cruelty of the conquerors. . . . During what is called the 'mission of Jeanne d'Arc' from Orléans to Compiègne, the French lost but a few hundred men. The English suffered more, because they were fleeing and because it was the custom of the conquerors to kill all those whom it was not worth while to hold for ransom. But the battles were rare, consequently the defeats

*The Godons are the English. The name was given them because of their profuse use of "God-dams."

were also rare and the number of the combatants was small. There was only a handful of English in France."

As regards the opinion advanced in certain quarters, that the maid of Domremy was exceedingly skilful in grouping and conducting an army and particularly expert in directing artillery, M. France says:

Jeanne, always at prayer and in ecstasy, did not observe the enemy, she did not know the roads, she did not estimate the forces engaged, she paid no attention either to the height of the walls or the width of the moats. We hear officers discuss to-day the tactical genius of "La Pucelle." She had only one form of tactics—namely, to prevent the men from blaspheming the Lord and from trailing harlots with them. She believed that they would be destroyed for their sins, but that, if they combated in a state of grace, they would be given the victory. This was all her military science, apart from the fact that she did not fear danger.

The English were already in an impossible situation when Jeanne d'Arc appeared upon the scene. Their discomfiture and withdrawal was a foregone conclusion; it was only a question of time. The arrival of the virgin warrior may have accelerated somewhat an event that was inevitable. This is the most that can be conceded.

It was not Jeanne who drove the English from France. If she helped to save Orléans, she rather retarded the deliverance of the country in causing the army to miss, by the march of the "Sacre," the opportunity to recover Normandy. The misfortunes of the English from 1428 on explain themselves very naturally. In peaceful Guyenne, where they tilled the soil, engaged in business and navigation, and administered skilfully the finances, the district, which they rendered prosperous, was very much attached to them. Along the banks of the Seine and of the Loire, on the contrary, they could not get a foothold. They had never been able to implant themselves there, to settle there in sufficient numbers, to set up there solid establishments. Shut up in fortresses and châteaux, they did not cultivate the soil enough to conquer it. . . . Their ridiculously small garrisons found themselves prisoners in the country of their conquest. They had long

teeth, but a pickerel does not swallow an ox. . . . What is really surprising is not that the English were driven out of France, but that they were driven out so slowly.

Another noteworthy feature of M. France's work is its great indulgence toward most of the parties responsible for the death of Jeanne. M. France scouts the idea that she was wantonly victimised by the persons whose interests she had served. "I confess," he says, "that I have been unable to discover the covert intrigues of the councillors of the king and of the captains, who had sworn to accomplish the downfall of the saint. They assail the eyes of several historians; as for me, do my best, I cannot discern them." He finds the imprisonment of Jeanne natural enough, considering the spirit of the times, and, by expounding the psychology of the fifteenth century, he explains and excuses, if he does not justify, her condemnation to the stake. This apology of the Church is the more significant that it comes from a man who is a free-thinker and an anti-clerical (of late years a militant anti-clerical); and it would be positively disconcerting, were it not that its author has been all his life a passionate lover of the patristic literature in which he is better versed, probably, than nine-tenths of the ecclesiastics of to-day.

M. France has no doubts whatever regarding the absolute sincerity of Jeanne. "It is impossible," he says, "to suspect her of deceit." He admits freely that she heard voices and saw visions. She was a saint in a mystic age, when it was almost normal to be a saint; and the influence she exerted is easily explained by that fact. "What was expected of science in 1871 was expected of religion in 1428. Hence, it was as natural for the Bastard of Orléans to think of utilising Jeanne as it was for Gambetta to think of having recourse to the technical knowledge of M. de Freycinet." Nevertheless, he is of the opinion (without being able, as he frankly admits, to advance conclusive proofs thereof) that Jeanne frequented very early certain unknown priests attached to the cause of the Dauphin who fervently desired the end of the war and that her delusions and illusions were

nourished and directed by these mysterious parties.

Anatole France is generally conceded to be the foremost living master of French prose. In point of style, *La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* is every way worthy of the author of *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* and *Le Jardin d'Épicure*. It is a limpid, smoothly-flowing stream of beautiful sentences which could proceed from no other source.

M. France is also conceded to be the subtlest French ironist of his epoch. In the *Jeanne d'Arc*, however, he has stubbornly resisted the temptation to complicate by too much sophistication a narrative which his unerring sense of the fitness of things tells him should be simple, straightforward, reverent, and sweet. Most of the relatively rare instances in which a trace of the amiable irony of *M. Jérôme Coignard* appears are justified by a similar quality in an ancient text. The literary heroism displayed by M. France in this matter is entitled to unmeasured praise.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

VII

WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S "SOMEHOW GOOD"*

Mr. de Morgan is a giant in the marketplace. *Somchow Good* makes one better aware of the generous dimensions of his figure, more certain of its solidity. *Joseph Vance*, with all its delightfulness, left one with the not unpleasing sense of disquiet which might be felt in the neighbourhood of a genial ghost. There was a touch of the uncanny in that revival of a mode of fiction which had seemingly exhausted itself at least a generation ago. Was it a revival, or less than that, an imitation, or more than that, a survival? *Alice-for-Short* did not altogether clear the matter up. Some people liked it better than its predecessor, some not so well; everybody agreed it was much the same kind of thing. The question what kind of thing remained unanswered. Was it perhaps only another elaborate study in mid-Victorian

**Somchow Good*. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

romance? But the fact probably is that merely a few critics bothered their heads about the kind of thing; the general reader simply took these stories home to his bosom. They were terribly long-winded, disjointed, impertinent, garrulous, they could not be skipped or hurried; they took every advantage of the story-teller's license, did as they pleased—and pleased as they did. All sorts of people liked them for all sorts of reasons—the final fest of a generous art. And it seems pretty clear that the art of a novelist can only be a generous art when advantage is taken of the license under which he works. Our current theory of the compact novel, the trim novel, the happy-despatch novel is a shallow theory induced by our fatuous regard for that inconsiderable literary capsule, the short story. Your proper novel—your Tom Jones, or Humphrey Clinker, or Peveril or Esmond, does not in the least suggest a statue or a play. Its virtues are not those of purity, restraint, concision, but of profusion, richness, and embellishment. Your tale, your *conte*, is at best a pretty jewel: Heaven help the novel if it is only to be a paste enlargement of it.

Somehow Good, as I say, makes me fully aware of Mr. de Morgan's as a solid corporeal head and shoulders, set square and calm above the fiddling impatience and impotence which shrills its wares in the popular market place of letters. There is no air of strain or striving about him; and whatever whimsical self-consciousness may have attended his arrival has given place to the quiet confidence of one who has arrived. *Somehow Good* is somewhat less diffuse and discursive than its predecessors; it has fewer characters, and the ingredients of the tale are simpler. Indeed, their simplicity is fairly appalling. This is a theme which no mid-Victorian novelist would have dreamed of concerning himself with. It is modern with a vengeance; it frankly concerns one of those problems of sex psychology now commonly made an excuse for literary prurience or ribaldry. In Mr. de Morgan's hands it becomes matter not for morbid curiosity or flippancy, but for intense human sympathy in the exact sense of the word. In the elder Rosalind's fall we sin all, and

for that sin we all reasonably, not mawkishly, atone. For amid all our distress it is given us to understand in what sense we have fallen. When as a young girl on the eve of marriage Rosalind Nightingale becomes the victim of a mature rake into whose clutches fate has thrown her, her own share of the fault is as small as it can be under the circumstances. She has really no sense of having forfeited the right to live and be happy, and allows herself to be married by a man who knows nothing of her "fall." She has committed two heinous and irreparable crimes according to the canons of melodrama. After her betrothal she has allowed herself to be seduced by a married man, and has entered the estate of wedlock under the falsest of pretences. Well, the first part of her penance is conventional enough. Shortly after her marriage, the fact of the past is brought home to her in the simplest of ways: now indeed the horror of it all seizes her, and she tells her husband. He, being young and normal, leaves her, and institutes proceedings for divorce, which fall through on technical grounds. He disappears. It is clear enough what ought to happen to her after this, according to all the rules of the dramatist and the novelist. She ought to commit suicide; or she ought, after vainly attempting to support self and "cheeld," to present herself in a black shawl some winter day at the door of her betrayer (or her husband) and beg for bread; or she ought to become a "woman of the street" and haunt the back-scene in "tawdry finery" at untimely moments. However, it is precisely here that the action of our story is observed to be remote from the call of the prompter. In fact, this ordinary human person—a strong and lovable person—proceeds to live on in the ordinary human way. The past is bad enough—she knows how bad it is better than anybody else; but she does not spend the rest of her life in brooding over the fact that she is "ruined." No more do her friends. One of them, an uncle in the army, takes her back to England (the preliminary action is laid in India) and there she grows up with her daughter quietly and on the whole happily. For this child of a crooked hour grows tall and straight, the chief treasure of the mother, who

should (according to the rules) detest her. It is she that brings back by strange chance the wandering male who has fled from them outraged twenty years before. At this point the story really begins; we are a long time in picking up the threads of the action which has preceded the return of the husband and—not father. Of the condition in which he returns, of the problem, the long strain, which ensue for the wife and mother, and of the finally triumphant issue of the whole matter, I need not speak here. Simply and beautifully the action develops in that aura of rich humour which casts its glow over all human life as Mr. de Morgan sees it. As for its sombre elements, its shame and regret and fear, they are never permitted to usurp the scene, as they ought never to be among healthy-minded persons. The wrong, the suffering that ensues, are not light matters, but in the end "somehow good" comes of it all.

H. W. Boynton.

VIII

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S "EXTON MANOR"*

Mr. Marshall is still in the earlier stage of his literary career. He does not yet seem to realise that it is dangerous to discourse prefatorily about the scheme of a book until you are sure you can carry out that scheme completely. And of all forms of art certainly the novel is the one form that should be able to stand on its own feet, without the aid of explanatory preface or programme. Also, saying that you want to do a thing, is by no means saying that you can do it. And if you don't say what you are going to do, people will be content with what you have done, unless you draw their attention to the fact that you have not fulfilled your own ideals.

This is exactly what Mr. Marshall has done with his quite unnecessary "Preface to the American Edition" of his latest book. He has had so much to say about what he intended to do, and what, in his own opinion, he had very evidently done, that he has naturally invited a severity of

criticism which might not otherwise fall to his share.

Exton Manor, from which the novel takes its title, is a typical English country parish, a community of tenants dwelling in the various houses on a great estate, the well-to-do people being mostly concerned in the doings of the story. There is the dowager Countess, there is the honest country parson with his malicious-tongued wife, there is the pretty Irish widow and the young English girl, also the maturer widow. There are several types of young men, of course, and one or two who are older. Now there would be two excuses for giving us five hundred closely printed pages about these people. Either it is to be a novel of plot, and we are to be shown these people struggling in the bonds of some exciting conflict, some series of events outside of the ordinary. Or else we are to have a leisurely story of development of character, an intimate narrative of the slow unfolding of a soul in its relations to the other souls about it.

Unfortunately Mr. Marshall gives us neither. What he does give us is a series of events, most of them trivial, others more important but not inevitable to the conflict, which are drawn slowly across our line of vision, somewhat, except for the difference in the tempo, as the events in a series of moving pictures, say "The Arrival of the Northern Mail" are flashed before us on the sheeted stage. Of themselves the events are of no importance, but their method of being shown to us is new and therefore interests us. A novel, however, is an old art form and cannot be handled on the same lines. There is no inevitableness about the beginning of this novel, and the ending is arbitrary and forced. The characters do a great deal of talking, but their qualities of mind and soul become known to us mostly through what the author has to say about them. And there are pages and pages of nothingness, of events of no consequence, of conversation of no bearing upon plot or character. There is no development of character, because all the characters are fixed when we first met them, fixed as on a photograph. The only change of heart that comes about is in the case of the spiteful, tale-bearing vicar's wife, and she

*Exton Manor. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

is a person so exaggerated as to lose our interest early in the story.

In the midst of all this the author gives a couple of chapters to a conflict good enough to have been made the subject for an entire novel. This is the case of Mrs. Redcliffe, a widow with an only daughter and the memory of a few years of happy married life in Australia. Having been born and brought up in the colonies, she wedded the widowed husband of her elder sister, without a thought that any law in the world could make it wrong. A widow, she returns to England to discover that in the eyes of many people, and in the opinion of the Church, the doctrines of which she believes, her marriage was not legal, and her daughter has no name. Until the repeal a few years ago of the stupid and cruel law concerning the Deceased Wife's Sister, many such conflicts must have arisen, and this case is a particularly good one, in that the woman herself has come to believe the position of the Church to be right, in spite of the fact that she knows her own marriage to have been in every other way a true union. The character of the woman is a sympathetic one, and here is material

for a real tragedy which would have added zest even to this colourless novel.

But Mr. Marshall makes of it only an occasion for petty village gossip and parish bickerings, and passes on to a continuation of events which follow each other meaninglessly, and to a piling up of people in the story who fail to interest, although their author tells us many times that they are interesting.

In the preface Mr. Marshall gives as his literary creed the assertion that "it is not a novelist's business to draw portraits, but to create living figures, and the nearer he gets to the first, the farther off he will be from the second." But Mr. Marshall to the contrary, it is impossible to read a book like *Exton Manor* with the feeling that for the "method" the author tells us he wishes to follow, a little portraiture is absolutely necessary, if the figures drawn are to interest us at all.

But there is enough that is good in this book, and enough that shows possibilities for later work from the author, to justify serious criticism.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

THE POINT OF VIEW AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



O some extent the question of the Point of View in fiction has been already discussed in this series of articles, under the title of "The Novelist's Omniscience." It was then pointed out that, inasmuch as the novelist is the creator of his personages and of the imaginary world in which they play their parts, it may logically be assumed that his knowledge of them is exhaustive; that he may look behind closed doors and into the secret recesses of the heart, and tell us what is there tak-

ing place; furthermore, that in regard to the essentials of a story, we have a right to insist that he shall know and share his knowledge with us,—and the right also to feel that we are the victims of a practical joke, if, as in a few famous instances, like *The Lady or the Tiger*, he disavows responsibility and confesses ignorance. A novelist, however, may and often does, for certain artistic purposes, limit the scope of his knowledge to a certain definite point of view; he may say to his public, at the outset, "I am going to tell you only so much of this story as comes within the personal knowledge of my

heroine, or of my heroine's confidential maid, or of my heroine's small brother;" and with this limited point of view definitely understood beforehand, no one can accuse the author of breach of faith for his reticence.

But the question of the author's omniscience and the question of the point of view in fiction are very far from being identical. They are as different as is the question of which section of a landscape you are going to photograph different from that of the angle at which you place your camera. After an author has determined which of the several possible degrees of knowledge he will concede, there may be, and there usually are, several different points of view from which the story can be told,—and to decide between them often calls for the most delicate judgment. Even in the simplest case of all, the case where the novelist assumes the attitude of an all-knowing deity, he still has a certain range of choice: he may obtrude himself, after the familiar manner of Thackeray, as the self-confessed Master of the Show; or he may merely thrust the facts before you, as impersonally and impartially as fate itself. Or again, knowing and admitting that he knows all the secret acts and thoughts and motives of his personages, he may adopt either one of two radically different procedures: if he follows the analytical school, he will lay bare the human brain and make you listen to its pulsations; if, on the contrary, he is a realist, he will not take up time and space in recording the mere thoughts of men and women, but will tell you exhaustively about the deeds which are the outcome of those thoughts, and which he cannot know until he has learned and analysed those thoughts for himself.

But the whole modern tendency of fiction of the best sort is away from the novel of omniscience toward that of a limited knowledge, a circumscribed field of vision. And here the possibility of choice in point of view is far greater. Take, for example, the story that is seen through the eyes of one person only,—the most natural and logical of all forms of fiction, since in real life that is the way in which we all of us live, from day to day, the one story in which we are

vitaly interested. The novelist, let us assume, decides to limit his knowledge absolutely to that of his heroine,—to what she does and sees and thinks, supplemented by what she is able to glean at first hand from others. Now, he may write his novel in the first person, letting his heroine speak for herself,—and she has the further choice of speaking to the world at large, offering no excuse for her unusual candour; or she may put her thoughts into the form of a private diary, ostensibly intended for no eye but her own; or, thirdly, she may reveal herself in letters, either to a number of correspondents, thus showing us many different sides of her character; or the letters may all be written to one person, and in that case what we learn of her story is limited not merely to the heroine's knowledge, but still further narrowed down to what she chooses to let this particular correspondent know. A good object-lesson of the unsatisfactory results to be expected from this last-mentioned type was afforded a few years ago by that vastly overrated volume, *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*.

Yet it is not in the least necessary that a story which is to be strictly limited to the personal knowledge of the heroine should purport to be written by her, or even to be written in the first person. It might, of course, be written by a confidential maid, who faithfully records what My Lady told her. Or, best of all, it may be written as Henry James wrote *What Maisie Knew*, outwardly in straightforward narrative form, yet subtly confining itself faithfully to that narrow segment of life which came within the personal observation of the child herself. Undoubtedly, Mr. James has developed this special principle of his art to a finer, subtler degree than any other novelist. Yet the principle itself is not new; it has to a varying degree been followed probably without conscious intention, by writers of all sorts and conditions, writers as far apart in other respects as Jane Austen, let us say, and Alexandre Dumas. Read *Emma* carefully, with the Point of View steadily in mind, and you will find that, excepting for a few non-essential episodes, you see the world in which she moves solely

through the eyes of Emma Woodhouse; what Mr. Knightley or the Eltons or Miss Bates are doing, when they pass beyond her field of vision, you know no more than she does. Read *Les Trois Mousquetaires* over again, to the same purpose, and you discover that throughout the best parts of the book, the parts that really count, you follow closely at d'Artagnan's heels, that your knowledge is his knowledge, neither more nor less; that when on the memorable ride from Paris to London, in quest of the queen's diamonds, he successively loses sight of Porthos, Aramis and Athos, the reader also loses sight of them, and knows nothing more of their adventures until in company with d'Artagnan he picks them up again.

Now, if a novelist has decided to limit his knowledge to that of one of his characters, it may seem a trivial matter whether he writes in the first or the third person; it involves at most, one might thoughtlessly say, that well-remembered change to the *oratio obliqua*, which in boyhood was our chief bugbear in reading Cæsar's *Gallic Wars*. But on the contrary it often does matter exceedingly. There are certain stories which would be quite spoiled if told otherwise than in the first person,—Poe's *Black Cat*, for instance, or *The Telltale Heart*, or *The Cask of Amontillado*, in which something of the personal horror, the bitter animosity would have been sacrificed by a shifting of the point of view. Sometimes the strength of a whole scene depends upon some mannerism of speech, some touch of dialect, a certain intimate note that would be absolutely lost by a conversion to the third person. Think how the very heart would drop out of *Soldiers Three* if Terence Mulvaney's utterances came to us in the form of indirect discourse! And on the other hand, there are stories which would lose quite as much if presented through the medium of the pronoun *I*. This method would have been impossible for such a book as Mr. James's *What Maisie Knew*, because it would have limited the author, not only to Maisie's knowledge of facts but also to her knowledge of the art of expression. It would have rendered impossible all those delicate subtleties of

meaning, those elusive phases of her mental understanding, for which the child, if speaking for herself, could not have found expression, even though she dimly realised them. As a general rule, the story of action gains by being told at first hand; the story of psychological analysis gains even more by being told in the third person. Of the first class, there happens to exist a convenient object lesson in the transformation which Dumas effected when he built *Les Trois Mousquetaires* on the basis of Courtil de Sandroz's *Mémoires d'Artagnan*. Quite aside from the fact that Dumas had genius and De Sandroz had not, the mere change of pronouns, by eliminating a certain effect of bombast, braggadocio, and caddish lack of reticence, converts d'Artagnan from a rogue to a man of honour. When d'Artagnan tells us of his prowess in war or love, he is a vulgar boaster; when Dumas tells us the same identical episodes, he makes a hero of him.

It is by no means a simple question to decide which of several possible points of view an author should adopt. And there are certain border-line cases that present exceeding difficulty. Such a case is afforded by *William Jordan, Junior*, the new volume by Mr. J. C. Snaith, hitherto best known as author of *Broke of Coven-*
den. The first thing to be said of *William Jordan, Junior*, and to be said quite emphatically, is that it is easily the most important novel of the month, if not of many months,—the novel which best deserves careful and sympathetic consideration. There are some readers, undoubtedly, who will have scant patience with the obscurity of its involved symbolism; but such readers will all be found to belong to one class: the men and women who have never known what it means to shrink from the outside world; who cannot recall the misery of timid childhood, the nameless dread of the first day at school, the first close contact with strange boys and girls, whose ways were not their ways, and whose thoughts were not their thoughts,—in a word, that intangible, indefinable fear of "street-persons," to borrow Mr. Snaith's own won-

derful coinage. If you have known none of these agonies, then it were better for you to pass the book by, since it is not for you. It speaks a language that you will not understand; it appeals to memories you have never had. Now, even if the number of those whose hearts in childhood sometimes quailed were but a tithe of what they are, the book would still have been eminently worth the doing, still admirable in its conception and its achievement. But the truth is that, if we are quite honest with ourselves, there are few of us who can boast that we never have felt the fear of the street-persons, never have shrunk from the inexorable outside world. The difference between us and William Jordan, between the average man and the genius, is that the former grows quickly callous, while the latter retains his sensitiveness unimpaired. What Mr. Snaith's book does for most of us is to reawaken memories of feelings which have slumbered, we know not how many years. William Jordan is the mirror of our own earlier selves, the selves that we have outgrown and discarded, the selves that it is good for us now and then to call up again and study and contrast with what we have become.

Here, as briefly as may be, is an epitome of the book: William Jordan is a frail, dreamy, unworldly boy, with beautiful features and an open wound upon one cheek. He knows nothing of life, beyond the four walls of the second-hand book shop where he lives with his impractical father; walls lined with ancient tomes, most of which he has read. He speaks a language of grave simplicity, that is in part an echo of the Bible, and in part of Maeterlinck. He believes that he is destined to be "one of the great ones of the earth," and in order to fulfil his destiny must be "well found in knowledge":

"True, beloved one," said the man through pale lips.

"And the meaning of everything, my father," said the boy, "bird, beast and reptile, and the moon and stars, and why the street-persons walk the streets of the great city; and why the earth is so many-coloured; and why the sky is so near and yet so far off; and why when you clutch the air there is nothing in your hand. Must not such as I know all this, my father?"

"True, true," said his father, "but I fear, beloved one, that all this knowledge is not to be acquired in this little room of ours. . . . He who would understand the meaning of all things must certainly go to school."

The boy clasped his frail hands and strove to conceal the abject fear in his eyes.

"Then, my father, I also will go to school."

Such is the beginning of William Jordan's struggle to master his terror of the street-persons,—a struggle in which we follow him through his brief school days, through the seven ensuing years of his clerkship in a London publishing house, through a six months' term in prison, for the theft of a sum of money which, in his utter unworldliness, he believes has been miraculously placed in his way; and finally through the last days in which he writes his swan-song, his epic poem on *Reconciliation*, dying happy in his ignorance that the public has passed it by.

Now there are many things which it would be worth while to say about this uncommon book, written in a most uncommon and often very beautiful phraseology. But for the purpose of the present article, the important thing to emphasise is the point of view. There were obviously two methods open to the author: either to let William Jordan tell his own story, giving with a greater directness and poignancy than can be otherwise attained the anguish of his struggle against his inborn cowardice; or else to do what he has actually done, and give us the same facts, but in a measure from an outside point of view. There are certain abnormal mental conditions, in which one is conscious of a sort of dual personality; conditions under which one moves as in a dream, doing queer, fantastic, irrational acts, without reason or volition,—and yet at the same time gravely looking on, from the outside as it were, a disinterested witness of one's own folly. This sort of dual point of view may have been deliberately aimed at by Mr. Snaith, or it may have been one of those curious accidents that sometimes wait upon genius. At all events, this comparison to the dual consciousness of inebriation, although inadequate, is the nearest approach that the present writer can achieve to illustrate the curious mental condition in which Mr.

Snaith's book leaves the reader. If you sympathise with the sufferings of William Jordan,—and otherwise, as already said, you have no business with the book,—you will identify yourself with him, look out upon the world through his eyes, share his dread of the street-persons, eventually triumph with him;—and yet, at the same time, you will be looking upon the outside world with mature, comprehending eyes, realising the folly, the uselessness of weakness and shrinking, feeling an indulgent pity for that unhappy, half-forgotten self which once was you. A hundred questions press forward for solution, as you read the book. What is the meaning of its symbolism? Is Mr. Snaith trying to say that there is no room for genius to-day, in the cruel, thoughtless turmoil of modern life? Or does he mean that only through excessive suffering can genius hope to reach its highest achievement? Is the open wound on the boy's cheek a symbol with as definite a purpose as that of the burden which Bunyan placed upon Christian's back? And if so, just what is that purpose? The questions and the wonderment multiply indefinitely. There is no use in denying that the book is marred, here and there, by its obscurity; it leaves one often groping in the dark. In view of what its author seems to have tried to do, there are some readers who will even be tempted to pronounce it a failure. But those who take the trouble to read it understandingly, will agree in maintaining that if *William Jordan, Junior*, in any way deserves the name of failure, it is a greater achievement to fail so splendidly than to produce a faultless work upon a lower plane.

Another book of considerable power is *Come and Find Me*, by Elizabeth Robins. It might have easily been much stronger, if the author had only been a little more sure of her point of view. What she might have done is worth speaking of, briefly, after pointing out what she actually has done. In the character of Nathaniel Mar, she has pictured a man who began life as a mining engineer and explorer, and in middle age finds himself a broken-down bank clerk, discharged to

make room for a younger generation. But in his youth, when accompanying a surveying party through Alaska, he stumbled upon some gold deposits, quarter of a century before the secret of the Klondike was dreamed of by the world at large. Returning home, he planned to found a company and return to open up his mine; on the strength of his discovery and his glowing tale, he won a wife who, until then had not known her own mind. And then misfortunes began; his frosted foot became troublesome; operation followed operation, ending in the loss of a leg. His closest friend, who alone would have advanced the needed capital, suddenly died. Others to whom he appealed, one after another turned from the cripple, believing that he was a victim to hallucination born of Northern cold and privation. His wife lost faith in him; his very children mocked at his delusion. Then, as the crowning chapter of tragedies, comes the awakening of the Klondike, the wild stampede for the gold fields, in which Nathaniel Mar, crippled as he is, joins,—only to find that others had staked their claims to all the territory that he had prospected twenty-five years earlier. Now this in itself is a big theme, and one to be treated from the point of view of Mar himself, his efforts, his disappointments, his failures. But this is only the first half of the book. The author shifts her standpoint to that of Mar's daughter, shows how she goes, in the midst of the stampede, to Alaska, how she seeks to find and save her father; how she also follows the trail of the man she half believes herself to be in love with; how she is accompanied and guarded by the man who loves her, and who eventually wins her. All this, portrayed in against an admirably graphic background of motley human crowds, is also a big story, and one to tell from the point of view of one person,—the girl herself. And back of this is another motif, the epic of the Klondike. It is the gold of Alaska that speaks in the title, calling to the outside world to come and find it,—and to treat properly this bigger theme an outside point of view, such as Zola regularly assumes in his novels of epic bigness, is required. The material of Miss Robins's latest book is admirable, but

she has failed to give it to us in the proper proportions; she either began her story too soon, or ended it too late; she has not constructed with the same sureness of touch that we had a right to expect from her.

A book which, aside from two or three mistaken chapters, is in its construction quite beyond criticism, is

"A Walking Gentleman" by James Prior. Readers who found pleasure in the whimsical freedom

from conventionality that was the chief distinction of Mr. William J. Locke's *Beloved Vagabond* will find a kindred delight in this account of a young English nobleman who, on the day before that set for his marriage, wanders down a highway, falls in with a party of trades-people off for a day's holiday, is asked to join them; and, passing from one strange experience to another, drifts back and forth across England for weeks and months, leaving his affianced bride to think what she will. The trouble with Lord Beiley is that he has been carefully reared in an envelopment of pink cotton, as it were; he has been so systematically guarded from contact with the world at large that he knows nothing of the average man and woman, and scarcely more of himself,—what he can do, what he counts for, what his real value is to the world, physically and mentally. He is suffering from pure boredom, the stagnation of intellect and of muscle. He has chosen the woman he is to marry, not because he loves her or appreciates her, but because it is the expected thing, the natural outcome of propinquity. And suddenly, when chance throws the temptation of vagabondage in his way; when the mad desire for freedom assails him, and he finds himself in an environment where the artificial standards of rank count for nothing, and a man finds his level by his wits, his productive power, his ability to strike hard and quickly. The story not only has a clever theme, well handled, but better yet it is delightfully written. It gives a series of vivid pictures of rural England, a succession of carefully studied types of middle-class lower-class men and women, of the scum and riff-raff of society, all admirable in their own special way. And

furthermore, it shows in a simple, logical, unobtrusive manner how Lord Beiley's education is slowly being completed in this very rough school he has selected; how he acquires a knowledge of the comparative values of men, and more especially of women; and how he eventually comes to know that the world holds just one woman for whom he cares,—and that is the Lady Sarah Sallis, to whom he has done the great indignity of having deserted her, almost at the altar's steps. But meanwhile, the Lady Sarah has had her own quiet way of keeping track of Lord Beiley, of noting the change in him, of measuring him by the comparative standard of other men,—a motley horde of minstrels, farm hands, stone-breakers, tramps, thieves, with here and there an honest man thrown in for sake of variety,—and discovering that with whomsoever he was thrown, Lord Beiley held his own and won the respect and the liking of his fellow-men, because of his inborn sterling qualities. So that at last the Lady Sarah comes to feel that his desertion of her was a blessing to them both, because it taught each of them that life was not quite worth while without the other. The only blemish the book has is an occasional interpolated chapter, in which the point of view shifts to the Lady Sarah. The story is essentially and emphatically Lord Beiley's story; and the only reason for any shifting of the standpoint is an unwillingness to take the slight additional trouble of so constructing that Lady Sarah's mental attitude shall be made known to us through the medium of Lord Beiley's own knowledge.

My Lady of Cleve, by Percy J. Hartley, is an unusually good example of the modern Dumas romance, the sort that we expect from Stanley Weyman at his best. Given a beautiful young woman as ringleader in a plot to place James Stuart on the English throne, in place of King William; a loyal, rough mannered but inwardly tender-hearted officer, sent with a detail of troops to keep the lady and her friends under surveillance; a duel to the death between these two, in the first move of which the officer scores,—and you have material for a story which an ex-

"My Lady of Cleve"

perienced reader will enjoy none the less for being able to foresee pretty clearly what the outcome must be. Of its kind it is an admirable piece of work, although what has already been said about the comparative merits of De Sandros's version of the d'Artagnan story and that of Dumas holds good in this case; one feels that it would have had nothing to lose and much to gain by being told in the third person rather than the first.

In regard to the new volume of short tales by Agnes and Egerton Castle, entitled *Flower o' the Orange*, there is no need of saying more than to acknowledge a very keen pleasure in reading them

and an equally keen appreciation of the delicate art that enters into their construction. They are literally tales of "by-gone days"; pictures flung vividly upon a screen from a remote distance. The authors do not make the attempt to get inside the characters, to show us those vanished scenes through the eyes of any one of the participants. They simply fling them before us, quite impartially, saying: Here is what happened on such and such a day; here is what certain persons said and what they did; judge for yourself what they felt. A simple method, but a good one,—none better, if consistently carried out; and the Castles have done so beyond cavil. The seven stories that make up the contents all have merit; if one must choose, the one which gives its title to the volume seems to have a rather special claim.

In conclusion, another volume of short stories, *The Folk Afield*, by Eden Phillpotts, offers a certain interest to the

many readers who regard the author of *The Good Red Earth* as a personage of some import in modern fiction. Mr. Phillpotts has been so long identified with a narrow section of England, and more

particularly with the farming class of that section, that a whole volume of exotic tales, dealing with Frenchmen, Sicilians, Arabs, the various races that border upon the Mediterranean, is surely a departure sufficiently strange and unexpected to justify a passing word. Yet when we look closer into these stories we find they are not, after all, so very different from the author's usual work. In France, in Italy, in Algiers, his interest remains, as always, with the substratum of humanity, the peasantry, the people close to the soil. And while these stories are largely stories of hot passions and revenge, they are scarcely fiercer or more cruel than the motives of many of his Dartmoor tragedies,—the action moves more swiftly, that is the main difference. What the present reviewer likes best in the volume is the semi-humorous account, in "A Pilgrimage to Pigna," of how a self-centered young Englishman carries an aged Italian peasant woman forty miles in a racing motor-car, for a last glimpse of her birthplace, and incidentally gives the poor old creature a fright that ends her days. It is a slight story, written with a keen appreciation of relative values, with the point of view so chosen that we receive throughout a vivid impression of what is passing in the minds of both the principal actors.

Frederic Taber Cooper.





E. H. SOTHERN AS RODION RASKOLNIKOFF
ZYLLAH SHANNON AS KHATINKA

ACT II OF LAURENCE IRVING'S "THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART—THERE IS NO GOD"
The Drama of the Month in Illustration



OTIS SKINNER AS PHILIPPE BREDAN IN PAUL POTTER'S "THE HONOUR OF THE FAMILY,"
A DRAMATISATION OF BALZAC'S "THE MENAGE DE GARÇON EN PROVINCE"



WILLIAM H. CRANE IN GEORGE ADE'S "FATHER AND THE BOYS." ACT I



AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S "THE WITCHING HOUR"

JULIA HAY AS MORGAN COONAN JOHN MASON JENNIE EUSTIS AS ETHEL WINTHROP AS
 VIOLA CAMPBELL AS CLAY WHIPPLE AS JACK BROOKFIELD MRS. WHIPPLE MRS. CAMPBELL
 BROOKFIELD—"Superstition is based on fallacious ideas. A prenatal disposition is merely imaginary"



NAT C. GOODWIN IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S
"THE EASTERNER." ACT III



ACT III OF "THE REGENERATION," A DRAMATISATION OF OWEN KILDARE'S "MY MAMIE ROSE"
ARNOLD DALY AS OWEN CONWAY, HOLBROOK BLINN AS ARTHUR AMES, AND CHRYSYAL HEENE AS MARIE DEERING



ANATOLE FRANCE

ANATOLE FRANCE AND JEANNE D'ARC



IN view of the indignation which Anatole France's recently published *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, seems already to have aroused in certain quarters, it is not without interest to glance back over the author's

earlier writings, and seek to discover what sort of a biography of the Maid of Orleans could have reasonably been expected from the impressionistic critic of *La Vie Litteraire*, the philosophic sceptic of *Le Jardin d'Epicure*, the indulgent ironist of *M. Bergcrat*. The first fact which such a quest reveals is that the desire to write a life of Jeanne d'Arc is not

of recent date; vaguely and without fixed purpose, it had begun to germinate in his mind almost a quarter of a century ago. Again and again, some other writer's attempt to portray the Maid in poem or drama or biography stirred him to ironic protest; no modern author either in prose or verse, even approximately embodied his ideal; no one later than Valerandus Varianus, who wrote a Latin epic poem early in the sixteenth century, even approached the subject in a proper spirit. What Anatole France's ideal then was, he has embodied in numerous lyric pages such as this:

Jeanne is made out of pure poetry. She has risen out of popular and Christian poetry; out of litanies of the Virgin and the Golden Legend; out of those marvellous histories of the brides of Christ who donned above the white robes of virginity the red robes of martyrdom. She is the outcome of those flowery sermons in which the sons of St. Francis exalted poverty, candour and innocence; the outcome of the eternal fairy lore of woods and fountains, the naïve stories of our grandparents, those recitals, as obscure and fresh as nature herself, in which the daughters of the field receive supernatural gifts; she is the outcome of the land of oaks, where Vivian and Merlin Arthur and his knights lived their mysterious life; she is the outcome of that lofty thought which makes the rose of fire bloom above the portals of churches; she is sprung from prophecies, in which the humble folk of the Kingdom of France foretold a happier future; she is sprung from the ecstasy and the tears of an entire people; she is the living poetry of that fair France which he loved with a miraculous love.

Curiously enough, however, the form in which Anatole France first thought of embodying Jeanne d'Arc was not that of biography, but rather a sort of musical drama:

The piece that I dream of is a chronicle in dialogue, accompanied by music; for it must be a blend of the ideal and the real. It must be a work at once truly popular and truly national. I do not want it to be a work of art in the usual acceptation of the term. I want something bigger and something better. I want it to be a work of faith and one that will speak to the

souls of men. And I ask that the author who writes it shall become, for the time being, a man of the fifteenth century.

A year or two later, in his criticism of Mme. Bernhardt's Jeanne d'Arc, when she appeared in the drama by Jules Barbier, we find that his ideas have more nearly crystallised:

I believe that there is nothing in the life of Jeanne d'Arc which will not yield, at last analysis, to a rational interpretation. There, as elsewhere, miracles cannot withstand an attentive examination of facts. The mistake of her biographers is to isolate this young girl too completely, to enclose her within a chapel. They ought, on the contrary, to place her in her natural group, in the midst of prophetesses and those gifted with second sight, who swarmed in those days—Guillemette de la Roche, whom Charles V. summoned to Paris about 1380, the blessed Hermine de Reims, . . . and others who, in common with Jeanne, had visions, revelations and the gift of prophecy.

So much for M. Anatole France's original conception of what a life of Jeanne d'Arc ought to be. Regarding his views in general upon the writing of history he has put himself on record with equal frankness:

If I had to choose between beauty and truth, I should not hesitate in the least; of the two, I should retain beauty, confident that it embodies a higher and profounder truth than truth itself. I would even venture to say that there is nothing true in all the world apart from beauty. But why choose? Why substitute statistical history for narrative history? It is like replacing a rose with a potato. . . . I know as well as you that history is false and that all historians, from Herodotus to Michelet, are tellers of fables. But that does not annoy me. I am quite willing that a Herodotus should deceive me, because he does it with good taste; I will let myself be dazzled by the sombre glow of the aristocratic thoughts of a Tacitus; I will dream again, with delight, the dreams of that grand blind man who beheld Harold and Fredegonde. I should even regret to have history made more exact; . . . narrative history is essentially inexact—this I have admitted, and will not retract—but side by

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it would retain, with grave respect, the whole mass of legend that has grown up around the memory of the Maid—not because he gives credence to any part of them, but for the sake of what they stand for in the history of a race; and finally, that in dealing with the logical and obvious facts of campaigns and battles, he would summarily brush aside tradition with no more compunction than he showed in brushing aside the accepted view about Pontius Pilate, in the most audacious short story he ever wrote—*Le Procureur de Judee*.

Talbot Tonnellier.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER X



Isabel been the most industrious weaver of lives, instead of the most aimlessly spontaneous of beings, she could not have fitted impulse to action with better social result. She decided to renounce on the fourth day after Stephen she received an elaborate note from Daisy, asking to receive a short invitation and dine at six o'clock. The consequence of a family calamity averted in every line of the common-sense letter, although outwardly it expressed nothing beyond an effusive regret that they had only met once since Isabel's return to Waterford, and then for a short time.

Isabel was going through the last stages of a trying scene with Miss Costello on the subject of her great decision when the letter was brought in; and, having read it, she tossed it across the table with a little smile of malicious satisfaction.

"You wanted me to get on with the

Careys, so you ought to be satisfied now! I couldn't have done the two things!"

Miss Costello sighed heavily. "Easy for them to be nice to you now!" she said, as she put the note down. "Indeed, when I was a girl, it wasn't to be taking things into my own hands like that I would!"

Isabel gave a still louder sigh. "You've said that ten times, Aunt Teresa! I don't suppose you ever were like me, or that I will ever be like you."

"Indeed you won't! No one but your father's daughter would have thrown away such a chance as that!"

"Well, would you rather I didn't go to the Careys?"

"I didn't say so. I suppose half a loaf is better than no bread—though indeed 'twas very different society your grandmother was in in the County Wexford!"

Isabel rose from the horse-hair arm-chair in which she was sitting huddled up. "Is it evening dress, I wonder!"

"Evening dress! What for?"

"Nothing! I was only wondering! At school all the girls used to dress for dinner when they were home on the holidays."

"Well, you won't find many people in Waterford dressing for their dinner. I suppose old Barney Carey would turn in his grave with pride if he saw people sitting at his son's table in evening dress!"

"Well, what'll I wear then?"

"Your white blouse, I suppose."

"Oh, auntie, it's awfully dirty!"

"Wear your pink, then."

"But he saw me in that on Sunday!"

She said the words unthinkingly; then paused, blushing.

But Miss Costello was not observant.

"Is it Stephen Carey?"

"Yes."

"And do you think he'd have seen what you had on? He's not a bachelor, that he'd be noticing a girl's clothes! Wear your pink!"

Isabel accepted the decision, not because she had nothing further to urge upon the subject, but because the scanty condition of her wardrobe was eloquently present to her mind. So in her pink muslin dress, with a sailor hat covering her hair and a dark ulster hiding her finery, she started that evening from New Town as the city clocks were striking half-past five.

There is no necessity for a chaperon at any hour in an Irish town, and it would be looked upon as extravagance for a young girl of Isabel's position to drive to a dinner-party. On foot, therefore, and alone, she started for Lady Lane, and with the cool evening air blowing in from the sea, and the thought of the enterprise acting as a stimulus, it was an undertaking full of interest, for much of portent centred round this invitation; in the Careys' set young girls are not usually asked out to dine; they have their allotted place at dances and at evening parties, but dinners are generally dull affairs reserved for the married of the community, and this invitation of Daisy's was a mark of special and premeditated grace—at once a balm for previous coldness and a promise of future favour.

As Isabel approached the house her steps became slower, and as she crossed the road, she looked quickly up at the windows, wondering which was Carey's—the place where he smoked, where he

read, where he thought those strange, circumscribed thoughts that he had expressed in the room at New Town; then she slowly mounted the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened to her by Julia, whose face was red from excitement and services rendered to the cook, and whose cap and apron were aggressively starched in honour of the evening's festivity.

"You'll take off your hat and jacket, won't you, Miss Costello?" she said, proud to display her recognition of the guest.

"Thanks! Yes!"

"All right so! You can leave them in the spare room. I'll show you the way up."

She piloted Isabel up the wide staircase, where the walls were devoid of pictures, but betrayed the ostentatious prosperity that new paint and paper argues in Ireland. On the first landing they passed the door of the drawing-room, which was half open, and through which the loud sound of laughter and voices came rather dauntingly to the visitor. On the second floor Julia opened the door of a bedroom—the same bedroom in which Daisy and Mary had dressed on the night of the dance—and Isabel looked round curiously as she stepped across the threshold and began to unfasten her coat.

It was a large room, bare of wall and high of ceiling, as are so many Irish rooms, possessing the lofty, square-paned windows of another generation, that rattle to every passing wind and permit the daylight to search out every cranny and recess with merciless rigour. Here, too, as in the hall downstairs, there was a veil of ugly modernity thrown over the character of the place; two or three pieces of fine old furniture stood against the walls, but in glaring contrast to their dark solidity a new brass bedstead flaunted its existence, while curtains of limp art muslin hung from the massive cornices of the windows. Isabel condemned the taste that had designed it, while she handed her coat to the servant and went across to the dressing-table to take off her hat. "If I had her money!" she thought; and she heaved a sigh.

"Would you like a comb, Miss Cos-



WILLIAM H. CRANE IN GEORGE ADE'S "FATHER AND THE BOYS." ACT I

Norris laughed involuntarily. "But seriously, Polly," he said, "look what you and Daisy could do, if you cared a straw! You could start classes in private houses, like they do in London."

"Public houses suit the scholars here ever so much better. Don't they, Father Cunningham?"

"Oh, well, of course, if that's your attitude—" Norris shrugged his shoulders.

"But, Tom," Daisy put in plaintively, "how on earth could I do anything—with Stephen and the children?"

"Well, Mary hasn't any children!"

"I like that! As if I hadn't a father—worse than thirty children! I'd like to see how many lectures you'd give and how many classes you'd attend if you had to mend father's socks! Here's Stephen, Daisy! I heard the hall door shut."

This announcement put a stop to further argument, and a few minutes afterward Carey himself entered. He looked very tall and strong in the fading daylight that filled the room, and as he joined the circle it seemed that he brought with him a breath of the outer air, and the vitality and energy of the outer world.

He took Isabel's hand first of all, and although his greeting was ordinary, the friendly pressure of his fingers banished her diffidence, and she unconsciously lifted her head, looking out upon the scene with renewed self-confidence.

There was a moment or two of fragmentary talk, then Daisy rose; and, without preserving any particular order, the party straggled out of the room and downstairs. In the dining-room the big gasolier above the dinner-table was blazing with light, and on the table itself a display of the old cut glass, for which Waterford is famous, cast back the light from its facets, while the silver, of which Daisy was justly proud, was burnished to look its best. The higher refinements of civilisation may not be found in such households as the Norris's and the Careys', but an amazing number of valuable articles are handed down from generation to generation in these middle-class families, and the pantry of many

an Irish housekeeper would fill the collector with envy.

When the party had sorted itself out and the seats round the large table were all occupied, it proved that Isabel's place was between young Norris and Father Baron. Very little was said while the soup and fish were eaten, for a meal in Ireland usually means a meal; but when the cover was removed from a joint of beef, and Carey entered on the task of carving, ideas began to stir again and the hum of opinions to make itself heard.

"Well, Father James, you were very silent up in the drawing-room!" Norris remarked, leaning across Isabel. "How is the movement going on down at Scarragh?"

Father James Baron was a man of sixty-eight, with a high colour, grizzled hair and a wide mouth tempered with the love of his kind. He was priest of the smallest and most insignificant parish in his diocese, and a man of little worldly polish; but something deeper than the learning of books looked at you out of his small eyes, and when you heard him speak you listened, however homely the words might be. There was true metal in the man, and you felt without explanation that it had been tempered in the furnace. He turned slowly now, and looked at Tom with the humorous indulgence of a father to his child.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said slowly. "And is it a little place like Scarragh you're going to turn your hand to now?"

"We must have every place interested, Father James," Norris retorted quickly. "No place is too small. What we want is undivided interest."

Isabel could restrain her curiosity no longer. "What is it you're talking about?" she said. "I'd simply love to know!"

Norris's face lighted up, full of enthusiasm at once. "Why, the great new movement," he said—"the Gaelic movement. Haven't you heard of all it's doing?"

"The Gaelic movement?"

"Yes," put in Mary across the table, "all the children in the National Schools can say their prayers in Irish now, and in a lot of the towns they've written up



NAT C. GOODWIN IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S "THE EASTERNER." ACT III



ACT III OF "THE REGENERATION," A DRAMATISATION OF OWEN KILDARE'S "MY MAMIE ROSE"
ARNOLD DALY AS OWEN CONWAY, HOLBROOK BLINN AS ARTHUR AMES, AND CHRYSAL HERNE AS MARIE DEERING

hope you aren't going to be so fastidious."

The suggestion was a little awkward, considering the secret shared by three of the party as to Isabel's broken engagement, but Isabel received it frankly and without embarrassment. "I don't know that I'll ever marry anybody, Mrs. Power."

Mrs. Power looked up at her, standing behind Daisy's chair; and something a little lonely, a little aloof in the solitary figure and the uncommon face touched her motherly nature.

"Ah, my dear, I won't have you saying that!" She put out her hand and took possession of Isabel's. "I'll find a husband for you—whether you like it or not!"

Isabel flushed, her expression softening, her eyes lighting at the kindly thought for her welfare. "Oh, thank you!" she said. "I mean, thank you for caring whether I get married or not!"

Mary gave a faint little laugh.

Isabel's flush deepened, but from a new emotion. "Why did you laugh?" she said, turning quickly round.

Mary looked at her coolly. "Oh, no reason! It just amused me."

"Why?"

"No reason!"

Mrs. Power felt the hand she was holding tremble, and she pressed it soothingly. "Don't mind Mary!" she said. "She doesn't mean half she says. And, indeed, if you don't marry, it won't be the men's fault. I'll venture to say that."

"I'd only marry for one reason," Isabel said suddenly, "and if I hadn't that reason, all the people in the world couldn't persuade me."

"And what's that?" Daisy asked curiously.

"The reason of caring for the person."

Daisy laughed. "Love in a cottage?" she said a little patronisingly.

Isabel's dark eyes flashed. "If I cared, I'd marry a beggar; and if I didn't care, it wouldn't matter to me if the person was a king."

The three listeners fell silent for a moment. To Mrs. Power, with her long life and superior experience, Isabel's declaration seemed merely the folly of a

young girl just out of school; while to Daisy it appeared the cunning of one who had lately been worsted in a vital social encounter. To Mary alone out of the party, it suggested something more—offering sudden glimpses into the depths and shallows of the nature behind the words.

Isabel looked round from one face to the other. "I suppose I oughtn't to have said that!"

Mrs. Power laughed and patted her hand. "My dear child, say anything you like! But you have plenty of time to be thinking of love! And that reminds me, I told Josephine to write you a little note, asking you up to tennis. You have six boys of mine still to meet, you know."

Isabel thanked her by a look; and Daisy, influenced at once by the fact of the invitation, drew her chair nearer.

"Indeed, we all want to see more of Isabel," she said. "She mustn't be a stranger any more. Mary, will you ring for tea? I don't know what they can be doing downstairs."

And so the talk became less personal; and with the arrival of tea, the two married women drifted toward the table on which Julia placed the tray. As Daisy filled up the cups, their voices imperceptibly dropped to the gossiping key, and Isabel and Mary found themselves shut out into an undesired companionship.

Taking their cups from Daisy, they wandered away, as in duty bound, toward the other end of the room. Mary was the first to break the silence. "I'm sorry if I was nasty while ago," she said, laying her cup on the top of the piano. In the few moments that had passed since Mrs. Power's invitation, she had decided that a little trimming of sails would be necessary if her boat and Isabel's were to float upon the same waters. "Everybody is a bit cross now and then, don't you think?"

Isabel, fully conscious of her own erratic moods, saw an impulse of remorse in the words, and met it generously. "'Twas nothing!" she said. "I was nasty, too. Let us forget about it!"

"Yes; I want to. Do you play?"

"No."

"Do you mind if I play?"

"Oh, no! I love music."

Mary seated herself at the piano and began to play—passing carelessly from classical music to the newest comic song. She played well, almost brilliantly, with a hard, sharp touch; and as she played, she looked up at Isabel, who was leaning over the piano and watching her with interested eyes. "Is there anything you'd like? I can play most things by ear."

Isabel hesitated; then she said: "Play that waltz, 'Amoreuse.'"

Immediately Mary complied, and after a few bars looked up again. "They played that at Fair Hill. 'Twas the waltz you danced with Stephen."

"Yes, I know."

There was another pause, and again Mary's quick green eyes were lifted. "How do you get on with Stephen?"

Isabel drew back a little. "Get on with him? Oh, I don't know! All right, I think."

"And what do you think of him?"

"Think of him? How?"

"As a person."

"Oh, I—I don't know."

Mary looked down at the keys, and the waltz became slower. "He's a queer fish—Stephen! He hates the very sight of me."

"Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps I see through him more than other people do—and he hates being seen through."

Isabel's lips parted in quick question, but they closed again at the sound of an opening door. "Oh, here they are!" she said.

Mary glanced over her shoulder at the four men entering the room. "Yes, here they are—when they want their tea!" And the waltz came to a conclusion with a few crashing chords.

The last words of the discussion were evidently hot upon the men's lips, and Norris and Father Cunningham made at once for the tea-table, where Tom, with a careless nod to Daisy, poured out two cups of tea.

"Well, I think we did for them!" he said in a low voice. "We didn't leave Stephen a leg to stand on."

The young priest stirred his tea thoughtfully. "I don't like your brother-

in-law's views," he said. "They're dangerous views for an influential man."

Tom laughed. "Oh, Stephen doesn't mean all he says!"

"Perhaps not! I hope not!"

"Of course not! You're a regular pessimist sometimes."

Father Cunningham still stirred his tea absent-mindedly.

"He's a very able man!" he said in the same musing undertone.

"Able? You may say that! There are few men the equal of Stephen, when he cares to show it. Hallo! They're not going, are they? Is it as late as that?"

"Indeed, it is, Tom!" Mrs. Power caught the last words as she rose to say good-bye. "It's time for all good people to be thinking of their homes."

"What nonsense, Mrs. Power! The night is young!"

"'Tis, Tom—for young people. But 'tis time for me to be thinking of my family."

"Indeed, you needn't trouble about your family! You'll find them all playing bridge."

She laughed good-naturedly. "All the more reason to go home and pack them off to bed. Good-night, Daisy! It's been a delightful evening."

Daisy protested prettily. "Oh, no, Mrs. Power! You're not going! Please don't go!"

"I must, dear. I must, really. I promised to be back early. But don't let me break up the party!"

But the going of one guest sets the minds of all the others tending toward departure, and one by one excuses were made. Father Cunningham had a six o'clock mass to say next morning; Father Baron had to catch the last train to Scarragh; and finally Isabel pleaded that Miss Costello would be expecting her soon after ten.

In a very few minutes all the good-byes had been said, and the four women had left, to seek the spare room and the guests' wraps.

"Your dinners are always such a success, Daisy!" Mrs. Power murmured, as she tied her bonnet-strings. "I don't know how it is, but somehow you have the knack of entertaining."

Daisy, who had no more knowledge

of entertaining than a child of three, smiled delightedly at the harmless flattery. "Indeed, I don't know!" she murmured. "I don't think I do much!"

"Ah, you say that! But I must be off! How is Miss Costello going home? It would be nothing for me to drive round with her, if she hasn't told anybody to call."

"Oh, no!" Isabel protested. "It's altogether out of your way; 'twas too kind of you to do it even the night of the dance."

"Not at all! The horse hasn't been out before to-day, and a little exercise would do him good."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Power," Daisy expostulated. "Tom will take Isabel home."

Mrs. Power smiled knowingly. "Ah, well then, I wouldn't take her for the world! Good-night, Daisy, dear! Mary, I think Josephine is expecting you up to-morrow! Good-night, my dear—I'll have to call you Isabel—Miss Costello is altogether too stiff!" She kissed all three in turn and then bustled out of the room and down to the hall, where she had another effusive farewell with Carey, Norris and the two priests.

When the door closed on her Carey turned to Daisy. "Who's going to take Miss Costello home?"

"Tom is," Mary interposed before her sister could reply.

"Oh! All right!" Carey turned aside and joined Father Baron; while Mary's eyes, maliciously humorous, flashed over Isabel's face.

"It's too bad!" Isabel said quickly. "I could easily go by myself."

"Oh, Tom won't mind, I assure you!"

"What's that, Polly?"

"I'm saying that you don't particularly object to seeing girls home."

Tom laughed. "Not if Miss Costello is one of them! Are you ready now, Miss Costello? I won't keep you a minute." He disappeared into the recesses of the hall, and returned with his cap on and his arm through the sleeve of his coat.

"Now we're ready!" he said cheerfully. "Give me a lift, Father John!"

Father Cunningham helped him into the coat, while Carey went forward to open the hall door.

Isabel kissed Daisy and Mary, shook hands with the priests, and then followed Tom, who had already stepped out into the street, humming a patriotic tune. On the threshold Carey put out his hand.

"Good-night, Miss Costello! We hadn't a word at all this evening."

Isabel said nothing.

"Next time, perhaps!"

"Perhaps!" She looked up and they both smiled.

"Good-night!"

"Good-night!" The hall door closed, and she was alone with Norris.

They turned out of Lady Lane in silence, but as they crossed the Mall he broke forth once more in his usual enthusiastic spirit. "Well, Miss Costello," he said, "and what do you think of your native town, now that you are back again?"

"Well, it seems rather strange," Isabel answered thoughtfully—"or I am strange—I don't know which it is."

Tom nodded sagely. "Do you know, I felt just the same myself," he confided to her, "when I came home from college. There's no use denying it, you know; it seems a bit narrow at first."

"And you have to squeeze down to fit it?"

"Ah, well, no! Ah, no! I wouldn't say that. You know, we're an interesting people, Miss Costello, wherever we are—only it doesn't show up at first in places like Waterford."

Isabel did not at once subscribe to this, and Tom branched off into a new channel. "Tell me, now," he said, "weren't you at school in Dublin before you went abroad?"

"Oh, yes, ever since my father died. I only went to France two years ago."

"And did they take any interest at all there in the new movement? Did they open your minds at all to the future of Ireland?"

Isabel laughed. "I don't know that they opened our minds to anything."

"There you are!" Tom threw out his arms in vivid despair. "There you are! How on earth are we going to form the nation when women are turned out in batches year by year with French and German at their fingers' ends and no

more knowledge of their own language than infants in arms!"

Isabel laughed again. "I don't know about fingers' ends!" she said. "I was able to say my prayers in French when I went to Paris, but that was about all."

"What a shame!" Tom cried, following his own train of thought. "The most receptive years of your life lost! But it's not too late, you know; it's not too late! I wish, Miss Costello, you'd interest yourself in the cause. If we could only induce the educated women to take it up seriously, we could move mountains."

"And do you think it will do any real good?" Isabel ventured.

"Good?" He turned on her, aflame with enthusiasm in a moment—the enthusiasm that has sent Irishmen down to death in the wake of lost causes for more generations than one cares to count. "Good? Why, it's going to make a nation of us! It's going to lift us to the level of the rest of Europe! It's the one movement that has really touched the bed-rock of things—that has a sound and true foundation. I'm not tiring you?" He looked up as he felt her steps slacken.

"Oh, no! It's only that we're here. This is my aunt's."

His face fell. "Oh, I wish I could have told you more! The walk was miserably short. But let me ring the bell for you!" He strode up the little path before her and rang the bell loudly.

"Does it interest you at all?" he asked, as he turned to say good-night.

"Oh, I think it's—it's most interesting."

"I'm so glad. I'm so glad. I must talk to you again. Good-bye! And thanks for a most delightful walk!" He rung her hand cordially while they heard the chain being taken off the door.

As he walked down the path the door itself was opened, and Miss Costello's face appeared in the aperture; almost before she had seen her niece she broke volubly into speech.

"Oh, Isabel!" she cried. "I thought you'd never be back! Such a time as I have had! There's a telegram for you that came at eight o'clock. I half thought of sending Lizzie up with it to the Careys', but then I didn't."

"Thank goodness you didn't!" said Isabel, as she walked into the hall.

"Well, here 'tis now, anyway!" She held out the orange envelope. "Open it! Open it and see what it is! I have an awful sort of a feeling that it's from Frank."

"From Frank? Nonsense!" But Isabel turned a little pale as she walked toward the gas-jet, tearing the envelope open.

For a moment she stood reading the message with a calm that reduced Miss Costello to despair; then she held out the thin pink paper.

"You're quite right, Aunt Teresa!" she said in a dazed voice. "It is from Frank. He's got my letter, and he's coming back to see me. He'll be here to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII

The arrival of this telegram from Frank Carey had something of the force and decimating power of a bomb exploding in peaceful surroundings. Under any circumstances the coming of a telegram causes excitement in such households as Miss Costello's; but when the fateful envelope holds within it such news as this, excitement cools before actual panic.

Isabel's first desire was to sink into the solitary chair that graced the hall; but that being already in possession of her aunt, she was forced to accept the nearest substitute, which proved to be the lowest step of the stairs; and from this coign of vantage she looked out blankly upon the situation.

"To-morrow!" she ejaculated. "To-morrow! That means he'll get in by the boat at some unearthly hour in the morning!"

Miss Costello, who was still scrutinising the telegram, answered from her own thoughts. "He handed this in just before the boat left," she said. "He's actually on his way now."

Isabel made a gesture of despair. "What'll his brother think! He'll think I didn't properly break it off. Oh, what on earth possessed him to do such a thing! What on earth possessed him!"

"Your letter, of course! I must say I feel for the poor fellow!"

"And why should my letter make him do such a thing? I think it's mean—I think it's downright mean—to come in on us like this! Never to give us a chance of writing—never to give us a chance of stopping him!" Her voice rose with her distress, and, urged to action, she rose to her feet.

"I won't see him when he does come!" she announced. "I don't see why I should! You can see him for me, and tell him I meant every word I wrote, and that nothing in the world would make me take it back. Why should I have to see him? Why should he torment me like this just because I don't want to marry him?"

Miss Costello, finding no pertinent answer, resorted to strategy. "If you really want to get rid of him," she said, "'would be ever so much quicker to talk to him yourself. It's so hard for another person to get a man to see reason."

Isabel considered the statement. "Well, perhaps so!" she admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps so! I suppose so!" She crossed the hall, took up her bedroom candle, and, to her aunt's unfeigned surprise, walked upstairs without further comment.

That night she slept little, tossing from side to side of her uncomfortable bed, and the early hours on the following morning found her waiting in the parlour, listening with tightly strung nerves to every sound that might presage the unwelcome guest.

To those who would call Isabel cruel in the meeting of this crisis, one might point to the law of all created things. There is no cruelty in the cat that crouches, all grace, all deft agility, to pounce upon a bird; nor is there cruelty in the bird, hopping, bright and vigilant, to destroy a lower life for its own sustenance. Each is alive, and each to the utmost limit of its power exercises its gift. Such was Isabel—to be judged as such. As she sat on the old horsehair sofa, her fingers nervously drumming out a tune upon its slippery surface, there was no regret in her mind—there was scarcely even pride at the thought that her sentence could bring a man hurrying across

two countries to plead his cause with her; her racing thoughts sped to one question—how would this new contingency affect her own life?

But in the midst of her cogitations a car stopped on the road outside, the garden gate clicked and swung upon its hinges, and her fingers slipped inert from the back of the sofa in sudden acknowledgment that the crisis was at hand.

She was standing when the parlour door opened, her arms hanging by her sides, her head lifted in nervous expectancy, and almost before her mind had grappled with the situation, she caught a vision of Lizzie's face, scared and inquisitive, and behind it Frank's—colourless, jaded, unfamiliar from want of sleep and lack of a razor. It is the details that stand out from the imagination in such moments as this, and it was this detail of the unshaven chin that sprang to Isabel's mind with the rapidity and force of a lightning shaft. It might be subtly flattering in its testimony of unsparing haste, but as a fact it was revolting, chaining her feet to the ground, making it impossible even to hold out her hand.

The door closed upon the servant; Frank hesitated for a moment, then took an uneven step forward.

"Isabel! Have you nothing to say to me? I've come all the way from Paris!" The words were pathetic, and there was pathos in the weak, emotional face and the lower lip that seemed on the verge of quivering; but these things went down, marks as black as the unshaven chin, against the hapless lover.

"Isabel! What does it all mean? Haven't you a word to say?"

Then, and only then, did Isabel conquer her repugnance. "Oh, why did you come back?" she cried indistinctly. "Why did you come back at all?"

"Why? You know why!" He made an awkward movement toward her and caught one of her hands. "Isabel, what is it? Don't try to get away!"

"Let me go, Frank! Let my hand go!"

"No, I won't let it go. I have a right to hold it. We're engaged still."

"We are not engaged." She wrenched her hand away.

"Isabel! What's the meaning of it all? It's Stephen who's done this!"

She flushed up to her temples. "It is not! He has nothing to do with it!"

"Then who has?"

"No one."

"That's ridiculous! Something must have happened to change you like this. In Paris you cared for me—in Paris you were willing enough to marry me."

She stood with her eyes averted, an obstinate line showing round her mouth.

"Isabel, some one has done this!"

Suddenly her glance flashed up to his. "Nobody has done it," she said sharply. "If you want to know the truth, it's because I don't care for you any more—because I'm tired of you—because I'd rather die than marry you now!"

This onslaught, so sudden and vehement, seemed to sober him, as a shock might sober a drunken man.

He turned very white and subsided into a chair that stood by the centre table. There he sat, huddled and inarticulate, until slowly, almost imperceptibly, the Celtic flair for an emotional situation prompted him to action. The prompting was entirely instinctive and his response to it entirely unconscious; but a world of suggestion was conveyed by his fingers, as they groped cautiously toward his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there in a blind, clumsy search.

Isabel, strung to emotion herself, attuned to receive the subtlest impression, felt her heart give a hard, quick throb.

"Frank, what have you there in your pocket? What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"But I see you fumbling with something. What is it? Frank, what is it?"

A gleam of satisfaction, overstrained and hysterical, flickered in his eyes; he threw a glance of triumph at her frightened face. "All right so!" he said suddenly. "I'll tell you what it is. It's something that'll end the business for me, if you want to know. A fellow isn't a doctor for nothing." He pulled out a little phial containing half a dozen tabloids and held it up before her.

It is impossible to tell in what spirit of bravado or youthful conceit he had provided himself with this weapon, but he launched it now with full effect.

"Oh, no, a fellow isn't a doctor for nothing!" he repeated. "I have only to swallow one of these, and I can tell you, women and the rest won't matter much to me!"

Isabel stared, then she made a little rush forward. "Frank! Frank, don't be a fool!"

She wrested the little bottle from him before he thought of resistance, and then stood, half laughing, half panting—her head thrown back.

"Frank, 'tisn't worth that!" Then she stopped, dismayed, for Frank in a moment of acute reaction had thrown his arms out across the table, and burying his face in his sleeve, had broken suddenly into boyish, hysterical sobs.

For a couple of minutes she stood petrified; then a sense of shame for him urged her to words.

"Frank, don't! Don't! I'm sorry!"

"But do you care for me, that's the thing? Do you care?"

She was silent.

"Do you care?" He lifted a face grotesquely marred by emotion, weariness and tears. But you don't! I can see you don't. Oh, I'm sick of life!" His head dropped back again.

"No, Frank, you're not!" She girded up her courage and slipped the little bottle surreptitiously into her pocket. "It's only that you are worn out, that you don't know what you're saying."

He buried his head still lower.

"Frank, look here! Wait till—till you have had something to eat—". She looked distractedly round for inspiration. "Wait till you have had breakfast, and you'll feel a different person."

He looked up indignantly. "Breakfast! Well, if that isn't like a woman! Breakfast, when a fellow's life is smashed!"

But Isabel glanced quickly behind her; then gave his sleeve a jerk, to rouse him to self-control. "Frank, here's Aunt Teresa!" she whispered hurriedly. "Frank, pull yourself together!"

But he had gone beyond the sense of shame, and turned toward the door, without attempting to wipe either the tears or the grime of travel from his face.

"Well, Miss Costello, I suppose you are against me, too?"

At sight of him, Miss Costello threw

up her hands in sympathetic dismay. "Oh, my poor boy! My poor boy! Is it as bad as that?"

At the unexpected tone, Frank's self-pity welled up anew. "I'm glad somebody feels the injustice of it! Though, so far as I'm concerned, it's all up with me! I'm done for!"

"Oh, don't say that! Don't say that, Frank!"

He shook his head. "'Tis the truth—and she knows it."

"Indeed, I don't!" Isabel broke in. "I hope you're more of a man than that."

Miss Costello looked from one to the other in tremulous consternation. "Oh, what an unfortunate business it all is!" she wailed. "And it was all so nice and settled till that brother of yours interfered."

Frank flared up. "I thought so!" he cried, turning round upon Isabel. "I thought so! So it is Stephen I have to thank for it."

Isabel stood mute and rebellious.

"I believe you weren't telling the truth while ago," he added quickly. "I believe you care for me all the time, and that Stephen worked on you and made you do it. Isabel, tell me! Miss Costello, ask her to tell me!"

They both turned on the girl, standing defiant and apart.

"Isabel, you cared for me in Paris! Miss Costello, you know she cared for me then!"

"Indeed I do. Indeed I do, Frank. Isabel, why can't you answer the poor fellow!"

Still Isabel stood obstinately mute.

"Isabel, was it Stephen? Did Stephen play on you?"

"No!" She shot the word at him with fierce vehemence.

"Then what was it? For God's sake, what was it? You can't throw a man away like an old glove without any reason."

"I gave you a reason."

"It wasn't enough. You can't tire of a person in a few weeks—unless, of course—" He stopped suddenly, and a gleam of suspicion lit his eyes, "—unless you have fallen in love with somebody else."

Isabel turned, swiftly furious, the

blood mounting to her face. "How dare you say that!"

"I didn't say it. But I believe now that that's the secret—or why should you get as red as that? I believe you're throwing me over because there's another man."

The two looked at each other aggressively, while Miss Costello turned aside to mutter an ejaculatory prayer.

"Some other man has been making love to you."

"No other man has made love to me."

"Oh, Frank, don't now!" put in Miss Costello agitatedly. "Sure, what other man could she meet? We're like nuns in a convent here."

"Be quiet, Aunt Teresa!" Isabel stamped her foot. "No man has made love to me," she repeated, looking at Frank.

"But you are in love with some man?"

Her eyes flashed recklessly. "If I said 'yes' would you leave me alone?"

"I suppose I would," he said huskily. "Yes, I would."

"Very well, then! Think it, if you like!"

Without waiting for his comment, heedless of her aunt's horrified cry of "Isabel!" she swung out of the room, banging the door behind her.

CHAPTER XIII

With Isabel's violent departure a lull fell upon the scene—the dead lull that envelops the sailing ship when the wind drops at sea. Such personalities as hers are scarcely conducive to peace, but their withdrawal has a property of making remaining things seem singularly dull.

With the closing of the door, Frank's vehemence dropped from him, and he rose from his seat in a limp, inexpressive way. "I suppose I—I had best go?" he said vaguely.

Miss Costello offered no assistance. She was looking nervously toward the door, while her fingers kept locking and unlocking.

"It's no good my staying here, is it? I—I suppose I'll go down to Lady Lane." He pushed back his chair and took a turn or two up and down the room.

Miss Costello, whose one desire centred round the thought of flight, jumped at the last suggestion. "Oh, do! Do! I'd advise you to. There's nothing like going to the fountain-head."

He gave a dreary laugh. "Well, she's the fountain-head—and you heard what she said."

"Oh, I did! I did, indeed. But I wouldn't be putting any pass on that at all, Frank. I give you my solemn pledge not another man but you ever said a word to her. Have a good talk with your brother, and 'twill be all right yet, please God!" In her anxiety to be quit of the situation, she was ready to hold out any hope, reasonable or the reverse.

Frank took another turn, and then stopped opposite to her.

"Well, anyway you can tell her that, whoever he is, he'll never care for her more than I did." He took up his hat and overcoat and, without any attempt at farewell, walked out of the room.

Lady Lane was empty, save for one or two loiterers, when the outside car that had driven him from New Town drew up in front of his brother's house, and there were only half a dozen pairs of eyes to observe him get down and walk slowly up the steps to the hall door; but Stephen Carey, breakfasting with Daisy, heard the clatter of hoofs and the stopping of the car, and looked up from his morning paper.

"Wasn't that a car?" he said.

Daisy, whose mind was already flying to possible contingencies, dropped the little bit of toast she was buttering, and ran to the window.

"Oh, Stephen, it's an outside car with a bag and a coat on the seat! And there's the hall-door bell! Who on earth can it be at this hour? And I'm in this awful old dress!"

As she stood panic-stricken at the thought of an unexpected guest, the dining-room door opened without ceremony and Julia put her head into the room.

"Mr. Carey, 'tis Mr. Frank!" she announced in a voice charged with excitement.

"Frank!" Daisy cried, as Stephen wheeled round in his chair in blank as-

tonishment; but her surprise melted to consternation as she caught sight of the apparition of weariness and despair.

Carey rose abruptly. "It's all right, Julia!" were his first words. "And shut the door after you." Then he turned on his brother. "What in the name of goodness is the meaning of this?"

By strong measures he had played father to the six boys left in his charge, for the authority of an elder brother is a thing that needs upholding; and as he looked down now on the weak, jaded figure of Frank, the old methods presented themselves unconsciously.

For the first moment Frank cowered; then his outraged sense of manhood struggled to the surface. "I want fair treatment, Stephen," he said indistinctly. "That's what I want."

"Oh!" Stephen was very laconic, very hard; and, turning to Daisy, he added in the same brusque tone, "If you've finished your breakfast, Daisy, you may as well go."

With the utmost reluctance Daisy moved toward the door. She would have bartered many things for the privilege of overhearing this conversation, but here again habit was strong, and it did not occur to her to disobey.

As she passed Frank, she held out her hand. "How are you, Frank?" she said in her pretty, mincing voice. She made this proffer of friendship partly from the senses of conventionality, but also from an overmastering desire to see his face at closer quarters.

He muttered some unintelligible remark, and dropped her hand almost as soon as he had taken it.

"Close the door after you!" Stephen said, remindingly; and without further hesitancy Daisy went.

Left alone, the brothers faced each other, each conscious that antagonism lurked in the other's eyes.

"Well," said Carey at last in a measured way, "so you have taken the liberty of throwing up your studies to come back here and demand fair treatment? Now, would you mind telling me what you call fair treatment?"

Frank visibly weakened at this deliberate attack. In a long absence one is apt to underestimate the strength of such

men as Carey, and to face it again with disorder of one's forces.

"I think I'm—I'm entitled to the rights of a man, Stephen."

"Indeed! The rights of a man?"

Frank braced his limp muscles. "I mean, Stephen," he blurted out, "that I'm not a schoolboy—that I'm twenty-three—that I have as good a right to live as you—or—or—any other man."

"Did I ever object to your existence?"

"Oh, you know what I mean—that I have as good a right as anybody else to do what I like with my life, without being bullied and threatened and——"

"Sit down!" said Carey peremptorily. "This isn't a time for heroics. Tell me in the fewest possible words what the devil brought you back!"

From the instinct of long obedience, rather than from any conscious admission of weakness, Frank subsided into the nearest chair.

"Go on now! What brought you?"

"Your letter."

"Oh!" Again Carey was laconic.

"Yes, your letter. I know that I'm a lot younger than you, Stephen, and I know that I owe you a lot of money——"

"Steady! Steady!"

"Oh, well, I know that you've done a heap for me. But, all the same, I couldn't let any man, even if 'twas my own father, dictate to me whether I am to marry—and who I am to select."

Carey was silent.

"And so when I got your letter and Isabel's letter, I knew that something was wrong, and I came back to see what it was."

"And have you found out?"

"Yes, I have. I went up to New Town the first thing. I saw her and her aunt."

"Well?"

At the thought of his recent adventure, Frank's bravado flickered and went out. "Oh, what I might have expected, I suppose. She doesn't want any more of me."

A fresh expression passed over Carey's face, banishing the aggressive look. "Ah, well," he said more kindly, "you mustn't be too cut up!" He walked round the table, and with a new generosity put his hand on the other's shoulder. "I suppose I was a bit rough in my letter, but then I always am like that. Cheer up!

We'll be good friends yet, for all this business!"

But Frank bent his head and edged away from the friendly hand. "It's no good, Stephen! It's done for me."

The pressure of Carey's hand became heavier, and he twisted the boy round in his seat.

"What do you mean by that?"

Frank kept his eyes lowered. "I mean what I say. I'm done for! I'm not going to stick on, in the face of this!"

Stephen's brow darkened and the line of his mouth became hard. "Look here, Frank," he said, "don't come to me with any of that rot. It won't work with me. While you're in this house you're going to behave as a rational being. I'll send you upstairs presently to have a hot bath and a shave. And to show how little I give for your threats, I'll lend you one of my razors!"

The cool, sarcastic tone stung Frank out of his lethargy, as Carey had meant it should.

"I think you're a brute!" he blurted out. "And she's as bad."

Carey laughed. "Come, come! Be a man! As for the girl, she's thinking of you more than of herself."

Frank gave a bitter echo of the laugh. "Of me, indeed! That's all you know about it."

"I know she's a sight too good for you! She's got more spirit and sense than ever you will have."

"Spirit! Sense! If that was all, do you think I'd be like this? Do you think I'd give in like this? It's being thrown away like an old glove—chucked for some other fellow—that takes the heart out of you!"

In the pause that followed this, Carey turned away and walked slowly to the mantelpiece. "Another fellow?" he said. "What do you mean by that?"

Frank was too absorbed to notice anything of the tone. "I mean what I say—no more and no less. If you think it's sense that has made her do this, you know very little about women."

"That's quite probable."

"The less, the better for you! Spirit and sense, indeed! Why, with her own lips she told me that she doesn't care a

brass farthing for me—that's she throwing me over for somebody else."

Carey leant his elbow on the mantelpiece. "And who is the somebody else?"

"You may be sure I didn't ask. What does it matter whether it's Willie Neville or Owen Power, or who the devil it is, so long as it isn't me?"

Carey turned round abruptly. "Do you think that a girl like that would throw herself away on an ass like Neville or an empty-headed coxcomb like Power?"

"Why not? Power is a lady's man. Ask Daisy or Mary if he isn't!"

"But it's ridiculous on the face of it! She hasn't seen any of them half a dozen times!"

Frank gave another of his dreary laughs. "A lot that has to do with it! I only met her three times, when I was crazed about her."

Carey stood pondering these words of wisdom.

"That's the way with women!" Frank broke out again. "You see, if she isn't engaged before a month is out! After all, Power is a better match than me, any day!"

"That'll do, Frank! That'll do! We've

had enough of this." Stepping to the side of the fireplace, Carey pulled the bell peremptorily.

The door opened with suspicious alacrity, and Julia appeared.

"Take Mr. Frank up to my room," he ordered. "Get him some hot water for shaving and then fill the bath!"

For a moment Frank looked as though about to rebel, but a glance at Julia's inquisitive face deterred him and he rose mechanically.

"I won't want any breakfast, Stephen," he said, "so you needn't order any."

"All right!" Carey agreed unfeelingly. "We'll call you for lunch."

As the door closed, he turned back again to the fireplace, and his expression was a curious mingling of irritation and some other emotion, less easily defined. With a wide, characteristic gesture he threw out his arms and, resting both elbows on the mantel-board, stood staring down into the grate. For a while he remained in this attitude of thought; then, with an abrupt movement, he threw up his head, as though impatience of the world had concentrated into impatience of himself.

"Pshaw! Women!" he said with deep disgust.

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

John Lane Company:

Stained Glass Tours in France. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill.

The author writes of his tour through the cathedral towns of France and gives many interesting descriptions and legends of these cathedral windows. The volume is illustrated with half-tones showing examples of thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth century stained glass in France and contains itineraries and maps of practical tours

to the cathedrals and towns in which the best stained glass is to be found.

L. C. Page and Company:

Castles and Keeps of Scotland. By Frank Roy Fraprie.

The author here relates some of the history and romance connected with the more important castles of Scotland, and tells of their architectural peculiarities. The introductory chapter is devoted to the "Development and Styles of the Castles of Scotland." The volume contains many illustrations from original photographs.

British Highways and Byways from a Motor Car. Being a Record of a Five Thousand

Mile Tour in England, Wales and Scotland. By Thos. D. Murphy.

A volume of travel covering the country roads of England, Wales and Scotland, with descriptions of the picturesque and interesting landmarks. The book contains information of a practical nature as well as historical comment. A distinct feature of the volume is its illustrations, which consist of sixteen full-page pictures in colour, reproduced from original paintings by prominent artists, and thirty-two in photogravure.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The German Literary Board:

The First Page of the Bible. By Fr. Bettex. Translated from the Second German Edition, with the Former Translation Compared and Revised by the Rev. F. C. Longaker, A.M.

A comment upon the work of creation.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible (Demifous et Demiresponsables). By Joseph Grasset. Authorized American Edition. Translated by Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D., Ph.D.

In outlining the chief purpose of this treatise Professor Grasset writes as follows: "Society knows to-day that, if it has any rights in connection with criminals, it has also duties toward the diseased. And, further, in the presence of a misdemeanor or a crime it ought to put the question, Should the accused be punished or should he be treated? The object of this book is to demonstrate that to this burning question the magistrate, assisted by the physicians, may make three different replies according to the case in hand: (1) The accused criminal is entirely responsible; he has normal psychic neurons; therefore, he ought only to be punished and put in prison. (2) The accused criminal is entirely irresponsible; his psychic neurons are wholly diseased; therefore, he ought only to be treated and placed in a hospital. (3) The accused criminal has attenuated responsibility; his psychic neurons are not normal, but are partially diseased; therefore, he ought to be both punished and treated. He should be placed successively in a prison and in a hospital."

Harper and Brothers:

Hypnotic Therapeutics in Theory and Practice. With Numerous Illustrations of Treatment by Suggestion. By John Duncan Quackenbos, A.M., M.D.

An exposition of hypnotism as the great regenerative force of the age, based on scientific facts; and written for

the general reader. It is the result of over seven thousand personal experiences of the author with hypnotic treatment of the physically and morally diseased.

The Hemiup Publishing Company:

Our World: The Earth a Revolving Engine with a Central Propelling Power. By Maria Remington Hemiup.

From a long life of study and research in scientific thought as well as in everyday affairs concerning the general good of humanity, the author sums up in this volume her original observations and discoveries. The work is dedicated: To the World's Humanity.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Use of the Margin. By Edward Howard Griggs.

In the Art of Life Series. The margin here referred to is the margin of life, or the spare time each individual has to spend as he pleases. The author's theme is the problem of utilising this spare time with a definite object in view—that of attaining the highest culture of mind and spirit. In discussing the problem he deals with work and play, study and reading, and the ethical aspects of daily living.

Where Knowledge Fails. By Earl Barnes.

In the Art of Life Series. The author here discusses the relation and interdependence of knowledge and faith. He points out the limitations of each and clears the way for believers to accept the progress of science and for scholars to embrace a satisfactory faith.

John Lane Company:

The Re-Birth of Religion. Being an account of the passing of the old and coming of the new dogmatic. By Algernon Sidney Crapsey.

The author sets forth the causes of the present religious unrest in Europe and America. His purpose is to make clear why it is that the intellectual world has rejected and must continue to reject the dogmatic teaching of the churches. He also explains why moral earnestness and enthusiasm for humanity seek expression outside rather than inside the various ecclesiastical organisations.

Luce and Company:

The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken.

The author has made three divisions of his work, namely, "Nietzsche the Man," "Nietzsche the Philosopher" and "Nietzsche the Prophet." His purpose is to "translate Nietzsche into terms familiar to every one—to show the exact bearing of his philosophy upon matters which every man must consider every day."

The Macmillan Company:

Christianity and the Social Order. By R. J. Campbell, M.A.

In a series of sermons the Rev. R. J. Campbell presents the social bearings of the New Theology. He has enlisted his sympathy with the socialists and has taken his stand with the leaders of the labour movement in England. In regard to the way in which he became identified with the socialist movement the author writes as follows: "The first and most obvious influence in this direction was the study of Christian origins, which led me gradually but irresistibly to see that the first Christian preachers did not know of any other gospel than that of a universal brotherhood on earth. I have never been anything else than a liberal in theology—all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding—but my way of presenting the truth in the earlier years of my ministry was necessarily less clear and coherent than at present, for it rested too much on the other-worldism of conventional Christian preaching. The realisation that this other-worldism was totally absent from the primitive Christian thought forced me, like so many others, upon what was practically the socialist position without any first-hand acquaintance with the socialist movement itself. I now regard socialism as the practical expression of Christian ethics and the evangel of Jesus."

From the Columbia University Press.

The Distribution of Ownership. By Joseph Harding Underwood, Ph.D.

The Inheritance Tax. By Max West, Ph.D.

The Legislature of the Province of Virginia. Its Internal Development. By Elmer I. Miller, Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

Confessio Medici. By the Writer of "The Young People."

Primarily for the lover of literature, though addressed to the medical man. It is the quiet, reflective talk of a physician who has lived much and observed much, and who is, first of all, a man.

The Inward Light. By H. Fielding Hall.

An attempt to determine the "great and vital principle of truth that underlies the Eastern Faith called Buddhism." Mr. Hall's interpretation of this faith is that it is a religion based upon a conception of the soul and of the world that rings as true, a conception which is deduced from facts and is not a dogma.

Essays in Municipal Administration. By John A. Fairlie, Ph.D.

A series of papers and articles on special topics that have been prepared under varying circumstances and for different purposes. Most of them have already appeared in various magazines and journals. The author describes this series as arranged in three groups. In the first are those relating to problems of organisation and the relation of cities to the State. In the second group are those dealing with municipal government in Europe; and this is followed by an important independent essay called "Instruction in Municipal Government."

Primitive Secret Societies. A study in Early Politics and Religion. By Hutton Webster, Ph.D.

As Professor Webster states in his preface to this work, recent years have added much to the knowledge of the initiation ceremonies and secret societies found among many savage and barbarous communities throughout the world, and that the data bearing upon these matters, collected by the patient efforts of scholarly investigators in Australia, Melanesia, Africa and North America, are of singular interest to the student of primitive sociology and religion. The present work, the author states, represents an effort, necessarily provisional in the light of existing information, to arrive at the significance of the materials so laboriously and so carefully collected. The central proposition maintained in this work is that initiation rights and secret societies constituted the earliest system of social control among primitive peoples.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Optimism. A Real Remedy. By Horace Fletcher. With a Foreword by William Dana Orcutt.

Mr. Fletcher's original investigations in the science of absorbing food into the human system have gained for him the interest and support of men of science and his present volume bespeaks the attention of those who are well that they may keep well, of those not in robust health, that they may attain it, and justifies its title completely, proving that the world is a better place to live in than even the most sanguine had imagined.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Political Opinions of Thomas Jefferson. An Essay by John Walter Wayland, B.A., Ph.D.

As the author remarks in his prefatory note, no claim is made to a complete enumeration of Jefferson's political principles and opinions. His object has been merely to give a comprehensive outline. Jefferson's views on many questions are quoted directly and others

are given indirectly. The subject is treated under the following headings: I. Concerning Government; II. Concerning the American States; III. Concerning the United States Government; IV. Concerning the United States in Relation to Foreign Powers; and V. Concerning Various Questions of Importance. Under the fifth head the author takes up Jefferson's position on African slavery, the American Indians, the liquor traffic, money and banks, and expansion of territory.

Olcott Publishing Company:

The Man of Galilee. A New Enquiry. By George R. Wendling.

A revision and enlargement of a lecture given by the author on this subject. In it he outlines a new enquiry into the alleged divinity of the Galilean based on a new analysis of His intellectual qualities. In the introductory lines Mr. Wendling writes: "This enquiry touches some undeveloped chapters of His life, lays more than usual stress on internal evidence, seeks to place the controversy as to His supernatural origin on a broader basis, and is a study in psychology and in comparative religion."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Solar System. A Study of Recent Observations. By Charles Lane Poor.

The author's aim is to present the subject in untechnical language, and, without the use of mathematics, to show by what steps the precise knowledge of today has been reached, and to explain the marvellous results of modern methods and modern observations. The attempt is made to show what the bodies of the solar system really are, not how they move: to show the conditions existing on the various planets, the character of their surfaces, their resemblances to, and their differences from, the earth. Among the special features of the book is the great number of illustrations, showing in detail the phenomena discussed in the text.

The Prolongation of Life. Optimistic Studies. By Elie Metchnikoff. The English Translation Edited by P. Chalmers Mitchell.

A sequel to the author's work, *The Nature of Man*, published about four years ago. In this new volume the author treats at greater length, in the light of additional knowledge gained in the last few years, his main thesis that human life is not only unnaturally short, but unnaturally burdened with physical and mental disabilities. He analyses the causes of these disharmonies and explains his reasons for hoping that they may be counteracted by a rational hygiene. He also discusses the social and moral aspects of his proposals.

Christian Science. The Faith and Its Founder. By Lyman P. Powell.

A scientific investigation of the claims of Christian Science, the career of its founder, its philosophy and theology, its bearing upon physical healing and upon marriage and the family. The author states that his purpose in writing this book has been to present a work in which the average man who is outside of Christian Science can find the things he wants to know about its theory and practice.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The American Constitution. The National Powers, The Rights of the States, The Liberties of the People. By Frederic Jesup Stimson.

The volume consists of eight lectures which were delivered by the author last fall at the Lowell Institute in Boston. The titles of the various lectures are as follows: "The Meaning of the Constitution," "Constitutional Rights Peculiar to English and American Freeman," "Development of These Rights—Their Infringement by Kings and Their Re-establishment by the People," "The Expression of Those Liberties in Our Federal Constitution," "Division of Powers Between Legislative, Executive and Judicial, and Between the Federal Government and the States," "Changes in the Constitution Now Proposed" and "Interstate Commerce, the Control of Trusts, and the Regulation of Corporations."

Reeve A. Silk:

Nephilim. By William J. H. Bohannon.

This book, the introductory chapter of which is entitled "The Basis of Science," is written "to point out the principle which, in operation, gives rise to all physical phenomena and to show the absolute truth of statement of the Bible concerning the creation and order of the universe and the destiny of the solar system."

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Buffalo Historical Society:

Millard Fillmore Papers. Two Volumes. Edited by Frank H. Severance.

The volumes contain speeches, debates, official and private correspondence, and miscellaneous writings of Millard Fillmore. The editor's especial design has been to give Mr. Fillmore's words on important issues where they have been preserved; and to make apparent his part in legislation, and his motives of conduct. Volume I. contains Millard Fillmore's autobiography of his earlier years.

Harper and Brothers:

Memoirs of a Russian Governor. Prince

Serge Dmitriyevich Urussov. Translated from the Russian and Edited by Herman Rosenthal.

A prince of one of the oldest families of Russia, a member of the first Duma, and an enthusiastic patriot, has added another volume to Russian history. He tells of the intricate machinery of the autocracy, the schemes of the police department and the intrigues and corruption that underlie the fabric of government. Prince Urussov's aim in "exposing these truths is to arouse earnest, right-thinking men to sweep away these foul abuses and to co-operate in the sane upbuilding of the New Russia."

The Macmillan Company:

Rambling Recollections. By the Right Honourable Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Two Volumes.

These volumes contain much information regarding characters and scenes of European history during the past half century. The author writes of his boyhood, youth and manhood, and of his political and social life. As attache, minister, or ambassador, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff represented Great Britain at almost every European court, and in later life became especially prominent in negotiations with Russia, Austria, Turkey and Persia and in relation to the questions arising in Egypt and the Balkan States; and here pictures the men, motives and circumstances of this troublous era. He tells stories of his experiences in the House of Commons, his association with Disraeli, Thackeray, and many others.

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Volume III.

This volume carries the autobiography on to 1830, and contains a number of entertaining notes in regard to Victor Hugo and other literary and public men of the period, especially those concerned with the French Drama. The Memoirs will be complete in six volumes.

James Thomson. By G. C. Macaulay.

The latest volume in the English Men of Letters Series. The author's object is to present the subject as a chapter of the history of English Literature, and to bring out the part played by Thomson in the development of the poetry of the eighteenth century.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Princess of Intrigue; Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville, and her Times. By H. Noel Williams.

The life of the beautiful and accomplished Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville, daughter of Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condi,

and sister of the great Condi. It deals with Madame de Longueville's early years, her responsibility for the fatal duel between Maurice de Coligny and the Duc de Guise, her visit to the Congress of Munster, her passionate attachment to La Rochefoucauld, to further whose interests she engaged in the intrigue against Mazarin and the Court, her adventurous career during the Wars of the Fronde, her conversion, and her protection of the Jansenists and Port Royal.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Mirabeau. The Demi-God. Being the True and Romantic Story of his Life and Adventures. By W. R. H. Trowbridge.

In a dedicatory letter the author writes: "There are few historical characters of whom so much is known as Mirabeau, none of whom it is so impossible to describe accurately or to consider dispassionately. Even his most 'scientific' biographer has been unable to conceal a prejudice that closely resembles personal spite. For the fact is Mirabeau was an exaggeration, and in writing of him one unconsciously falls into an exaggeration of panegyric or invective. There seems to be no middle course between loving and hating him. I frankly admit that I have preferred to see in him only his nobler and what I believe to be his fundamental qualities, and it has been my object to convey my sympathetic impression that he sinned far less than he was sinned against."

Henrik Ibsen. By Edmund Gosse.

In the series of "Literary Lives." An account and criticism of the poet and dramatist. Among others there are chapters devoted to his "Childhood and Youth," "Early Influences," "Personal Characteristics" and "Intellectual Characteristics." The author expresses in the preface the wish that his book might be read in connection with the edition of Ibsen's Complete Dramatic Works, which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have recently issued in eleven volumes.

George Sand and Her Lovers. By Francis Gribble.

This story of George Sand's extraordinary career, of her adventures and experiments in sentiment, is based chiefly on her own letters and those of her friends and lovers, including a number of Chopin's which have not hitherto been published. There are also many glimpses of the famous men and women of the time.

The University of Chicago Press:

Heralds of American Literature. A Group of Patriot Writers of the Revolutionary and National Periods. By Annie Russell Marble, M.A.

The author's aim is to furnish a detailed study of the lives and services of a group of typical writers during the early years of national growth. Among the authors considered are Francis Hopkinson, Philip Freneau, John Trumbull, Joseph Dennie, William Dunlap, and Charles Brockden Brown.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice.

The Tempest.

The Winter's Tale.

The *First Folio* Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, List of Variorum Readings, and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Duffield and Company:

The Taming of the Shrew. Edited by W. G. Boswell-Stone.

The Old-Spelling Shakespeare: Being the Works of Shakespeare on the Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts. Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. C. Boswell-Stone.

The Old-Spelling Shakespeare is the first section of the Shakespeare Library of which Professor I. Gollanz, Litt.D., is the general editor. This section will, when complete, consist of forty volumes, each accompanied by a short preface and brief textual notes and collations.

Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre. By William Archer and Granville Barker.

A detailed scheme, with estimates for the creation, organisation and management of a National Theatre in England. This theatre the authors conceive to be a "free gift to the nation, represented by a Board of Trustees." They assume that the theatre-building with an initial stock of scenery, costumes, furniture, and other requisites, is placed, free of all rent, taxes, and insurance premium, at the disposal of the management, and their object is to ascertain what will be the probable yearly cost, under these conditions, of presenting a worthy repertory in a worthy fashion.

Love's Labors Lost. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

In the series of "The Old Spelling Shakespeare"—the works of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts, edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone. This series forms a section of the Shakespeare Library.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Genesis of Hamlet. By Charlton M. Lewis.

An essay which presents the chief new results of a prolonged study of *Hamlet* with a succession of college classes. It is an attempt to solve the *Hamlet* problem by discriminating between Shakespeare's original contributions to the study and the legendary materials that he inherited. The matter is treated under the following headings: "The Theory of Coleridge," "Werder's Theory," "The First Quarto," "Kyd and Belleforest," "The German Hamlet," "Kyd's Hamlet," "Shakespeare's Hamlet," and "Ophelia."

Maunsel and Company:

The Playboy of the Western World. By J. M. Synge.

A comedy in three acts depicting the peasant life in Ireland.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

The Art of William Blake. By Elizabeth Luther Cary.

A volume discussing the art of William Blake in several phases and dwelling upon his Manuscript Sketch Book, to which the author had free access and from which the publishers have drawn for illustrations.

Oxford University Press:

A History of Music in England. By Ernest Walker.

The author writes that his purpose in this book is to sketch the main features of English music from its earliest artistic manifestations to the close of the nineteenth century. The chapter on folk-music contains references to the melodies of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as well as to those of England itself.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Renaissance Masters. The Art of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo Da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Botticelli and Rubens. By George B. Rose.

A new edition to which has been added a study of the art of Claude Lorraine. The author's design here has been to give briefly the essential characteristics of each of the masters treated, so that the traveller may be able to enjoy them for what they are, without looking for merits in one which can be found only in another.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Spanish Prose Composition. By G. W. Umphrey, Ph.D.

Interesting material systematically ar-

ranged for translation, composition and conversation in Spanish. It is intended for students who already know something about the essential principles of the Spanish language.

The Short-Story. Specimens Illustrating Its Development. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Brander Matthews, LL.D.

For this volume twenty-four specimen stories have been selected, from the chief modern literatures—English, French, German, Russian and Norwegian—to show the development of the form or the slow evolution of this literary species through the long centuries of advancing civilisation.

Text-Book in General Physiology and Anatomy. By Walter Hollis Eddy.

The publishers state that this text-book is suited for use in the most modern schools and by the most progressive teachers. Physiology is treated as a study of function in living forms, and as a part of the training in biologic science, and not as an isolated subject.

Elementary Algebra. By Frederick H. Somerville, B.S.

This book is planned to meet every real need in teaching elementary algebra in secondary schools, including the present requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board. Among its important features are: The statement of problems by a consistent use of the idea of "translation"; the natural order and grouping of the type-forms in factoring; the logical plan of the introduction to fractions; the economic arrangement of simultaneous equations; the introduction and the classification of the new forms in the theory of exponents; the consistent and teachable presentation of quadratic equations; the clear introduction to and the practical treatment of logarithms.

Simplicité. A Reader of French Pronunciation. By Julius Tuckerman.

In this book an attempt is made to assist the teacher in solving the difficulty of teaching French pronunciation in as brief a time as possible. For this purpose carefully graded exercises have been arranged, each exercise dealing with only one difficulty at a time. Model sentences of simple construction have been grouped around each sound so as to produce by repetition a maximum of practice in a minimum of space.

Laboratory Lessons in Physical Geography. By Lu Lester Everly, M.A.

The ninety lessons contained in this volume constitute a year's course, covering such physical geography topics as can be taken up to advantage in the laboratory. Drainage, land, and coast forms are made clear by the aid of sand model-

ling, the study of well-selected topographical maps, and the making of profiles from these maps and other data. Simple lessons are outlined for the examination of mineral specimens and for experiments with light, heat, magnetism, the gases in the atmosphere, air pressure and the barometer, evaporation, humidity, etc.

Another Fairy Reader. By James Baldwin.

This latest addition to the popular series of Eclectic Readings is designed for use in middle and lower primary classes. The tales are from various sources, and represent the fairy lore of various peoples and countries. They are intended to teach the children lessons of kindness, cheerfulness, helpfulness and courage.

A Laboratory Manual of Zoology. By Margaretta Burnet.

A simple, yet comprehensive, course in laboratory work, suitable for secondary schools. The experiments take up the study of thirty-two typical specimens, easily obtainable in any locality, including all those recommended by the College Entrance Examination Board, besides numerous others presenting excellent optional work.

An Introductory Course in Exposition. By Frances M. Perry.

The author's object in preparing this text-book has been to provide a systematised course in the theory and practice of expository writing, from which the student will acquire a clear understanding of exposition—its nature; its two processes, definition and analysis; its three functions, impersonal presentation or transcript, interpretation, and interpretive presentation; and the special application of exposition in literary criticism.

The Herrick Book and Stationery Company:

Discoveries in Hebrew, Gaelic, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Basque, and Other Caucasian Languages. By Allison Emery Drake, Sc.M., M.D., Ph.D.

Showing fundamental kinship of the Aryan tongues and of Basque and the Semitic tongues.

Henry Holt and Company:

Schilling's Don Basilio. A Practical Guide to Spanish Conversation and Correspondence. Translated and Edited by Frederick Zagel.

Written as a companion reading-book to the author's *Spanish Grammar* and intended to meet the wants of all expecting to visit Spanish-speaking countries, or to correspond with Spanish business houses. It is written in dialogue form and in a colloquial style.

Die beiden Freunde. Eine Erzählung von General-Feldmarschall Graf Helmuth von Moltke. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by Karl Detlev Jessen, Ph.D.

A story presented to students of German for the first time in an American school-edition. The introduction gives a sketch of the author's life.

Spanish Correspondence. By E. S. Harrison.

The author's purpose is to enable students, by means of this little volume, to write an intelligible letter in Spanish.

Das Fräulein von Senderi. By E. T. A. Hoffmann. With introduction and notes by Gustav Gruener.

For the use of the student of German literature. The introduction gives a sketch of Hoffmann's life and career.

The Macmillan Company:

Livy. Book I., and Selections from Books II.-X. Latin Classics. Edited by James C. Egbert, Ph.D.

An edition prepared to meet the needs of students. The editor, who is a professor of Latin at the University of Michigan, has made such selections from the first Decade and has placed in the introduction such information as the members of his own classes at least have seemed to find interesting. For a more extensive reading of the history of Rome, parallel references to the modern handbooks are to be found at the beginning of the notes on each section of the text.

The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading. With a Review of the History of Reading and Writing and of Methods, Texts and Hygiene in Reading. By Edmund Burke Huey, A.M., Ph.D.

Besides a full discussion of all the difficult technical problems which are met by advanced students of this phase of education and psychology, Professor Huey gives much practical and suggestive advice which will be found helpful to elementary school-teachers.

Three Tragedies of Seneca. Hercules Furens, Troades, Medea. With an Introduction and Notes by Hugh M. Kingery, Ph.D.

In the series of Latin Classics. The volume contains a short introduction and standard commentary for the interpretation of the text.

A. E. McFadden:

A Selected List of Plays for Amateurs and Students of Dramatic Expression in Schools and Colleges. Compiled by Elizabeth A. McFadden and Lilian E. Davis. With Introduction by Ludella L. Peck, Professor of Elocution, Smith College.

The list of plays offered in this vol-

ume is intended to be a "first aid" to the amateur actor and dramatic student. There is a general list of plays given, and also plays for children, Christmas plays, bibliographies of Christmas literature, outdoor plays, outdoor plays for children, and old English plays.

Charles E. Merrill Company:

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Julian W. Abernethy, Ph.D., Principal of the Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The fifth volume of Merrill's English Texts. This series will include masterpieces of English literature that are best adapted for the use of schools and colleges. In the introduction to this volume the editor gives a sketch of Dickens's life and works, followed by a series of critical estimates of the author's genius and of this particular work.

Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company:

A New Method for Cæsar. By Franklin Hazen Potter, A.M.

In the Student's Series of Latin Classics. The preface states that the book has grown out of the experimental work in Latin pedagogy which the author has carried on for several years at the State University of Ohio with the co-operation of the Iowa City public schools. It is offered as a solution of the difficulty in passing from the beginner's book to Cæsar. The method followed is to give the particular preparation for a given chapter before the pupil attempts to read it, thus making it possible for the pupil to begin his reading of Cæsar immediately after finishing the elementary book.

FICTION

The Appeal to Reason:

The Scarlet Shadow. A Story of the Great Colorado Conspiracy. By Walter Hurt.

A tale based on the celebrated Haywood case, the exciting plot for which has been drawn from the bold and clever work by newspaper correspondents in solving the mystery of the Steunenberg murder.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Vanishing Fleets. By Roy Norton.

While the President and War Department plan to protect the country in a war with Japan, "Old Bill" Roberts, an inventor, startles them by announcing a discovery he has made which if perfected will give the United States absolute control of the seas. Secret preparations are begun, the government remaining apparently inactive and indifferent to its danger. The country is amazed and puzzled when the Philippines are surrendered without a struggle and the

government is severely criticised. Meanwhile secret work goes on, further discoveries are made, and the creature finally perfected is a monster which travels through the air at an almost unheard of rate of speed. The first attack of the Radioplanes is upon the Japanese fleet on its way to the Hawaiian Islands. They descend upon the ships and lifting them from the water carry them aloft into mid-air to be deposited, without destruction or loss of life, in a secluded bay away from the eyes of the public. Nations are aroused at the mysterious disappearance of the fleet. An English fleet enters American waters and is carried off in the same way. One night a Radioplane makes a trip to Berlin and persuades the Kaiser to investigate the machine for himself. The King of England disappears on the same mission. Convinced of the absolute power of the United States, and after the President explains that his object is to use this power as a means of peace and not war, an international peace is established and many things which have puzzled the nations are made plain.

The Artemisia Bindery:

The Loom of the Desert. By Idah Meacham Strobridge.

A collection of short stories dealing with the life of the people of the plains. In the foreword the author writes: "There, in that land set apart for Silence and Space and the Great Winds, Fate—a grim, still figure—sat at her loom weaving the destinies of desert men and women. The shuttles shot to and fro without ceasing, and into the strange web were woven the threads of Light, and Joy, and Love; but more often were they those of Sorrow, or Death, or Sin. From the wide Grey Waste the Weaver had drawn the colour and design; and so the fabric's warp and woof were of the desert's tone. Keeping this always well in mind will help you the better to understand those people of the plains, whose lives must needs be often sombre-hued."

Richard G. Badger:

The Veil. A Fantasy. By Mary Harriott Norris.

A story of haunted houses and ghosts. On one estate stand three houses believed to be haunted. After being vacant for a long period all three are leased at the same time and by people whose lives become peculiarly associated.

The Evolution of Rose. By Ellen Snow.

The musings of a young girl on life and love set down in the form of a diary. She records her homecoming on the completion of her education; her

"coming out" reception, when she becomes a "full-fledged society bud"; her connection with the people she meets in society; her various love affairs, among which she numbers two broken engagements; her literary aspirations, of which she gives the result in "The Maxims of an Innocent" (dedicated to the woman who loves love more than loving, and lovers more than love), and "The Converted Philosopher"; and finally of her falling in love with the young curate of the Episcopal Church, to whom she had been attracted from the first, but with whom she was fond of arguing, their ideas of religion and their attitude toward mankind being widely different; he claiming that the Episcopal Church could be traced back to Christ, she wanting a church that "took in the whole world and went straight back to God." Finally winning her love, he confessed that she had changed him and that through her he had come to know that "Divine Love must mean universal mercy."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Black Bag. By Louis Joseph Vance.

The hero, a young art student travelling in Europe, suddenly finds himself ruined after the earthquake in San Francisco. He is about to leave London when he meets Dorothy Calendar, whom he is requested to escort to her home. They arrive at a deserted house, surrounded by mystery, to which the girl goes in order to gain possession of a "black bag" containing valuable jewels. Kirkwood, having fallen in love with Dorothy at first sight and realising her danger at the hands of a designing rascal who claims to be her father, takes up her cause. One adventure follows closely upon another and the young man has a lively time. He finally gets possession of the bag, finds the girl and persuades her to start for London. There the mystery is solved, the pursuers fooled and captured and Dorothy Calendar and Philip Kirkwood happily disposed of after their exciting adventures.

The Book Supply Company:

The Shepherd of the Hills. By Harold Bell Wright.

The "Shepherd" is an elderly man, who suddenly makes his appearance among the simple folk dwelling in the Ozark hills, of southern Missouri. While they do not know his true position he greatly endears himself to them. He is in reality a very brilliant scholar—a minister of the gospel—who, fleeing from a life of sorrow and sadness, finds a new existence in his association with the people of the hills and in his work for their good.

Edward J. Clode:

The Red Year. By Louis Tracy.

An historical romance, the scenes of which are laid in India at the time of the mutiny in 1857, when the Sepoys rebelled against the East India Company and the British rule. The principal characters are a young Englishman, an English girl and a native princess. The story is told of the Mutiny, of the siege at Cawnpore, at Lucknow, and of the taking of Delhi.

Robert Grier Cooke, Inc.:

In the First Degree. By Margaret Holmes Bates.

The story of a young man who, influenced by his wife's wishes, seeks the nomination for prosecuting attorney despite the protests of his mother, who is bitterly opposed to capital punishment. Shortly after his election to the office he is called upon to pass sentence in a murder trial in which the defendant proves to be a friend of his youth. An account is given of the trial, in which the evidence is purely circumstantial, and the sorrow and sympathy of friends is portrayed. There seems no hope for the prisoner, who all through the long and tedious trial has borne herself with remarkable dignity, but at the last moment a confession is made and she is declared innocent and set free.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Scars on the Southern Seas. By George Bronson-Howard.

A story of adventure and romance. The plot centres about a conspiracy on the part of a Philippine junta to stir up the natives against the Americans of the islands, cause them to fight, and in the end establish a Republic. The hero, an American, is an explorer and a man of affairs and the heroine is an American girl. They, with several companions, who have been wrecked on an unclaimed island—the headquarters of the conspirators—discover the plot and save the Philippines for America.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

A Walking Gentleman. By James Prior.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Case of Summerfield. By W. H. Rhodes.

This story appeared in a San Francisco paper in 1871 signed "Caxton." It tells of a man who claimed to possess a great secret—that by the use of potassium water could be set on fire and that in this way could be brought about the destruction of the whole earth. This secret Summerfield wished to sell for one million dollars. A committee was organ-

ised to consider the matter, and it was decided that a person in possession of such a secret was dangerous to humanity. Later Summerfield met with a tragic death, being pushed from a railroad train. His companion, a lawyer and a member of the committee in possession of Summerfield's deadly secret, was held for trial, but after some hours of consultation with the justice and his counsel the prisoner was discharged.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Yellow Face. By Fred M. White.

All London is startled by the mysterious appearance throughout the city of a hideous poster showing a man with a yellow face, dark hair and starting eyes. Underneath the face is written the one word "Nostalgia." No one knows what it means nor what it forebodes. A murder is committed and the face of the murdered man is found to resemble that of the poster. Determined detectives at once start to unravel the mystery.

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Magnet. A Romance of the Battles of Modern Giants. By Alfred O. Crozier.

A novel dealing with the financial and political conditions of the day. Some of the current topics treated in the volume, as given by the author, are as follows:

Central Government Bank Plot.
Elastic Currency—Private Schemes in Congress.
Wall Street—An Exposure of Its Dangerous Methods and Powers; Panics—How Created—Effects.
Banks—Runs by Depositors—The Cause.
Railroads—Regulation; Appraisal; New Tax Plan; Trusts; Consolidation; Capitalized Eminent Domain and Earning Power; Waterways.
Corporations in Politics—New View of Tariff.
"Lawyers for Sale"—to Plot Corporate Crimes.
Political Conspiracy—to Seize Control of the Government.

Mr. Crozier states that he has written this book with the hope that it may induce public thought and discussion, and thus do some good by helping to defeat the designs of such lawless incorporated wealth as is trying to seize control of the government of the republic in the campaign of 1908 for its selfish purposes, that it may reverse the wise and patriotic policies championed with so much courage by President Roosevelt.

The Grafton Press:

Gift Bearers. By Henry Berman.

In the principal character of the story, Jessie Braeme, a strong-willed woman,

the author has portrayed the spinster type as becoming a factor in American life.

Henry Holt and Company:

Somehow Good. By William de Morgan.
Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

B. W. Huebsch:

A Princess and Another. By Stephen Jenkins.

An historical romance depicting colonial life in New York and Westchester counties. The story opens in 1753. The author introduces real figures of history and writes of the interest that the founders of well-known families of to-day had in the contraband trade. He also pictures the execution of Nathan Hale.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Tales. With Condensed Novels, Spanish and American Legends, and Earlier Papers. By Bret Harte.

A new edition with a general introduction by the author.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Lonely House. Translated from the German of Adolf Streckfuss by Mrs. A. L. Wister.

The scene is laid in the Carpathian Mountains of Austria. There is a love story as well as a strange and mysterious murder connected with the "Lonely House." The murder is committed by the chief magistrate of the village, who, by his scheming and by virtue of his high position, succeeds in keeping suspicion directed toward an innocent enemy who is in love with the daughter of the murdered man. An accident finally discloses his own guilt.

The Smuggler. By Ella Middleton Tybout.

A story of the experiences of three American girls who spend a vacation in Canada, just over the line, and who unknowingly entertain some smugglers engaged in getting jewels across the border without the consent of Uncle Sam. Smuggling, robbery, murder, suspicion, mystery and love all have a part in the exciting story as it is told by one of the three girls.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Nether Millstone. By Fred M. White.

A story of English life, the scene of which is laid in an old mansion known as Dashwood Hall. The heroine is a young girl whose life is saved several times by a man who is in love with her, but whom she believes to be socially and financially beneath her, and consequently refuses to entertain the idea of marrying him. He is, however, wealthy and

in every way eligible, but in order to win the haughty girl through his love for her keeps his true position a secret.

Luce and Company:

The Politician. By Antonio Fogazzaro.
Translation by G. Mantellini.

The story of high-minded love of a senator for the wife of one of his colleagues.

The Macmillan Company:

The Crimes of Urbain Grandier and Others.
By Alexandre Dumas.

Another volume in the series of Dumas's "Celebrated Crimes." This deals with the crimes of Urbain Grandier, Derues, La Constantin, The Man in the Iron Mask, Murat and Karl-Ludwig Sand.

The Crimes of Ali Pacha and Others.

The Crimes of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and Others. By Alexandre Dumas.

The third and fourth volumes in a series of translations of Dumas's *Celebrated Crimes*, with introductions by R. S. Garnett. These volumes complete the series.

In God's Way. A Novel. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Carmichael. Two Volumes.

The ninth and tenth volumes of the series of this Norwegian writer's works. Edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Volume I. contains a brief introduction, telling something of the author's life and work.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia. By James Locke.

A story of intrigue, romance and adventure. The hero, a young American, travelling in Constantinople, suddenly finds himself involved in a plot to overthrow the throne of the sovereign of the Balkan Kingdom. The young man has all sorts of exciting adventures and gets himself into no end of trouble. In Sofia, Bulgaria, he meets an American girl who is also involved in the plot, and she thrusts into his keeping a bottle containing a red dahlia stem, the number of the leaves on it indicating the date on which the plot is to be carried out.

The Wife of Narcissus. By Annulet Andrews.

The life of a young girl, Sophia Van Cort, told by herself in the form of a journal. The scene of the story is in New York of to-day. She becomes associated with a man who poses as a poet of passion and with whom she becomes infatuated. She tells of her meeting with this "Beautiful Being" whom she calls "Narcissus," of her marriage to him and of the Bohemian life they lead.

Little Dinners with the Sphinx and Other Prose Fancies. By Richard Le Gallienne.

The series which gives title to the book consists of four little dinners, at which the Sphinx and her companion entertain each other by their discussions on the following subjects: "On the Edge of the Starlight," "The Mysticism of Gastronomy," "On the Wearing of Opals" and "New Loves for Old." These stories appeared serially in *Ainslee's Magazine*. The volume contains nine other sketches.

The Neale Publishing Company:

When Hearts were True. By Willoughby Reade.

A collection of short stories the scenes of which are laid in Virginia.

Stella Hope. By Emily Woodson Barksdale.

A picture of home life in the South. Mrs. Houghton, her four daughters, the little cousin, Stella Hope, together with their guests, a young wealthy cousin from the West and his devoted friend Weston, make a merry group. Stella, a very lovable but much neglected girl of fifteen, is constantly suppressed by Mrs. Houghton, and when Weston shows any desire to pay her attention has to hurry off to "slice the cucumbers and tomatoes." Stella goes away to a convent to learn the things she has longed to learn, and becomes what she has longed to become—"a beautiful young lady."

The Outing Publishing Company:

At the Foot of the Rainbow. By Gene Stratton Porter.

The story of the life-long friendship of Jimmie Malone and Dannie Macnoun, how they loved the same girl, whom Jimmie married by being deceitful to his best friend and to Mary herself, and how they continued to live on their adjoining farms in Rainbow Bottom and worked as partners—farming, trapping and fishing together. The author presents a picture of the beauties of nature as found in that section of Central Indiana, on the bank of the Wabash, where the scene of the story is laid. Her description of the coon hunt led by Jimmie and her story of the Black Bass and how Dannie finally landed it, to Jimmie's intense disappointment, are both amusing and pathetic and tend to show the vastly different character of the two men. Dannie goes on in his devotion to his friend, humouring and giving in to him at every turn, doing his own share of the work and often Jimmie's, too, after Jimmie contracted the habit of paying visits to "Casey's." The weight of the sin he had committed in lying to Mary and thus having separated the two that truly loved each other preyed on Jimmie's mind and at times was more than he could bear. On his

death-bed he made confession of it to the priest. A year later found Dannie and Mary happily united, Dannie still holding sacred the memory of Jimmie as "the best mon that ever lived," neither the priest nor Mary daring to shake such a faith by revealing the deceit of his friend.

J. Archibald McKackney (Collector of Whiskers). Being Certain Episodes Taken from the Diary and Notes of that Estimable Gentleman-Student and now for the First Time set Forth. Edited by Ralph D. Paine.

J. Archibald McKackney, an elderly man, having tired of the usual objects to which collectors devote their attention, such as old porcelain, rare gems, antiques of all sorts, turned with enthusiasm to the search for photographs, paintings and drawings of the many styles of beards, whiskers and mustachios that have ornamented the human face. He travelled all over the world in the hope of adding new trophies to his list, and in the pursuit of this unusual fad he had some curious adventures, many of which have been told in this volume.

The Romance of an Old-time Shipmaster. By Ralph D. Paine.

A collection of letters and journals written by an American sea captain at the beginning of the last century.

L. C. Page and Company:

Bahama Bill. By T. Jenkins Hains.

A sea story, the scene of which is laid in the region of the Florida Keys. The hero, the giant mate of the wrecking sloop *Sea-Horse*, is brave and daring, and in carrying on his desperate trade has many stirring adventures.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Princess Nadine. By Christian Reid.

The scenes are laid chiefly in Italy, and the story opens with an account of "The Battle of Flowers" in the Carnival of Nice, where the two principal characters meet; a Russian princess, daughter of a Russian prince and an American woman, and a rich young American who has made his fortune in South American revolutions. Seeing the princess smothered in flowers in her carnival carriage, the young man falls in love with her at once. Many complications arise and it is Jack Leighton, the American, who comes to the rescue of the princess when she is at the mercy of the spies of the Russian Government, she having endeavoured to protect a young Russian, her nephew, who leaves some Nihilist papers with her. In the end notwithstanding her aspirations and plans to ascend a throne the Princess Nadine renounces it all and marries Jack Leighton.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand as sold between February 1st and March 1st.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. Adam's Clay. Hamilton. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Sheaves. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Nicolette. Sharpe. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. Indiscreet Letters from Pekin. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Exton Manor. Marshall. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Beau Brocade. Orczy. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Fountain Sealed. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Loves of Pelleas and Etarre. Gale. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Politician. Fogazzaro. (Luce.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. A Fountain Sealed. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Travers. Dean. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Car of Destiny. Williamsons. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The New Missioner. Woodrow. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Lane.) \$1.75.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Dr. Ellen. Tompkins. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
6. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Flying Death. Adams. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. Seraphica. McCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Grosset.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. For Jacinta. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kernerley.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Romance of An Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The California Earthquake. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$3.50.
6. Testimony of Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Mussion.) \$1.50.
2. Dr. Ellen. Tompkins. (Baker-Taylor.) \$1.25.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Mussion.) \$1.00.
5. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (Mussion.) \$1.25.
6. Laid up in Lavender. Weyman. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS	
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10	
" " 2d " "	8	
" " 3d " "	7	
" " 4th " "	6	
" " 5th " "	5	
" " 6th " "	4	

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	242
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.	193
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.	175
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.	136
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	110
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.	105

"The Leading Fire Insurance Company of America"

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

**AETNA
INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.**

On the 31st day of December, 1907.

Cash Capital	\$4,000,000.00
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire)	6,060,039.87
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland)	148,124.34
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire)	454,409.16
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland)	118,276.52
Other Claims	349,113.66
Net Surplus	<u>3,754,605.88</u>
Total Assets	<u>\$14,884,569.43</u>
Surplus as to Policy-Holders	\$7,754,605.88

LOSSES PAID IN EIGHTY-NINE YEARS:

\$112,036,856.57.

WM. B. CLARK, President

W. H. KING, Vice-President

HENRY E. REES, Secretary

Assistant Secretaries:

A. N. WILLIAMS

E. S. ALLEN

E. J. SLOAN

GUY E. BEARDSLEY

WESTERN BRANCH, Traction Building, Cincinnati, O. }	THOS. E. GALLAGHER, General Agent.
NORTHWESTERN BRANCH, Omaha, Neb. }	WM. H. WYMAN, Gen'l Agent. W. P. HARFORD, Ass't Gen'l Agent.
PACIFIC BRANCH, San Francisco, Cal. }	BOARDMAN & SPENCER, Gen'l Agents.
INLAND MARINE DEPARTMENT. }	CHICAGO, Ills., 145 La Salle St. NEW YORK, 95 William St. BOSTON, 70 Kilby St. PHILADELPHIA, 226 Walnut St.

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United States and Canada

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if thorough ensures a healthful home. Purify the cellar, closets, drains, and every spot where disease germs may lodge with

Platt's Chlorides

It is an odorless, colorless liquid disinfectant and deodorizer, which instantly destroys foul odors and disease-breeding matter. Sold only in quart bottles by druggists and high-class grocers. Manufactured solely by Henry B. Platt, New York.

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POND'S

EXTRACT



THE BEST PART OF THE SHAVE IS WHEN YOU COME TO

POND'S EXTRACT

Relieves Irritation
Prevents Inflammation
Assures Comfort

Used by men of discrimination everywhere. Sold only in sealed bottles—never in bulk. Write for interesting booklet on shaving,—mailed free on request.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., 75 Hudson St.
Sole Agents, New York



PETER MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

Is just pure cod liver oil—free from disguise, because none is needed. It is the impurity or adulteration in cod liver oil that makes it offensive to taste and smell. The purity of Moller's Oil makes it

Free from Taste or Odor.

It is this purity that makes Moller's Oil so digestible and without that nauseous "repeat"

The genuine is sold ONLY in flat, oval bottles, imported from Norway, bearing the name of

Schiffelin & Co

New York
Sole Agents



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven countries, from Latetia to America, are called upon.

Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

AT YOUR DEALER'S,
Send **10 CENTS** for sample which will convince.

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PIANOS

have been established over 55 YEARS. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MAY, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

It is related that when Thackeray was preparing to write *The Virginians*, he sought out Mr. Kennedy, the American historian, and asked to be told something about Washington. Kennedy began a lengthy narration along conventional lines, when Thackeray interrupted him testily: "No. No. That's not what I want. Tell me. Was he a fussy old gentleman in a wig, who spilled snuff down the front of his coat?" In a somewhat similar spirit, we feel that in presenting, from time to time, and especially at this season of the year, these unconventional and out-of-doors glimpses of certain men and women of letters, no explanation or apology to be necessary. In former days, owing to the stilted ideas which prevailed, this kind of portraiture would have been regarded, to a certain extent, as *infra dig.* Having one's lineaments reproduced was then a serious business. For the ordeal it was necessary to be *endimanché*. The literary man, in his pictures, should be the literary man, and nothing else. Thackeray, we know, preferred to his writing table, dawdling away the day at Richmond or Greenwich; Dickens did not disdain to don tweeds and go off for long tramps about the countryside. Yet in portraiture the one is always outlined against a wall of the Athenæum Club, and the other is shown sitting, pen in hand, at his working desk at Gadshill. One cannot visualise the countenance of Sir Walter Scott surmounted by that extraordinary dome of a head without mentally seeing

Our
Unconventional
Portraits

the great, stately, high-backed chair; or that of Bulwer Lytton without being overawed by the gorgeousness of the waistcoat and the luxuriance of the whiskers. And what was true of the giants was also true of the smaller men and women.



But Time and the kodak man, whom O. Henry somewhere calls the successor of the buccaneer of the old Spanish Main, have changed all that. So far as we know, Mr. Howells or Mr. Henry James has not yet been photographed "at the top of the swing," or "following through," or holding the steering wheel of a forty horse-power touring car, or vigorously rooting for the "Giants," the "Cubs," the "Pirates," or the "White Sox," according to opinion or preference. On the other hand, from a great many pictures we are led to believe that the author of *Innocents Abroad* is a very agile and active youngster of seventy odd years. We do not recall any portrait of a frock-coated Mr. Kipling, or of a Mr. Rudyard Kipling caught in the solemn act of meditating, or composing "The Recessional"; but the be-spectacled Anglo-Indian in his tweed suit, and pipe in hand, is very familiar to us indeed. For our part we confess to liking better the new order of things, holding it to be an indication of greater naturalness. The poseur is always with us, but he is growing more and more rare among the healthy, normal, out-of-doors men who earn the proverbial bread and butter by the pen.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

A snapshot of Mr. Kipling taken when he was travelling through Canada. His *Letters to the Family*, based on his Canadian impressions, have been resented to some extent by the English Whigs

A writer in the London *Sketch* calls attention to the irritation caused among some people in England on account of the party attitude assumed by Rudyard Kipling in his *Letters to the Family*. The writer takes the ground that Mr.

Kipling is the real wearer of the national laurel crown and that a poet laureate, like a judge or the governor of a prison, is supposed to have no party politics. "When," is asked, "will he go into the East End of London or into the slums of our manufacturing towns, and give us his impressions? The white man's burden does not weigh on the white man abroad only. The wife beater and the child starver are within his gates. And when Mr. Kipling's pen is given over to a crusade of Imperialism, there are those who long to see him instead a missionary of domesticity. What could he not do for England as a social reformer?" All this is very interesting. Only the writer seems to have entirely forgotten that Mr. Kipling once wrote a story about the adventures of a certain Badalia Herodsford.

❧

The *Sketch* writer is of an optimistic frame of mind and expresses the belief that Mr. Kipling's day of reform "will shortly come."

Indeed, now that Mr. Kipling is getting to the tractable age at which one has some respect for the opinions of one's charming aunts, it is likely enough that Lady Burne-Jones may enlist him in the ranks of the philanthropists. "The Cape Meddler" was the punning name she long ago gave him; and at the Cape he now is; but when he returns to England there are a variety of things in which we should all like to see him meddle. And we know that he would not muddle, once he gave his mind to any one of the great social problems now urgently needing to be solved. Mr. Kipling has thought once of going into the House of Commons; and has perhaps thought twice about going into the House of Lords, for it was generally reported that the late Government was willing to place a coronet on his unlaurelled brows. In either case he would range himself on one side of the House or the other; and that is just what should not be. Mr. Kipling belongs to all England, and it is a matter of public import that, when he sits down to write or stands up to talk, he should not give up to a party what was meant for mankind.

❧

In the opening chapter of *The New-comer* Thackeray speaks of that time in



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington, and Mr. and Mrs. George Barr McCutcheon at Pass Christian, Mississippi

the spring of life "when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article,

**Travelling
with
Mark Twain**

was an honour and a privilege; and to see Brown, author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered." We read of how M. de Balzac once entered a theatre in Vienna and of how the audience rose in recognition and appreciation. Countless anecdotes bear witness to the affection of a generous and kindly world for such men as Dickens, and Victor Hugo, and our own Oliver Wendell Holmes. The last named was once asked if all the admiration and applause did not bore him. "Not a bit," he replied. "They can't clap loud enough to please me."

❧

There are two men of letters living to-day who have been shown that they have genuinely this hold upon all people speaking the English tongue. They are Rudyard Kipling and Mark Twain. It is not

because of literary fame—it is not literary fame. Mr. Meredith, for example, has that, and Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Howells. And between Mr. Kipling and Mr. Clemens, it must be said that the former, though only in his forty-fourth year, saw the zenith of his popularity eight or nine years ago, whereas the author of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* is just getting the full sweep of his reward at three score and ten. It was the man on the street, the motor man of the surface car, the ticket chopper on the elevated, who was most eager in his inquiries at that time in the March of 1899 when Kipling was lying desperately ill in the Hotel Grenoble of New York. It was a stevedore on the dock whom we first heard ask the question, "Where's his white suit?" as, one day, a month or so ago, Mr. Clemens climbed up the gang plank to the deck of the steamship *Bermudian*.

❧

"Is this Mr. Clemens?" After the fifth turn of the promenade deck the questioner had come to a stop before the



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Blanche McManus Mansfield at Les Andelys, France

steamer chair. He is a stout man and is breathing rather hard. "Is this Mr. Clemens—Mr. Samuel L. Clemens?" The man reclining in the chair removes a very black looking cigar from his lips and pleads guilty to the accusation. Thereupon the stout man fixes him with his glittering eye and goes on in a tone of mingled defiance, emphasis and embarrassment. "My name is——. I'm from New Rochelle, New York. I want to

say—that I think it is the duty—and the privilege—of every American—to shake hands—with Mark Twain. Yes, Mr. Twain. I mean Mr. Clemens—I want to thank you—for the great pleasure I have derived—from reading your books." Five minutes afterwards the embarrassment has all worn off and he is expatiating eloquently on *toutes les gloires* of New Rochelle, that being the subject on which he feels best qualified to do himself justice. At the end of a half hour's conversation, in which the great man has had the opportunity of throwing in half a dozen brief sentences, he rises, shakes hands again vigorously, and resumes his promenade round the deck. Later, in the smoking room, he is heard discussing the episode. "I wanted to hear him talk," he explains. "And I did. A golden talker, sir, a golden talker." And in his utterance and belief he is perfectly honest and sincere.



For the accompanying "Unconventional Portrait" of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams shooting quail over that part of the Princeton campus which lies between his home and Carnegie Lake, we do not claim that it is a good likeness of the author of *The Lost Duchess* (to confine ourselves to Mr. Williams's latest book), or even a good likeness of the dog. We do claim that the picture of the gun is ex-

**The Gun,
the Dog, and
the Man**



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—JULIAN STREET

Readers with a liking for tales of the motor-car will find entertainment in Mr. Street's *My Enemy the Motor*, a yarn in eight "honks," told with spirit and humour. It deals with the experiences of the narrator, the Grand Duke, the Actor, the Doctor, and the Chauffeur, Louis, who "was French by birth, but could drive in any language," on a trip by motor from Paris to London and return

cellent. And that is something, for the gun is an excellent gun with a real individuality. It is the same one that Mr. Williams used when he was on the gun team in his undergraduate days. He was captain of the team when Princeton won the championship against Yale, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania. The official reports will show that the gun of this picture made the highest score of the team. Mr. Williams admits that he happened to stay at Princeton that day to pass off a final examination, and that the other men took turns shooting for him when his name was called. But, he argues defiantly, didn't that show what a high regard the team had for his shooting? At any rate, to-day he professes himself willing to shoot with any "literary sport" in the country — including Stewart Edward White.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Jesse Lynch Williams at Princeton



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

A snapshot of William de Morgan taken in Florence. This street scene shows the author of *Somewhere Good* on the Lung Arno, where Dante met Beatrice.

The accompanying unconventional portrait picture of the illustrator Dan Sayre Groesbeck was taken in the studio which he occupied during the first two years after coming to New York.

The Old Studio

This old studio, one of the oldest and most picturesque in the Washington Square district, was previously occupied by Gilbert White, the portrait painter, and brother of Stewart Edward White, the novelist, and after Mr. Groesbeck gave it up, has been taken by Richard George, the sculptor and son of the late Henry George, who now occupies it. It is a simple and primitive domicile for any one who attempts to live as well as work in it, consisting of two rooms, one the studio proper, a large room with a high vaulted ceiling and a great window overlooking the square, and the other a combined bedroom and kitchen separated from the studio proper only by a curtain. Among other makeshifts of housekeeping necessitated by the arrangement is the use that is made in the daytime of the bathtub as a sideboard. Mr. Groesbeck, who came East after a wandering life from city to city in the West, made the



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

D. S. Groesbeck in the old studio

most of the possibilities of the little studio in which he hung the outfit which had served him as a plainsman at one period in his career, as well as other treasure trove which he began to collect here and especially the old copper vessels for which he has a special predilection. Perhaps no other artist who came to New York has ever had an equal success in so short a time. He threw up a good position in Chicago as a newspaper cartoonist and the rival of McCutcheon, to make a new start as an illustrator in a

city where he was wholly unknown. It was a sharp struggle for a while, and he was reduced to his last cent and a greatly depleted wardrobe before he finally attracted the attention of the then editors of the *American Magazine*, who gave him the cover for the number containing the first instalment of *The Mystery*, by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. After this he had had all the work he could do, both for the books and for magazines. He is now engaged on a series of illustrations in colour for Joseph Conrad's new book, *The Duel*.

■

Who's Who in America, for 1908-1909, has just appeared. It contains 16,395 names, of which 2,057

The New were not included in the
"Who's Who edition of 1906-1907.
in America" That is to say, about that number of persons have

done something or other in the past two years which, in the judgment of the editors, brings them up to the standard set for admission to the book. The per capita rate at which we are becoming famous—in our own opinion, at least—must interest good Americans; and all who take such statistics seriously may get some light on this subject by studying the various editions of *Who's Who*. The first issue (1889-1900) contained 8,602 names; the second (1901-1902), 11,551; the third (1903-1905), 14,433; the fourth (1906-1907), 16,216, and the fifth, 16,395. But from the present edition there have been dropped 1,868 names which were in the 1906-1907 edition. "Of these," says the Preface, "756 are known to have died, and their names are included in the cross-references. Among the other 1,112 who have been dropped are some who were included because they then belonged to the arbitrary classification designated elsewhere." And further along in the Preface this "arbitrary" inclusion is to some extent accounted for on the ground of "positions temporarily occupied." This implies a nice, and for the present purposes, perhaps a necessary distinction between those in whom fame is acute and incurable and those who have it and get over it. However, it would appear from the foregoing statis-

tics that we are becoming famous only at the rate of about 1,200 to 1,500 a year, and that is disquieting because, we believe, the annual death rate is considerably in excess of that number.

■

There is no disposition to find serious fault with *Who's Who in America*. Unquestionably it is a most useful book, and in the main very accurate. Its chief shortcoming continues to be its small percentage of names of persons of importance in the industrial and business world. Doubtless it is difficult to get adequate data about our "captains of industry," yet it does seem that an intelligent and persistent effort would bring to light more of these men. The "Geographical Index" (a very useful and interesting feature included for the first time in the present volume) shows the emphasis upon the professions, and neglect of commercial and industrial achievements, and also (perhaps) a tendency to be impressed by the presumed "culture" of Eastern communities. The returns from a few important factory towns will serve to suggest the disposition to disregard mere mechanical skill and executive ability, extraordinary degrees of which must be employed in the development and conduct of great industries. Paterson, New Jersey, for example, with a population of 112,801,* is represented in this "Geographical Index" by just thirteen persons, and only four of them are classified as business men; Fall River (105,942) is credited with seven, and all are professional men; and Lynn (78,748) with eleven, all but two of whom are in the professions. On the other hand, Springfield, Massachusetts (78,836), which has important manufacturing and commercial interests, and an "intellectual atmosphere" as well, returns 41 distinguished persons, 39 of whom are strictly professional men. Out in the West, there are some even more curious exhibits, illustrating the same principle. From St. Joseph, Missouri, a thriving city of 118,000 inhabitants, only four individuals—a consul-general, a Roman Catholic bishop and two authors—find their way into *Who's Who*, while twenty are enrolled

*United States Census Estimate, 1906.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Rex Beach at Nome

from Columbia, Missouri (12,316 in 1900), all of them professional men, and all but two members of the faculty of the University of Missouri. Again—and contrasting Eastern and Western cities—749 notables have been discovered in Boston's population of 602,278, as against 204 in St. Louis's 649,320, which disparity, we say at once, is due largely to Harvard. It is hard to explain these absurd disparities in favour of the professions on any other ground than that the editors of *Who's Who*, in making up their lists of names, follow too much the lines of least resistance—college catalogues, lists of the members of learned societies, publishers' announcements,



THE HOME OF EMILY BROOKS



TWO SCENES FROM MISS GLASGOW'S "THE ANCIENT LAW"

The Road to "Tappahannock"

The road traversed by "Daniel Ordway" after his release from prison

magazine indices, and other easily obtainable records.

Of the making of *Who's Whos* of various kinds, there seems literally to be no end. The first issue of

Other
"Who's
Whos"

the English publication of that name (in which its present scope was assumed) was put forth in

1897, and has been followed each year by editions of increasing plumpness. The English book has, indeed, apparently taken on flesh rather more rapidly than the American, owing in part to the fact that the English editors have not yet mastered the theory of temporary fame, as above outlined. Of the *Who's Whos* born within the last two years, we have such volumes as the *Anglo-African Who's Who*, *Who's Who in the Lyceum*, *Who's Who in the Far East*, *Wer Ist's*, *Who's Who in the Anglo-American Colony in Paris*, and, very recently, *Qui etc.*, which promises to do for Frenchmen all and more than has been done for Anglo-Saxons by the "little fat red books." This last-named volume we have not yet examined thoroughly, but the *Who's Who in the Anglo-American Colony in Paris* offers some interesting suggestions as to what the bacillus may do once it begins to thrive in France—and especially in Paris. The naïve editor of this little book is wide awake to the besetting sin of such publications which, he says, "are partial to the educational classes, and captains of industry are somewhat neglected." That, however, is not going to be the case with the present volume, "although," our editor remarks, sadly, "it must be confessed that the most difficult people to reach are those engaged in commercial enterprises. This statement appears to be somewhat harsh, but it is true." He thinks this may be due to the fact that business men "are constantly besieged by propositions to print biographies for a consideration," an explanation which, oddly enough, appears in exactly these words in the Preface of *Who's Who in America* for 1903-1905. Particular attention has been paid to social life, "for Society is a force to be reckoned with in Anglo-American Paris." The biographies, we are assured, are

"brief but bright"; also, that "everything has been done to make the book as attractive as possible, although having in view its practical and sociological side. This," it is explained, "is mentioned because the practical is not always the most attractive."

The most important member of the Anglo-American colony in Paris, apparently, is Theodore Roosevelt. His biography, at least, leads all the rest. We are told of him, among other things, that "he is the most popular man in civilisation"; also, that "his interior policy has greatly tended to calm susceptibilities." Concerning another famous man in Anglo-American Paris, we are informed that "young hopeful was sent to school at Belem, in an institution which had the honour of educating princes and the children of the grandees of Portugal." Subsequently his father went to Paris, where "young hopeful was again sent to school to learn French, which was of great use to him in the siege of Paris." Thereafter, "having passed through a bank, then a lawyer's office, he found himself employed by the London and Southwestern Railway Company." Another notable, who was born in Pittsburg, "moved to Philadelphia when thirteen years old, and passed the following five years at various occupations, although finding time to graduate from the Germantown Grammar School." A certain lady "roughed it in the War of 1870, and during the Commune, and feels thankful for the education thus acquired." Of another notable we are told, with highly satisfying explicitness, that "the subject of this sketch is of Scotch-Irish parentage, and was born at the city of New York in the year of Jenny Lind's first appearance"; furthermore, that "he became a farmer's boy out in the great Wide West."

The French Academy met recently for the purpose of electing successors to MM.

Three
New
Immortals

Berthelot, André Theuriot, and Sully Prudhomme, all of whom died during 1907. Of the thirty-seven living members there were present thirty-three, the

absentees being Ludovic Halévy, Edmond Rostand, Émile Ollivier, and Anatole France. For the chair left vacant by the death of Berthelot, Francis Charmes, the only candidate, was elected on the first ballot, by twenty-seven votes, six blanks being cast. As the successor of André Theuriet, Jean Richepin was chosen on the fourth ballot by eighteen votes, one more than the necessary number. Eight votes were cast for Henri de Regnier, six for M. Haraucourt, and one blank. On the second ballot Henri Poincaré was elected to the chair of Sully Prudhomme by seventeen votes, against ten for Charles de Pomairols, four for Jean Aicard, and two for Émile Bergerat. On the first ballot M. Poincaré had fourteen votes, M. de Pomairols twelve and M. Aicard seven.

❧

We have from time to time called attention to certain aspects of British weekliness, especially its inordinate solemnity of manner in the discussion of trivial things. It seemed advisable to quote from it an occasional passage as a warning to some of our own pundits and as offering a little consolation to those who are inclined to think that American writers are the worst in the world. But it would be wrong to infer that the British writer of the class we have in mind is always concerned with disciplining the reader's intellect. Sometimes he tries honestly to relax with him, even to mingle in his games. The following paragraph from a recent issue of the *London Academy* illustrates admirably the spirit of British weekliness in this lighter mood:

**Mr. Bumble
Unbends**

of trivial things. It seemed advisable to

We do not, as a rule, encourage "Limerick" competitions, but the witty remark made by a certain reverend gentleman in one of the Houses of Convocation at York the other day has almost induced us to offer a prize for one of these rhymes. The gentleman in question (our impression is that it was Dr. Cox) is reported by the *Daily Telegraph* to have observed in the course of a discussion of Mr. McKenna's Education Bill that, after reading its provisions, he had come to the conclusion that it proceeded from a place which rhymes

with McKenna. The first line of the Limerick would, of course, be: "There was a young man named McKenna." We invite suggestions for the other lines from some of our more frivolous readers.

There you have it in its darkest form. Nature never designed that type of man for playfulness, and any venture of his at pleasantry is a grim struggle against destiny, almost shocking to a sympathetic spectator. Nature has evidently designed the British weekly paragrapher for one of two purposes: First, the simple narration of facts, the delivery of "a plain message bluntly" (wherein he excels), and second, the reinforcement of platitude. He is consecrated to the solemn office of saying things that no sane man disputes, on the chance that lunatics may read and be converted. And who shall say this may not serve a useful end? But, humorous writing on his part is like a display of physical deformity—matter for averted eyes or merely morbid interest.

❧

Turning over the pages of a volume of Emerson the other day, we came upon the following passage in his essay on "Compensation." If he had written it at any time during the past five years, he would have been called by the subsidised press "a muck-raker." Chancellor Day would have said that the Concord philosopher was heading "a raid on prosperity." Young Mr. Rockefeller would have excluded the whole volume of essays from the library of his Sunday-school. Listen to Emerson himself:

**Emerson
as a
Muck-Raker**

All the old abuses in society, universal, and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

While there are few, if any, literary centenaries of importance to be celebrated during the present year, it will be another matter in 1909. In January next comes the Poe centenary, which will unquestionably stir up real interest. Other centenaries of 1909 are those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tennyson, Darwin, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, it will be remembered, was three years older than her husband. The Thackeray centenary will come in 1911, and that of Dickens in 1912.

Literary Centenaries

In the eyes of many persons the extreme poverty in which Ouida passed her last years will always remain to a certain degree inexplicable. It seems to have been more or less unnecessary. If a good solicitor had been given free play in her affairs he very probably could have rescued enough from the general shipwreck to have assured her a comfortable annuity. But to find a good solicitor and place herself unreservedly in his hands, was not Ouida's way. Her interests were always subordinated to her convictions, or rather, to her prejudices. Our readers all remember the great success throughout this country two or three years ago of Paul Potter's dramatisation of *Under Two Flags*. Ouida's share was to have been one-half the royalties. She would take nothing. Money from an American source, in her eyes, would have brought contamination.

Ouida's Poverty

The lists at the end of our April issue showed *The Lady of the Decoration* as one of the "Six Best Sellers." It was the eleventh consecutive month in which the little book had appeared in this enviable department, and if it does not establish a record in the history of the "Six Best Sellers," it has already done considerably better in this respect than any book published in the present century. Back along in 1899 and 1900, Mr. Charles

Close to the Record

Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower* was doing great things in the eyes of those booksellers who are good enough to supply us with the returns. It made its first appearance in the lists for April, 1899, and remained in the lists until June, 1900, inclusive. The next best record was that of *David Harum*, which was a "Best Seller" from March, 1899, till March, 1900, inclusive. But *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and *David Harum* were launched in a period of greater sales and less spirited competition, and taking these facts into consideration we are not sure that the record of *The Lady of the Decoration* is not of really wider significance.

To those persons who like the sort of reading which is clearly indicated by the title *The Four-Pools Mystery* may be very cordially recommended. The scene of the tale is laid in Virginia, near and in the Luray Cave. The chief ingredients of the plot are a murder, a robbery, two ghosts, and the atmosphere of negro superstition. The story itself is a good one, but nothing positively astonishing. The chief virtue of the book is that it introduces in the character of Terry K. Patten an amateur detective of real individuality; potentially the most entertaining figure of this kind that has appeared since Sherlock Holmes.

"The Four-Pools Mystery"

From every possible point of view, the late Tower-Hill-Roosevelt-Kaiser Wilhelm diplomatic muddle was one of the most unnecessary and also one of the most stupid performances of its kind that has been seen for many years. Of course, first of all, the person immediately to blame is the Kaiser himself. He had been asked confidentially whether Dr. David Jayne Hill would be acceptable as American ambassador to the German Court, and he had replied that Dr. Hill would be acceptable. That should have ended the affair, so far as he was concerned. His subsequent shuffling and

Rough-House Diplomacy

indiscreet talk after Dr. Hill's appointment had been publicly announced, was an extraordinary thing for him to do, brought up as he had been with a perfect knowledge of diplomatic usage. But while the Kaiser is the most conspicuous offender, a good many other persons are more or less to blame. Mr. Charlemagne Tower was not blameless when he wrote to President Roosevelt a letter indicating that he did not intend much longer to remain in the diplomatic service. President Roosevelt was decidedly to blame for treating this purely personal letter as an official resignation to be acted on after his hair-trigger fashion. Then Mr. Tower again, or—as perhaps we may discreetly observe—some one in his household, was to blame for trying to create an impression that Dr. Hill was not just the right sort of person to be ambassador to Germany, thereby causing the whole affair to become public property. Americans were justly indignant at having it said in Berlin that, in the opinion of the Kaiser, Dr. Hill would not be truly representative of the United States. That is a question which the United States might be left to determine for itself. Fortunately, the prompt *volte-face* executed by the Kaiser, and his very meek explanation, settled the whole affair before it became serious. Otherwise, it is likely that the American embassy to Germany would have been left vacant for some time, and the memories of Manila Bay and of the clash between Admiral Dewey and Von Diederich would have flamed up once more in the memory of the American people. Ten years of patient diplomacy on the part of the German Government has skinned over that very sore spot; but we cannot say that Americans are particularly fond of the bureaucratic side of Germany.

Some attention has been called to the personality of Mr. Charlemagne Tower; though, in a general way, few people seem to know very much about him. Mr. Tower may perhaps most accurately be described as a sort of Philadelphian Fairbanks. He is tall and thin and rather good-looking, utterly devoid of any sense of humour, and quite uneasy in the presence of those whom he thinks disposed to

see the humorous side of things. He is a very wealthy man, a graduate of Exeter and of Harvard, and is interested in a number of large manufacturing and mining interests. He once wrote a book on *Lafayette in the American Revolution*, which was published in 1895. He was, however, quite unknown to the public at large at the time when President McKinley took office in 1897. Many persons were anxious then to have Mr. Andrew D. White made ambassador to Germany. Mr. White had already been a Minister at the German Court from 1879 to 1881. He had held other diplomatic appointments. He was a man of ripe scholarship. He was in every way fitted for the post. When an influential friend approached President McKinley on the subject, the President said: "No, no, I'm very sorry, but the German embassy has been given out to Penrose," meaning by this that the appointment had been assigned to Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, as a perquisite for some one of his influential followers. Mr. White's friends then went to Senator Penrose. "Yes," said Mr. Penrose; "White would be a good man, but I've promised the place to Charlemagne Tower." After some further questioning it came out that Mr. Tower wished for the embassy to Berlin because it would give him a very conspicuous social place and would enable him to make a spectacular display of his great wealth. But Mr. White's friends were nothing if not diplomatic. "Oh," said they, "if he is after social prestige he ought to take the Austrian mission, for the Court of Austria is the most aristocratic one in Europe. Berlin is only a mushroom affair beside it. Vienna's the only place where you can find people with fourteen quarters."

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Penrose, much surprised. "Well, well, I never knew about that. Just let me look into the matter a bit." A few days later, word was received by Mr. White's friends that Mr. Tower would take the Austrian embassy, and that Mr. White could go to Berlin after all. This arrangement was then made. Mr. Tower went to Vienna, and Mr. White to Berlin. At the end of



SOME ASPECTS OF AN HISTORICAL MANOIR

The home of Anna Bowman Dodd, the author of *On the Knees of the Gods*, is an historical Normandy manoir. In the original manoir John Lackland signed some charters in the thirteenth century. The house was rebuilt in the time of Louis XIII



MRS. DAVID JAYNE HILL

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two years, Mr. Tower was moved up to the Russian embassy (in 1899), and only on Mr. White's retirement did he appear at the German capital as ambassador. He has entertained there most magnificently. He is reported to have spent at least \$150,000 a year in excess of his official salary. Mrs. Tower is said to have been called by the Kaiser "the Moltke of Berlin society." The Towers have not been without their press agents. They have indeed controlled many of the unseen wires which ramify in all directions. The most important of these wires is thought to be that which runs through the Berlin correspondent of the *New York Times*, who happens also to be the correspondent of the *London Times*. In all this there is food for thought.



Perhaps the moral of the whole affair is the one which has been frequently drawn of late. A Minister-Plenipotentiary is not a very important diplomatic person. He can live in a simple house or in a hotel, or even, as the late J. B. Stallo did when Minister to Italy, in a cheap flat somewhere up under the roof

of a second-rate apartment house. But an Ambassador is a rather splendid official. He is the personal representative of the sovereign who appoints him; or, if he represents a republic, he is the representative of the majesty of the State. All doors are open to him, and his own doors must be open to very many. He can demand and receive at any time a personal interview with the head of the nation to which he is accredited. Obviously, an Ambassador ought to receive from his country not only an official residence, but a very large income, in order to maintain at least a dignified and stately official hospitality. Our country is the richest in the world, and it should not be niggardly. Especially should it not bar its highest diplomatic positions to men of distinction merely because they have not large private fortunes. On the other hand, if they have large private fortunes they should not be expected to diminish these for-



DR. DAVID JAYNE HILL

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tunes in order to maintain in social matters the prestige of the United States. It is said that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, since he has been Ambassador to Great Britain, has spent \$250,000 every year in lavish entertainments. This is, of course, excessive from any point of view. High character and an international reputation are quite sufficient to bring honour to our country without such lavish spending. But there is no doubt that Bayard Taylor and Mr. Lowell, for example, would have found life easier had their diplomatic emoluments been in some way commensurate with the nature of the offices which they held abroad. One of the most pathetic incidents in our unwritten diplomatic history has to do with the late Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts. Senator Hoar was a most accomplished gentleman, a scholar, and one who was worthy of any station. During President McKinley's administration, the Embassy to Great Britain was offered to Mr. Hoar. It would have been the crowning honour of a long and noble life. He was very anxious to accept it. But, after sitting down and figuring very carefully, he felt himself obliged to give up that which would have been a source of



CHARLEMAGNE TOWER

infinite gratification to him. His private means were not sufficient to allow his acceptance of the Embassy. The necessity was a very bitter one to him; but he refused the offer and remained in the Senate, saying nothing of his disappointment.

•

It is not merely Mr. Tower and Mr. Hill and the Kaiser and President Roosevelt who have suffered

Persona Grata somewhat in the course
and Persona of this affair. The Latin
non Grata language has incidentally
received a mauling.

Thus the *Evening Post*, in an editorial, artlessly unsexed Dr. Hill by casually observing that perhaps he was not *grata*. On the other hand, the pundits of the *New York Sun* in groping for the negative of the diplomatic phrase *persona grata*, infelicitously hit upon the expression *persona ingrata*. Now Dr. Hill may or may not have been an "acceptable person" to the German Kaiser, but to speak of him as "a thankless person" is surely not in accordance with the facts, any more than the phrase is in accordance with the canons of Latinity. And yet both the *Post* and the *Sun* are supposed to know things!



MRS. CHARLEMAGNE TOWER



EMILY POST

Emily Post, the author of *Woven in the Tapestry*, is the daughter of the late Bruce Price, who, until his death, was one of our most conspicuous architects. The little volume, which is a model of nice bookmaking, is appropriately dedicated by the author to her father. The tales are really prose fancies—pastels—sketches, call them what you will, and the background is always the same elusive, mysterious country of Arteria, where romance is still extant, and where the filmy and somewhat allegorical characters move about as in a pleasant but shadowy dream. Mrs. Post's first volume, *The Flight of a Moth*, was published some half dozen years ago, and was so radically different from this, in treatment and in point of view, that it is difficult to believe that the two books have emanated from the same pen.

About the time that the news of the death of Carl Ewald reached this country, that Danish writer, some of whose short stories had already been turned into English, was being further introduced to American readers by *The Old Room*,

very admirably translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, and published from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. *The Old Room* consists of two parts, and from the translator's foreword we learn that these parts are published separately in Denmark, and that Part I, here called "Cordt," was first issued anonymously, with a preface intended to convey the idea that the work had been written by the heroine of the story. When Part II appeared, under the title of "Cordt's Son," in which Fru Adelheid has returned to the old house and the old room, Carl Ewald suppressed this preface. Mr. de Mattos has restored it. He acknowledges an indebtedness to Mr. Osman Edwards for the metrical translation of the half-dozen quaint songs which play a part in the story.



A reader of more candour than literary perception the other day laid aside *The Old Room* with the puzzled query as to whether "those Scandinavian women were all stark mad, or only the authors who wrote about them?" While confessing to a modified sympathy with this crude point of view, we wish to say that if one is strongly addicted to Ibsen, and delights in allopathic doses of the dismal, *The Old Room* may be very heart-

ily endorsed. For what Carl Ewald started out to do has been very admirably done. The book is a study of domestic tragedy, complicated by the strange moods of an abnormal man and a still more abnormal woman. Over all hovers the furtive shadow of that madness which gives to the story its dreadful climax. The Old Room is a secret chamber which sturdy ancestors consecrated as the altar of the family and the home.

It is placed so strangely in the house that it seems to form no part of it. The life of every day passes outside it; and even when the whole house is lighted up and the horses paw the ground in the gateway and glasses clink and music sounds in the great drawing-room, the door of the room remains constantly closed.

No one has ever crossed the threshold but the owner of the house and his wife and the oldest servant in their employ.

For the room is the soul of the house and its tradition and its secret chamber.



THE LATE CARL EWALD



EUGENE WOOD

Author of *Folks Back Home*

Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese, of Casale Litta, Lombardy, Italy, whose novel, *The Soul of a Priest*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a scion of the ancient family of the Visconti. About eight

A Ducal Reformer

years ago he settled down in the ancient castle of his ancestors, having till then travelled abroad and had frequent intercourse with the chief leaders of German Socialism, especially Bebel and Von Wolmar, by whom he was converted to Socialism. On his return home the Duke decided to put his new ideas into practice. He accordingly withdrew all the large estate surrounding his mansion from its former tenants, and completely gave it up for cultivation to 137 families of his peasants, who formed an agricultural colony.

The colony has done so well, indeed, that when the famous Humanitarian Society of Milan—which is really a Socialistic institution—sent representatives to make inquiry into the condition of the peasants all over Italy, they declared that the richest peasants in the country were those on the Duke Litta's estate.

Everything went well with this interesting experiment until a little more than a year ago, when as a result of a split in the Socialist party, there arose a group known as the Syndacallists—a sort of Anarchist organisation—who began a violent campaign against all landlords. The Duke Litta came in for his share of the attack, and the good relations which had existed between him and his peasants were for a time disturbed. The peasants all over Lombardy began to ask for better terms, and strikes occurred; but when those on the estate of Casali-Litta found that under the new programme they would obtain only about a fourth of what the Duke had already conceded they ceased agitating. The experiment has cost the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese something like \$10,000 a year; but he is satisfied with, and proud of, the results to the peasants financially, physically, and morally. As an indication of their improved condition, the Duke Litta mentioned that contrary to the custom of



DUKE LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE

the Italian peasants, who do not eat meat, the people on his estate have meat, not once or twice, but three times a week, "and that is one of the things," he added, of which I am most proud; that they can afford meat so often." The Duke has already published several successful novels in Italian, but *The Soul of a Priest* is his first book in English. His wife is an American woman.

✱



D. TORBETT

In these days, when every episode or contrivance of plot of the average novel may be traced back to some earlier novel, a "**The Schemers**" book that really introduces something quite new must be singled out for particular notice. That is a very good reason for calling attention to *The Schemers*, by D. Torbett. This little volume is frankly designed to provide an hour's light entertainment. It tells of a quite preposterous cad, of a society widow unwilling to part with her youth, of that widow's attractive daughter, and of the daughter's loyal but impoverished suitor. The means adopted by James Baldwin to bring about the undoing of Bertram Wentworth-Wentworth, and the dilemma of Mrs. Van Aggan after the untimely death of the beauty doctor may violate the laws of probability, but they are certainly new and certainly amusing.



GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

Author of *Jack Spurling, Prodigal*

Two books coming from the same publisher and reaching our office about the same time are Mr. James Forbes's *The Chorus Lady* and George V. Hobart's *Go To It*, which is number twelve in the series of John Henry Books. This may be regarded as the fourth incarnation of *The Chorus Lady*. Written originally as a short sketch for a magazine it attracted the attention of Miss Rose Stahl, and at her suggestion was turned into a one-act play by the author. In this form it proved so successful that a four-act drama was built up about the dressing-room scene. Finally this four-act drama was made into the novel which has just come from the press. While as a general rule the "novelised" play is stilted and artificial, *The Chorus Lady* seems to be very good of its kind. No one who has ever seen and enjoyed Mr. Forbes's play

will be ungrateful for this opportunity of a more lasting acquaintance with the whole-souled, generous Patricia O'Brien.

✻

There is no need of saying anything in particular about *Go To It*. If you have read and enjoyed the other books in the series, it is quite certain that this latest volume will not prove disappointing. Indeed it is doubtful if any of the former books contained a chapter better than the one with which *Go To It* opens. Mr. Hobart's next effort is to be of a "Dinkenspielian" nature.

✻

A rather striking little volume coming from the Brentano press is *Old Buildings of New York City*, which contains some text and some forty or fifty pictures of various public buildings and private residences. Interesting as this book now



GEORGE V. HOBART

and Irving. But does not Mr. F. Marion Crawford deserve a share of territory for *In the Palace of the King*? Mr. George Ade should be represented in Turkey for *The Slim Princess*, and there are half a dozen more hard-working men and women of letters (not all Indianians) whose names should dot that vague region in the shadow of the Balkans where petty kingdoms abound in swordplay, moat-swimming, and intrigue, and answer to such imposing names as Ruritania, Danubia, Illyria and Ossia.

However, all this is in a measure hypercritical. Mr. Wilstach's map is frankly open to amendment, and even if it contained the name of every American who had made use of a European background in fiction, it would be final only for the moment. The tide of American invasion is rising with every publishing season. Beginning with westerly Europe, we find in Ireland the names of Wiggin and Templeton. The "Penelope" stories of the former are well enough known, but how many readers are familiar with Hermine Templeton's *Darby O'Gill*? Even more desolate in appearance is Scotland, with Mrs. Riggs as the only representative of our fiction, although Miss Edna Kenton in *What Manner of Man* wrote very vividly of the islands to the north. With England, naturally it is a different matter. In and about London we have Henry James for various books; R. H. Davis for "The Lion and the Unicorn," "His Bad Angel" and "In the Fog"; Winston Churchill for certain chapters of *Richard Carvel*; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett for *The Lady of Quality*; Mrs. Atherton for *American Wives and English Husbands*; Charles Major for *When Knighthood Was in Flower*; and Harriet Beecher Stowe for *The Minister's Wooing*. In the west of England Mr. Booth Tarkington's name is placed at Bath, presumably for *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Not far away is Mrs. Burnett, for *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. To the extreme north, in Westmoreland, Mr. Vaughan Kester appears for *John o' Jamestown*. Hard by, in Lancashire, are the scenes of Mrs. Burnett's *Lass o' Lowrie's* and *Haworth*, and to the same writer is apportioned Surrey for *A Fair Barbarian*. Other American claimants

for various parts of rural England are Mark Twain (*A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*); Charles Major (*Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*); Anne Warner (*Uncle John*); Amelie Rives (*Athelwold*); Kate Douglas Wiggin (*A Cathedral Courtship*); and Lloyd Osbourne, for some of the stories in *Love the Fiddler*, for *The Adventurer*, and for *Baby Bullet*. The name of Marion Crawford, the most cosmopolitan of all American novelists, is not on the map of England. He should have been there, somewhere, for *The Tale of a Lonely Parish*.

France, like England, presents a well-populated appearance, although there is a broad region to the southwest which seems to offer the opportunity for the blazing of the American trail. The grouping of names about Paris is dense, and apparently had there been more space, it would have been possible to have included half a dozen more. The congested belt of Europe runs in a straight line from northwest to southeast, beginning at London, through Paris, then across Switzerland and the Riviera, and down the Italian leg. But the list will speak for itself.

IRELAND

K. D. Wiggin (Penelope).
Hermine Templeton (Darby O'Gill).

SCOTLAND

K. D. Wiggin (Penelope).

WALES

Mark Twain (A Yankee in King Arthur's Court).

ENGLAND

LONDON

H. B. Stowe (The Minister's Wooing).
Charles Major (When Knighthood Was in Flower).
R. H. Davis (The Lion and the Unicorn, His Bad Angel, In the Fog).
Lloyd Osbourne (The Adventurer).
F. H. Burnett (The Lady of Quality, The Shuttle).

BATH

Booth Tarkington (Monsieur Beaucaire).
Pyle.

DERBY-STAFFORD

Charles Major (Dorothy Vernon of
Haddon Hall).

WESTMORELAND

V. Kester (John o' Jamestown).

WEST ENGLAND

F. H. Burnett (Little Lord Fauntleroy).

LANCASHIRE

F. H. Burnett (Lass o' Lowrie's, Haw-
orths).

SURREY

F. H. Burnett (A Fair Barbarian).

GENERAL

Washington Irving (The Sketch Book,
Bracebridge Hall).
Marion Crawford (The Tale of a Lonely
Parish).
Anne Warner (Seeing England with
Uncle John).
Amelie Rives (Athelwold).
Lloyd Osbourne (Baby Bullet).

FRANCE

PARIS

E. A. Poe (The Murders of the Rue
Morgue, The Purloined Letter, The
Mystery of Marie Roget).
B. Tarkington (The Beautiful Lady).
R. W. Chambers (The Red Republic).
T. R. Sullivan (Tom Sylvester).
B. W. Howard (Aulnay Tower).
G. W. Carryl (Zut and Other Stories).
C. Wells (Patty in Paris).
O. Johnson (In the Name of Liberty).
Julia Margruder (The Princess Sonia).
Bertha Runkle (The Helmet of Na-
varre).
M. R. S. Andrews (Vive l'Empereur).
Weir Mitchell (The Adventures of Fran-
çois).
B. E. Stevenson (At Odds with the
Regent).

BRETON COAST

Blanche W. Howard (Guenn).

NICE

Burnett (Short Stories).

ORLEANS

Mary H. Catherwood (Story of Jean
D'Arc).
Twain.

SOUTHERN FRANCE

T. A. Sauvier (An Embassy to Pro-
vence).

GENERAL

Anne Warner (Seeing France with
Uncle John).

ITALY

ROME

Marion Crawford (Saracinesca, St.
Ilario, Don Orsino, A Roman
Singer, Pietro Ghisleri).
Henry James (Daisy Miller, Roderick
Hudson).
N. Hawthorne (The Marble Faun).
W. W. Story (Fianetta).
B. Tarkington (His Own People).
W. S. Davis (A Friend of Cæsar).
Irving Bacheller (Vergilius).
Joaquin Miller (The One Fair Woman).
Margaret Sherwood (Daphne).

VENICE

M. Crawford (Marietta).
J. F. Cooper (Bravo).
F. H. Smith (Gondola Days).

BOLOGNA

D. Osborne (The Angels of Messer
Ercole).

GENERAL

L. C. Hale (A Motor Car Divorce).
H. B. Fuller (The Chevalier of Pensieri-
Vani).
H. B. Stowe (Agnes of Sorrento).

SICILY

M. Crawford (Casa Braccio, Taquisara, Corleone).

SPAIN

W. Irving (Legends of the Alhambra).
M. Crawford (In the Palace of the King).
J. F. Cooper (Mercedes of Castile).

SWITZERLAND

H. James (Daisy Miller).
H. B. Fuller (Chatelaine of La Trinité).

CORSICA

A. C. Gunter (Mr. Barnes of New York).

BELGIUM

G. B. McCutcheon (Castle Craney-crow).

HOLLAND

M. M. Dodge (Hans Brinker).
W. D. Howells (The Kentons).
B. E. Stevenson (An Affair of State).

GERMANY

H. W. Longfellow (Hyperion).
F. M. Crawford (Greifenstein, A Cigarette Maker's Romance).
R. H. Davis (The Princess Aline).

AUSTRIA

F. M. Crawford (The Witch of Prague).

NORWAY

H. E. Scudder (Viking Bodleys).

H. H. Boyesen (Gunnar, Modern Vikings).
Paul du Chaillu (Ivar the Viking).

DENMARK

Paul Harboe (The Son of Magnus).

RUSSIA

F. M. Crawford (Paul Patoff).
A. C. Gunter (That Frenchman).
R. H. Savage (My Official Wife).
S. Cobb (The Gunmaker of Moscow).

BALKANS

G. B. McCutcheon (Graustark, Beverly of Graustark).
H. McGrath (The Puppet Crown).
E. D. Miller (The Prince Goes Fishing).

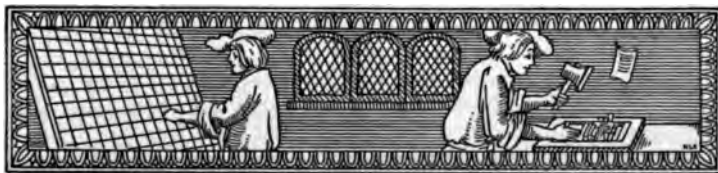
TURKEY

Lew Wallace (The Prince of India).
F. M. Crawford (Arethusa, Paul Patoff).
George Ade (The Slim Princess).
Kenneth Brown (The First Secretary).
Brander Matthews (The Last Meeting).

GREECE

R. H. Davis (The Princess Aline).
Anna B. Dodd (On the Knees of the Gods).

Although not on European soil, Tangier is so close to Gibraltar that no one is likely to resent the invasion of the map by that little point of Africa in the extreme southwest. This territory has been apportioned to Paul Leicester Ford for certain chapters of *The Story of an Untold Love*, and to Richard Harding Davis for *The Exiles* and *The King's Jackal*.
Arthur Bartlett Maurice.



THE GREATEST WOMAN'S CLUB IN THE WORLD

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Mr. Bernard Shaw in "The Philanderer" railed at the English club woman. In this attitude he was far from being alone. Yet even the most hardened of masculine scoffers must be a little appalled in contemplation of the Lyceum, which may properly be termed the Greatest Women's Club in the World. This organisation of professional women has been in existence only five years. It has to-day a membership in London of several thousand and a club house that in many respects is probably unequalled anywhere. Branches of the club are to be founded in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Holland and probably in the United States. Thus the Lyceum is rapidly becoming an international institution, and its members all over the world will soon be enjoying the privileges of a club house in every capital in Europe.



THE Woman's Club struck down long and tenacious roots a good many years ago, and has undergone wild divergencies and more sober development, but it is only recently that all its hazy but unquestionably high and practical ideals have become crystallised—and, naturally enough, in the city that stands at the apex of civilisation to-day. The Lyceum Club of London, "An Association of the Women of Culture in all Countries," goes so much farther than any other woman's club had ever dreamed of going that one can hardly call it even the realisation of an ideal; unless, to be sure all its complexities really lurked in the brain of its organiser, Miss Constance Smedley. Certainly they have never given sign of existing elsewhere. As the visitor walks over the great building devoted to its use she—even he—constantly exclaims: "This is the real thing at last!" Ten to one they affirm complacently, "This is indeed the realisation of the ideal," but if they are honest they admit later that they never cherished any such ideal until it was born of the accomplished fact. At all events it is impossible to imagine how this remarkable Club could be improved, how club development could further go. In the first place it looks like, has the atmosphere of, the

man's club, and this I will venture to say no other woman's club on earth can boast. I have been the guest and temporary member of more women's clubs than I can pretend to remember, but they have never seemed to me anything more than private hotels. At my own, the Ladies' Athenæum, I always feel as if I were entering a private house, lent for the occasion, and those who take their tea or write their notes there could quite as well do either at home. I only belong because people in London must be asked to tea, and for some occult reason prefer to be asked to a club, particularly travelling Americans. Otherwise, I never put my foot inside the door.

But there is no such atmosphere about the Lyceum. It occupies a very large building in the heart of Piccadilly, and it was used for many years by a club of men. The rent is \$25,000 a year besides the rates and taxes, so that its size and style may be imagined. The furnishings of many of the rooms—"lounge," or smoking-room, reading and writing-room, library, billiard-room—were taken over with the lease. They are of solid dark wood and brown leather, attractively shabby, and patently made for the sex that understands comfort far better than strenuous woman ever did until she made acquaintance with the deep sofas and chairs of the Lyceum. Besides the rooms I have enumerated there are dining-

rooms, exhibition rooms, a drawing-room, a hairdressing-room, and more than thirty bedrooms.

The Lounge is a large room on the ground floor with great windows facing the traffic of Piccadilly and the beautiful Green Park beyond. Here the members smoke and chat and entertain their guests after dinner or luncheon, although the drawing-room above is equally attractive to those that do not smoke. In the writing-room—always crowded—no talking is permitted, nor, for that matter, in the library. But there is an atmosphere of very great life about the other rooms, particularly the large dining-room, which seats several hundred people. Richard Whiteing, who spoke one night when I dined there, asserted that the Lyceum was not only an improvement upon all the other women's clubs, but upon any man's club of which he knew anything. He never entered it without being prepared for a surprise, or receiving the impression that something was "going on."

This is the impression that one receives instantly—that something is going on. People are not merely paying dues that they may have a place to drink a cup of tea or write a note, nor even have a "permanent address." From the big busy bureau in the entrance hall to the top of the house there is movement, life, a new and intensely modern atmosphere; and the women are the most alert and intelligent looking I have ever seen banded together. Even when smoking their after luncheon cigarettes in the Lounge, and settled in the depths of the comfortable chairs, they look as if their minds were poised between two flights. Many, it may be remarked, sit on the edge of the chairs; which suggests that neither mentally nor physically has woman yet acquired the masculine art of relaxation. Some may have escaped from the tyranny of the corset, but few clever women have learned the art of taking the whalebones out of their minds.

For my part I do not see how the writers of books—the seasoned hand—can stand it. After being shut up with a book for six or eight months it seems to me natural to seek an atmosphere either with more repose or distracting in ways that banish the memory of shop. For the be-

ginners in book-making, and for the pursuants of every other art and craft, nothing could be more admirable and inspiring than this Lyceum Club of London.

For it is above all things practical, that is to say, it is helpful. It was organised primarily that women workers should have a focus from which they could not only launch their work more successfully, but receive advice and assistance from the bureau and its advisory boards. There is a large well-lighted room for exhibition of the various crafts followed by members. Glass cases can be rented at a reasonable figure and outsiders are welcome to come and buy; there is always some one in attendance. One day when I was there I examined some beautifully wrought jewelry of silver and semi-precious stones, specimens of bookbinding, of which Cobden Saunderson would not be ashamed, illuminations, stamped leather and carved wood. The most interesting exhibit was a case full of textiles from the "Windermere Industry," founded by one of the members, all hand-woven and as artistic as practical. And not in a single instance was there a trace of the amateur in these displays. It was an exhibition of professionals, every bit of it.

Then there is an art gallery in which pictures of members are hung several times a year, but not—as is the case of all other exhibits, even the publications—until they have been passed upon by a committee. The standard of the Lyceum is excessively high and the members of the various Advisory Boards have no intention that it shall be lowered, either through favouritism or carelessness. If the members prefer to exhibit at any of the more public galleries of London they are sure that their achievements will be made known to the rest of the Club—which comprises some twenty-five hundred members—through the medium of the monthly journal, called, after its parent, "The Lyceum." This also records the doings of its literary folk in all parts of the world, the club happenings of the month, and the speeches verbatim made at the weekly dinners.

Nothing will give a broader hint of the scope of the Club's more practical side than the list of its Advisory Boards:

Authors; Journalists; Painters and Sculptors; Arts and Crafts; Music; Universities; Public Service; International; Social. The work of these boards is carried out through the Bureau, which has a large staff of secretaries, and to which a member may at any time apply for advice.

Most of the Boards explain themselves, but a word may be said about others. The object of the Public Service Board is to "get together a bureau of the best information on all public work open to women." "To bring to-

all social functions which they may undertake. It organises the weekly house dinners, which are a great feature in the Club life, and at which distinguished representatives of the arts and sciences are entertained, as well as the various embassies and legations representing their respective nations, and in other directions seeks to benefit and encourage the social life of the Club." I will speak of the International Board in connection with the Circles. The Music Board not only gives a series of extremely high-class musicales during the season, at

THE LYCEUM CLUB

REQUESTS THE HONOUR OF THE COMPANY OF

M^{rs} Gertrude Atherton & her niece

AT DINNER

On *Monday, the 27th instant* at 7.30 for 8 p.m.

(*Miss May Sinclair* in the Chair),

in honour of *M^{rs} Gertrude Atherton*

R.S.V.P.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY,
128, Piccadilly, London, W.

gether all the workers in various branches of State service, for mutual conferences," "To give expert and reliable information relating to social questions." "From time to time to issue papers by experts on subjects particularly connected with woman's work, and to circulate these at as low a price and as widely as possible." "To seek to improve the condition of woman workers." There is a debating society in connection with this Board.

The Social Advisory Board consists of members who are not professionally employed, and was formed "to assist and supplement the efforts of the other Boards in bringing to a successful issue

which original compositions are often rendered, but entertains at dinner such distinguished musicians as happen to visit London. Each Board in fact has its dinner nights, upon which they entertain men and women eminent in the departments they represent. The only drawback to these delightful occasions is that the distinguished is expected to make a speech.

It may be inferred that the women journalists derive more comfort as well as benefit from this Club than the members of almost any other department. They are so numerous in London, so hard worked, they live so far from all centres, that it must be not only a con-



THE EXTERIOR OF THE LYCEUM CLUB

venience but a delight to have this great luxurious animated Club, with its quiet corners, to resort to at all hours; where they can get a good cheap lunch, a warm corner, and, when demanded, advice and sympathy. It is only fair to say that this admirable idea of making life a little easier for women journalists did not originate in Miss Smedley's fertile brain, but with a small group of women less known to fame, who some twelve or fif-

teen years ago started the "Writers' Club" in a basement in the Strand, where women obliged to frequent that newspaper region at all hours and in all weathers might be able to write their daily task in decent comfort, dry their boots and get a bite to eat. This club still keeps to its old quarters, although much enlarged, and does as good a work as ever, but many journalists prefer to pay more not only for the superior at-



THE PORCH

tractions of the Lyceum but for the assistance its remarkable organisation affords them.

There has never been any lack of enterprise about the London Woman Journalist. It was in 1899 I think that the Duchess of Sutherland lent the Society of Women Journalists Stafford House for an evening entertainment. I do not belong to the organisation, but I was invited, and was standing on the upper floor looking over the railing at the su-

perb company—which included not only representatives of every art and profession, ambassadors, and cabinet ministers, but many of the smartest and most beautiful women in London—when Richard Whiteing joined me. "Well," he said, "what do you think of this?" (I was recently come to London.) "The Society of Women Journalists is only four years old, and they are at Stafford House already!"

Such of its members as belong to the



THE ENTRANCE HALL



ALCOVE ON THE STAIRCASE

Lyceum show no signs of deterioration. They not only give a great annual dinner but an informal dinner every Thursday evening, where no doubt the conversation is well worth listening to, and many a newcomer receives inspiration and help.

Not that tyros in any department are admitted to membership in the Lyceum. A horde of ambitious amateurs would weaken it; women must win their spurs before their applications for membership

will be considered. To be eligible one must have published a book, engaged professionally in journalism, hung a picture, taken a degree at a University—and so it goes. The only exception is in favour of the daughters of distinguished men, who, no doubt, are expected to make themselves useful on the Social Board or in one of the Circles. It may be mentioned here that the Club has recently been opened to Alpine Climbers,



THE DINING-ROOM



THE DINING-ROOM—SECOND VIEW



THE LIBRARY

that they may have a place of rendezvous in London—women climbers, of course; no men belong to the Club.

After the Advisory Boards the most notable and useful feature is the Circles. "Members who are interested either by birth, residence or connections with any other country are associated together to promote intercourse and good fellowship with their sister members in that country, to render such assistance to them as they can in furthering their interests, and to keep members of the Circle in touch with modern literature, art and music of the country from which the Circle takes its name." These names are as follows: *Scotland; Wales; U. S. A.; South Africa; Australia; France; Germany; Italy; Slavonic; Spain; Sweden; Holland; Oriental.* Women of all nationalities, possessing the necessary qualifications, are welcome to membership, and if far away they can have the benefit, by correspondence, of the Advisory Boards; or when visiting London of the hospitality of the Club. Each circle has its regular day for meeting, and the lecture is preceded and followed by a social tea.

These gatherings are held in the large dining-room. There are also luncheon and dinner meetings, followed by a reception, at which any newcomer or old can meet whom she wishes. I attended a meeting of the American Circle, and not only met many interesting American women whom I might not otherwise have seen, but listened to a delightful address by an Englishman on Harold Frederic, whose work is far better appreciated by the thoughtful British public than by that of his native land, tuned to a lighter note.

The International Advisory Board was a natural outgrowth of these Circles, numbering as they do many women of many languages, and one of the avowed purposes of the Club being to become an important power for the promotion of peace and good will among nations. The International Board is representative of all the Circles, its membership polyglot. It corresponds with a provincial committee in each country, which represents the various sections to which Advisory Boards have been allotted, and which will act as the representatives of the Executive Committee in recommend-



THE BILLIARD ROOM

ing the election of applicants for membership in that country. Such a club and such a Board would never escape the eagle eye of William of Germany. In December, 1905, at a dinner given in honour of the German members of the Club and attended by some of the most eminent men and women in London, Count Metternich, the German Ambassador, was present by direct order of His Imperial Majesty. Of course he came with a message of good will, from one nation to the other, and if there was nothing very soul-stirring in his remarks, there could be no doubt that the Club had much reason to be very proud of itself.

So far, only two branches of this remarkable Club have sprung from the parent trunk. In November, 1905, a clubhouse was opened in the Potsdamerstrasse, Berlin. This also has exhibition and bedrooms for resident members, and is at the service of visiting English members without further subscription. After much discouragement and petty annoyance, not surprising to any one who has ever lived in Paris, Miss Alice Williams—whose father in connection with

Mr. Smedley financed the Club—opened the branch in the French capital on the 4th of last December. The charming hotel they have rented in the heart of the city is as French as the parent is solid and British. The dining-room is decorated with green trellis work and small daintily appointed tables. The double salons—to be used also for exhibitions—are equally light and bright, and there are eight bedrooms, besides a lounge and library. There were three hundred members on the day of opening, the greater number French, and many have come in since. The interest of fashionable Paris upon this occasion might cause some surprise unless one remembered that *La Feministe* agitates all circles.

It is the intention of the Club to have, in time, a branch house in all capitals, and I fancy that its next descent will be upon New York. If so, serious New York women will have cause for much self-gratulation. Meanwhile there are many American names enrolled at headquarters, and on the American Committee such representative names as Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Wilkins, Mrs.



THE MUSEUM OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



THE DRAWING-ROOM



THE SMOKING LOUNGE



THE SMOKING LOUNGE—SECOND VIEW

Burnett, Elizabeth Jordan, Elizabeth Marbury, Julia Ward Howe, Sara Orne Jewett, and thirty-three others equally honourable if less known to fame.

Whether or not it can be asserted that the Lyceum Club has realised an ideal, it can truthfully be said to represent one, and no one who knows aught of it but wishes it well.

THE CONVENTION OF REVOLT



IN a restaurant in an obscure New England city I was sitting the other day with a man who was bred upon the Pacific slope. Out of its intellectual confusions, its wrinkled sophistications and its juvenilities he had contrived or absorbed a manner of dress and a philosophy. In themselves both were acceptable. The dress was becoming to him and would upon occasion befit any man. From his head, which was competently modelled by Nature in one of her decorative moods, he had removed and flung upon a chair a broad grey hat girdled with a leather strap. The collar of his flannel shirt, in which gleamed threads of silk, lay loosely about his neck of bronze. A leather waistcoat and a belted coat completed as much of his garb as was visible above the tablecloth. I had seen, and now imagined beneath the table, a wonderful pair of yellow boots. They were no doubt gracefully disposed for the benefit of whoever should glance over from another table. In the pauses of his talk I found myself waiting for a line from Mr. Thomas's *Arizona* or, since my friend was tinged with literature, from Mr. Moody's *Great Divide*. Instead I listened to his philosophy, to narratives of his adventures and to explanations of his habits of dress. The philosophy, a generous socialism, which grew out of wholesome instincts of rebellion, had been trimmed to an obsolescent system; and into it had been grafted scions from hot-house productions. The original plant was hardy, probably perennial; only the blossoms, especially of the grafts, lacked perfume and the fruitage was doubtful.

His big voice, naturally toned for the picturesque narratives of his experience, vibrated with puerilities such as may be found in editorials and magazine articles. It was as if one of liberal religious beliefs should announce the innocent doctrines of the late Mr. Ingersoll, with the emphasis appropriate to a subverting discovery. Yet his evident earnestness dismissed the suspicion that he was indulging in cant.

My disappointment that he had no new ideas, except in direct accounts of his life, was deepened by his references to his dress as a badge of independence. He explained that he never wore a starched collar, and as for dress suits—at the luncheon hour there was none visible—his scorn reached through free space to the dark of distant wardrobes and made the black garments limp with shame. No doubt the dress suit deserves the treatment he gave it; the square cut thing has no æsthetic right to be. But the seat of his trouble and my discomfort was his state of mind, not in sartorial preferences.

While we were tossing easy words like Capital and Labour I had time to reflect upon the difference between us. His style of dress, which was unusual in this restaurant, did not disturb me, and nobody else in the room paid even curious attention to him. On the other hand, had I been in a company of this man's kind I should not have been allowed to remain unconscious of my difference from the temporary majority. Not all the millions of suits like mine throughout the civilised world would have rallied to support my loneliness. Amid a group of sombreros and soft collars I should have been reminded that the linen yoke which

I bear day by day, tortured but unashamed, is a symbol of social servitude. I should have been for the time an alien in outlandish dress in the midst of settled habits. Evidently my Western friend, not I, was the more conventional. I was free because unconscious, whereas he, a stickler for his chosen mode of raiment, was captive to his own triumphant chariot of revolt.

It has been often observed that the heresies of one age become the conventions of the next. Originality stews, cools down and jellifies and we find it labelled on the shelf. Liberal principles become orthodox formulæ and formulæ lose flavour. Not so frequently has "attention been called" to another tendency in human thinking—the tendency of unconventionality first to recognise, then to admire, then to sanction itself and thereby become a covenant, a usage—that is, a conventionality. It is not surprising to any one who looks without too local a patriotism into the history of nations that America is a most conventional country; that the Declaration of Independence was followed not by a tremendous human novelty, but by a quite ordinary society hostile to revolutionary ideas. There was no extraordinary individual departure from century-old types until Whitman and Lincoln. Emerson is conservative and proper compared to Carlyle and Tolstoy. The Puritan, rebellious against one bigoted convention, set up another. Democracy, having parted from kingdom by old-fashioned methods and under slogans already stale in political philosophy, so reiterated its rights and honours that the words grew ritualistic and the spirit deafened under repetition. All this is sorrowful to contemplate, but easy to understand. Much more baffling is the paradox, not of words, but of facts, that freedom itself became a bondage. In the defiant abandon of escape liberty looked back upon the kingdom it had left, looked back too often for the patience of the gods, and was turned into a pillar of stone. This may sound like the Saturday Review or the Academy, but if we have luck it will not in a moment. The real liberty, slowly coming in America, is the universal kind which is overtaking all society. And

America has especially good chances of being overtaken, because no one of its conventions, not even its convention of freedom or its convention of money, is sufficiently old and solid to withstand the assaults of light. Freedom is questioning itself, and so its fixity becomes fluid again and its motive forces, so long captive, are being released.

This idea would have shocked my Pacific friend, for his hostility to almost every institution in America, with the implied contempt for several millions of his fellow-countrymen, could never slip into any corollary which might look like an unpatriotic proposition. My ideas would have disturbed him if I had been so tactless as to express them in the face of his inflexible prejudices. The egotism here is only rhetorical. I am merely one of the thousands of conventional Boston persons whom he affected to despise. Now that Boston has slipped out we may let it stand as the scene. Among the class of Bostonians particularly offensive to my friend, the men who proceed from Beacon Street to State Street at half past nine and from State Street to a club at half past four, I know several who would have taken my Western friend for granted, and I know one or two who would have received placidly ideas which he would not have understood for their extreme "unconventionality."

The difference between Pacific and Atlantic, or between Chinese and Norwegian, convention, is not in one or another way of dressing or viewing society, but in the attitude of the individual toward his beliefs. Between silk hat and sombrero no choice is possible on the score of independence. In point of grace, I confess, as a silk-hatter, that the sombrero has the better of it. Flannel shirts are preferable, especially if one can accord the expensive silk and wool mixture. But as to independence, the test is this: He who wears his silk hat and keeps his thoughts either above or below it is less conventional than he who flaunts a sombrero in conscious pride of revolt. The truly unconventional man is one who, on a journey, losing his hat box, goes to an evening party serenely wearing his travelling cap. A brave example of unconventionality might be found not far

from the conservative city of Boston in the person of a high thinker whose wife must watch him lest he go forth to his daily task uttering original thoughts, clad in sack coat and silk hat. He passes his days in bland unconcern as to how his clothes or opinions stand with regard to the generally accepted. The path he follows is of his own surveying and sometimes it is on one side of the fence which bounds this or that field of thought, sometimes it is on the other side.

Let a man once become convinced that he is unconventional, the very conviction becomes a convention in which he is cabined and confined; he is laced in a tailor-made permanence of mind no less foppish because the mode is one of revolt and the fashion is followed only by a minority. My Western friend began his adult life as a courageous, direct-thinking man. Courage he still has, but it is a virtue growing weak for lack of use, so securely is he armoured by the customs he has adopted. Entrenched behind the breastworks of impenetrable usage, he is safe from assault and no longer tries himself in hand-to-hand conflict of opinion. His degeneracy began when critics flattered him into the conceit that he did not do things according to the prevailing habits of the world. Straightway at the applause of an admiring minority his native independence congealed as water on the verge of being ice suddenly freezes when the containing vessel is jarred. The dissidence of dissent set up an ordered disestablishment. The liturgical Protestantism that encases him is more hostile to free thinking than many of the older organisations of belief, because it has had only a brief experience in disagreement, whereas century-old habituations are trained in ages of compromise. A Buddhist priest is not so difficult to treat with as a bigoted liberal. The old diplomat said it is easier to make peace with one enemy than with forty neutrals. There is no slavery so hard to dischain as a confirmed emancipation.

This is not a defence of convention nor an assault upon the tamed and well-kempt West, nor, as will presently appear, a subtle argument in praise of Boston. The juxtaposition of East and West is an historical accident, not an

expression of provincial prejudice. Whether America be figured as a ship of state or an eagle with curious feathered pantalets, it behaves strangely under criticism. Strike it all at once, and the bird gathers itself for fight, or the ship pulls round with admirable seamanship and rams the enemy. But direct your attack at the stern, tweak the tail feathers of the Pacific coast, and a crow of joy issues from the beak, a band starts "Yankee Doodle" on the bows. If you hit it amidships, somewhere between an Indiana poet and a Kansas cornfield, both ends wag for glee. Those figures cannot be driven abreast. The plain English is that Boston takes a strange joy in deriding San Francisco and Chicago delights in the discomfiture of Boston. One of the gyves upon the wrists of thought in Western States is the superstition that the farther one travels round the world westward from St. Petersburg, the more defiant liberty one finds as the normal circumstance of belief. There is probably more courageous and enlightened thinking in St. Petersburg and Moscow than in Omaha or Emporia. Yet the newspapers of St. Petersburg and Moscow do not call their home cities the most progressive places in the world. No offence in the comparison, but—fancy Professor Milyoukov as United States Senator from Nevada!

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is old, staid and exacting in its standards, we find luminous, startling ideas. Its incautious flights of mind would cause consternation in the office of the best magazine—whatever it is—in the comparatively young city of Boston. A stage farther west we find the most cut and dried, unstimulating ideas in Periodicals of Protest, which are all alike one to the other and like to themselves from month to month. You can predict what they will be before your office boy takes off the wrapper.

Consider the office boy himself. If he is continuously insubordinate, and always in the same way, you know what to do with him. But if he is sometimes disobedient, sometimes docile, laughing, sullen, good-natured, mean to the office cat, wayward in fancy, so honest that he would not steal a rubber band from your

desk, so dishonest that he chops down his family tree and lays the branches one by one before you in the baseball season, then he is a Person, not a Case. You will threaten to throw him from the window and you will like him hugely. He will be a man. The other kind of boy will be a number in an institution. Chronic opposition in morals, manners or beliefs is a nuisance to society, but not a problem. We know what to do with it, as we know how to pitch a periodical of protest into the waste-basket. It contributes nothing to the right feeling and valuable thought of the world.

In Boston—this part of the discourse is for readers west of Springfield, Massachusetts—there is a group of persons who regard themselves as independent because they are members of an aggressive minority. On any public or ethical question you can find them doing business at their little stand. You can know in advance, before a question arises, what they will think. They will think "anti." Like all sects of predetermined habits, they are sometimes right, sometimes wrong, but ever consistently antagonistic. Their origin seems to lie in those spirited days when revolutionary ideas sprang from burning issues and gave Boston its brave reputation. One's father was a member of the Finance Commission which probed the economic conditions of the South with the pikes of John Brown, and one has an inherited hostility to whatever is powerful and prevalent, such as navies, administrations, national destinies, domestic and foreign. One is a defender of the Rights of Man, not so much because one loves Man as because of the conviction that the majority of the world is especially bent on taking away the Rights. One has a family title to trifling inconsistencies; one approves breaking any law which one does not like, such as a Fugitive Slave Law, but one disapproves lynching because lynching is against the law. The original objects against which grandfather exercised his valiant opposition have passed away. The habit of hostility survives and must find new objects. Almost anything will do, and hundreds of objects fall at one's feet in the yearly turning of events.

So the sons and daughters of those

who flung to the winds new banners of liberty now keep at full mast in all weathers the flag of universal objection. The shop of the old craftsman who turned out hand-made antagonism has developed into the department store of revolt. Almost everything can be found at the counters—pamphlets, weapons, hammers and all manner of dry goods and notions. There are extensive repair departments where common beliefs can be destroyed, made new or converted into antiques. The advertising managers are competent, and by adroit "featuring" of ancient names and trade-marks secure free reading notices in the newspapers. Competitors, especially new designers and hand workers, get most of the trade, but there are enough old customers to keep the Coöperative Anti Society alive. The cost of maintenance is not high. The employees of one department buy from the others. The establishment can easily go on for another generation.

Such conventionalised revolt as is here hinted at is not akin to the Irishman's stand "agin the government." The Irishman is not sufficiently gregarious in his contrarities. If his irreconcilability could range itself so as to be steadily diametrical he would own his native island, and no one knows how many other bodies of land. But he opposes in wayward slants and by devious aggressions. He is radical and conservative in the same minute. Adherent to a long-founded convention like the Church of Rome, pitted against himself in little conventions like one recently held in Springfield, Massachusetts, he is of all races in the world the most unconventional.

A contemporary illustration of him is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Critics have tried to locate him and label him—that is, conventionalise him. He eludes every effort to fix his attitude, even the attitude of egotism, especially the attitude of revolt in which the thoughtless would caricature him. He thinks his own way, and his way may be a Roman road or it may run cross-country. Conventional revolters against marriage or some other acceptance are put sadly at fault by *Man and Superman*. They follow Tanner up to the point where the revolutionist congratulates Violet on an irregularity assumed

by the other persons of the piece. "I congratulate you, with the sincerest respect, on having the courage to do what you have done. You are entirely in the right; the family is entirely in the wrong." At this point in the play watch the audience and pick out by the nods of approval the serfs of ready-made emancipation. Mr. Shaw is with us. Up with nature. Down with man's prejudices and false superstructures upon life. Then swiftly comes the surprise. Miss, or rather Mrs., Violet turns upon the young man, "flushing with indignation," and claims her "right as a married woman not to be insulted." This is a real Shaw touch. All camps are left in dismay, partisans are confounded, the audience is reminded that this is a play and proves nothing. Thereafter the conventional majority and the conventional minority whisper to each other that Shaw is certainly very clever, so interesting and original.

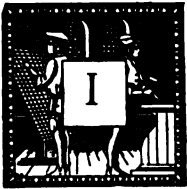
An unsuccessful simulation of this genuine unconventionality is to be found in Mr. Chesterton. When his first essays appeared some of us thought him a new and refreshing light. His quill seemed pointed and unhindered. It soon became evident that his quills were all of one kind, that he bristled with challenge like a porcupine. As one essay succeeded another his formula appeared, which is to prove converses, to turn everything upside down. The process is as easy as taking the "not" out of the Command-

ments and putting it in the Creed. An early example of the process is Lamb's *Popular Fallacies*. He knew when to stop; his varied mind devised many other ways of being novel. Mr. Chesterton knows only one way; he works as mechanically as a cook turning flapjacks. For example: Common idea—America is a young country; its literature will be young in spirit. Chestertonian inversion: America is not a young country; its literature is not young in spirit. One defect of the method is that sometimes the facts refuse to flop over as easily as the main proposition. Mr. Chesterton's examples by way of proof are only two, Whistler and Mr. Henry James, the two artists of all born in this country who are least American. Under the inverted proposition it would be difficult to manage, say, Whitman and Mark Twain. Mr. Chesterton's proposition may be right. If we do not feel the truth of the statement that "out of America has come a sweet and startling cry, as unmistakable as the cry of a dying man," we feel that it is a fine sentence. And besides, the idea is an agreement with something earlier in this paper. We are not, however, interested in the truth or falsity of the proposition, but only with the habit of mind that produced it. As writers grow old we expect them to fall into conventions; but it is doubtful if the world will be concerned about the old age of a writer who in his youth is obsessed by the belief that he is unconventional.

John A. Macy.



THE LAUNCHING OF A FAMOUS POEM



IN a yellow chalet on a green Californian cañon-side, overlooking a winding, redwood-shaded road leading away from towns and temptations, Edwin Markham read the manuscript of his "Man with the Hoe" to its first publisher on a sunny January afternoon in 1899. It was the place and the day for the launching of a poem that should stir the hearts of the world. Wafts of fragrant air from the fresh-smelling redwoods came up from the cañon to the house on the hill and floated gently through the open doorway into the pine-raftered room, where a great rustic chair was placed for the poet beside a wide Western window through which Mount Tamalpais looked in with a large, friendly smile. So near in that clear air stood the mountain that it seemed one might reach out of the window and shake hands with it, despite the miles that intervened.

The house was only a few months old, and so steep was the rough scarp upon which it stood that to build a road up to it had been deemed impracticable; so that all the lumber for the building of the dwelling had been hauled up by block and tackle by horse-power through a sort of chute. Even the piano had come up that way, in an awful moment while the good housewife stood in palpitant apprehension watching its ascent. The place had been reached by a long series of wooden steps from the floor of the cañon; but on the day of the coming of the Markhams a new and easier pathway was being finished, and to this my mattock and shovel had on that very morning put the finishing touches, after which some baskets of dead leaves were sprinkled over the long red gash in the hillside to tone down its rawness.

The Markhams laboured slowly up the new trail about noon, and we all went down to meet them. It was a warm climb, and the poet had unbuttoned his

frock coat and his black waistcoat, over which a long red necktie fluttered in the breeze.

"There's inspiration in this life of the hills," he remarked, leaning against a madroña tree, after we had welcomed him half-way down the trail. "I wonder that you're not all poets up here."

So warm it was that he pulled off his coat and carried it the rest of the way, while I guided him and Mrs. Markham over the more difficult passages.

Often have I thought of that trail, made with my own hands, for Markham afterward called my attention to what it typified:

"The making of that path, over which I was first to ascend," he said graciously, "was destined also to smoothe the way for 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

When we reached the wide veranda and looked down upon the tops of the tall redwoods and up the cañon to Tamalpais, and down across the green marshes to San Francisco Bay, he took off his hat, and while his fine, frosted hair was ruffled by the wind he quoted some lines from Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and said he wished all the people of the world might enjoy such an orientation.

At luncheon in the dining-room, I ventured to speak of the new poem. Had he brought it with him? I said that this time I had hopes of hearing it; for that when I had tried to listen to it a few evenings before at the house of Carroll Carrington in San Francisco, there had been such a buzz of talk from a party of young people in an adjoining room that about all I caught was:

"What to him are Plato and the swing of Pleiades!"

"There's a lot more than that in the verse," said he, glancing at Mrs. Markham. "Isn't there, my dear?"

"Indeed there is," replied the proud wife.

It was because I had suspected that there was "a lot more" that I had asked



LARKSPUR CAÑON, CALIFORNIA

Where Edward Markham read his "Man with the Hoe" to its first publisher

him to come to the cañon and fetch the poem. Markham's lyrical work was not unknown to me, but not enough of it had come to my eye to place him as a poet. I had heard of him occasionally through mutual friends, but all I knew of the man personally had been learned during the half-hour in which we had talked together after our introduction at the Carrington residence three or four nights before. At that time "The Man with the Hoe" was not really finished. When invited to come over to the cañon and read the poem, he had said that he would do so as soon as he could revise and complete it. Being at that time the principal of a grammar school in Oakland, he came to our house on a school holiday. His cultured, keen-witted wife, formerly Anna Catherine Murphy, had also been in pedagogic work and had written some text-books. They had been married about a year at the time of the beginning of our acquaintance.

As long as we of the cañon shall live we shall remember the picture of the poet as he sat in the big rustic chair at our open window, with the manuscript of "The Man with the Hoe" in his hands. The large, well-moulded figure, the leonine head, with its strong face, the full beard and thick, careless hair, and most of all, the brightly shining youthful eyes, black as obsidian and blackly browed, were very impressive. He reminded me strongly of Bayard Taylor, whom I saw when I was a youth, only I think that of the two Markham was the handsomer man.

He precluded his reading by saying that about fifteen years before he had come upon a small print of Millet's *Hoeman*, and that the bent, hopeless peasant figure had made such a strong appeal to his heart that he had at once jotted down some notes for a poem on the subject. For years he had kept that little picture pinned to his wall. Afterward he had seen the original painting in an art loan exhibition in San Francisco, where it was owned. He said that he stood for over an hour before the "terrible picture," the power and the terror of the thing growing upon his heart, and the sorrow of it compelling his spirit. He went home and began to compose the poem, but it was

not completed for years. He did not even consider the manuscript in his hands as finished, but he modestly said that he hoped it might pass muster.

Slowly, in his great vibrant voice, he began to read the verses, the tremendous power of which struck me forcibly. The poem voiced a passionate appeal for the oppressed of all ages, and I knew at once that, properly presented, it would meet with wide acceptance, not only as a large poetical utterance, but as a plea for the downtrodden.

Such a silence as Carlyle declared was the finest tribute to great work fell for a time upon the little household. Then we all congratulated the poet upon his work, and, with the editorial instinct for that which arrests the reader's eye, I asked Mr. Markham what he intended to do about the publication of the poem, saying that if it were not already spoken for, I should like to have it for my literary page in the San Francisco *Examiner*, as the place for it was in a popular newspaper.

"I had thought," said he, "of keeping it to read at a Labour Day meeting. That would be a good occasion, wouldn't it?"

My reply was that a great poem was its own occasion—that it should appear at once and in the *Examiner*. This appeal was made with fervency of which I have never been ashamed.

"Let me have it," said I, "and it shall be given such an advertisement and such a presentation as ought to insure it an immediate reception. It's a long time to Labour Day, and you can read it then if you wish to. The publication of it now will not spoil it for that occasion."

He agreed, and the manuscript was passed over to the proud literary editor, no terms being mentioned.

In the newspaper office on the Monday following I scanned our type chart and selected a great primer art gothic—a big, bold-faced letter in which I had the poem set to a wide measure. To one of our decorative draughtsmen I gave some suggestions as to a border design which was to frame the poem, and a half-tone photographic reproduction of Millet's picture that was to go above the verse. The proof of the design, picture and poem showed that the whole would make

a very striking feature, that would arrest the eye of a person glancing at my Sunday literary page. But I wanted to force the attention of the *Examiner's* readers in a still stronger way to so "boom" the poem that nobody should escape it. So I prepared a floridly worded appreciation of the poem for the same page—an appreciation that was intended to smite the ears of the groundlings. I saw the humour of my glowing adjectives, even before *Life* pointed it out to me in some smiling paragraphs, and so did Markham, who laughed when he was shown the proof of it along with that of his large-typed verse.

"Well, you have an expressive way of putting things," he remarked, cringing a little at my crowning phrase. "But aren't you afraid that it will be thought that my work falls short of your praise of it?"

"Not at all," was the confident reply.

Then he began revising the printed verse. Never have I seen a writer so painfully, I may say harassingly solicitous as to the correctness of his work in print, as this same Markham. He read proof after proof of the poem, haunting the office until midnight, going over each letter and nearly driving me to distraction with his revisions and alterations. After I thought I was all done with him and his interminable corrections, he sent over from Oakland a Balzacian proof-sheet that brought down upon him the choicest profanity of the printers, who had to tear the form apart again after it was stereotyped, and make new plates. So broodingly solicitous was he on this point that he wrote me a long letter, in which he said:

"I'll pay expenses involved in the changes if it is merely a matter of expense. I suppose my interest in such small matters springs out of my passion for perfection. Do not be surprised to learn that sometimes a capital letter seems as large to me as the Matterhorn, and a comma as important as a bend in the Mississippi."

He discovered many a Matterhorn and many a crook and curve in "The Man with the Hoe." Even after the presses were humming he unexpectedly clutched me again as the Ancient Mariner did the

wedding guest, by this fervent and hurriedly despatched appeal:

"If you love me, keep your eye on my poem long enough to see that the last errors I marked are properly corrected."

So convinced was I of the bigness of the literary event which I was humbly aiding to give wings, that I preserved all the epistolary adjurations and comments of the author.

In flaming type, "The Man with the Hoe" was advertised in the daily edition of the paper, and when Sunday came and it was off the press it was read and hailed by many thousands of people. The idea of making a newspaper sensation out of a serious piece of blank verse was probably the wildest that any journalist ever had; but, thanks to the swing of Markham's lines, I actually succeeded in doing that impossible thing, and soon it was speeding all over the land. California is, I believe, the only place in this country where such a sensation could have had its genesis. A land where everybody reads, where every other person is an author and every tenth person a poet could not fail to sit up and take notice of what had happened. Markham's mouth-filling words were soon being read aloud in nearly every house on the coast, ministers were preaching sermons on it, lawyers were quoting it in court arguments, and every orator and elocutionist in a land of countless spellbinders was spouting it from the platform. The labour unions became very much excited over the poem, and applauded it to the echo whenever it was read at their meetings.

"You have set a stone rolling," wrote Markham to me from his home a few days after the poem came out. "The *Bulletin* people are here this morning asking for biographical notes and a handful of Markhamic metres for their Sunday issue. See what you've done!"

The publication of "The Man with the Hoe" was followed up by the *Examiner* three days later with a whole page of Mr. Markham's other verse, which I selected from published and unpublished pieces, and in the same issue were printed letters from all sorts of people commending the sentiments of the poem and their masterly expression. Indeed, during the month that followed there were published

in the *Examiner* and other coast papers hundreds of columns of letters, signed and unsigned articles, and editorials commenting on the great literary event. The Eastern press took up the story and soon the name of Edwin Markham and "The Man with the Hoe" became familiar everywhere. These tributes to his poetic powers were enough to turn any man's head, and it was no wonder that after a long life of obscurity Markham, leaping so loftily at a single bound, should feel the dizziness of the high altitude in which he now found himself. No poet ever came so suddenly to the front nor with such great surprise to himself. To him his wonderful success was a constant marvel and delight. He had worked hard and had waited long for recognition, and now, all in a moment, it had come.

When he came over to see me one day within a fortnight or two after the publication of "The Man with the Hoe" he showed me a bundle of telegrams from New York publishers, all clamouring for a book of poems, some of them offering him as high as 20 per cent. royalty, which, considering the fact that poetry is always such a negligible factor from a publisher's point of view, tells the whole story of his success. He asked me to help him select a publishing house, which I did. The poem was pirated, however, by many firms in England and America, although copyrighted by the *Examiner*, and printed in booklets, sold broadcast. This helped the poet's fame and he made no protest.

In those first hours of his success, the boyish laugh of Markham, who will always be a youth, though he live to a hundred years, rang forth in a way that was delightful to hear. Many times he repeated that it "was all too good to be true." When I went over to his modest Oakland home, every wall of which was lined with books, even to the dining-room and kitchen, he showed me stacks of letters and newspaper articles that had come from all parts of the country, most of them highly laudatory of his work.

But there was another side to the literary sensation made by the poem. Lowell sagely observed in writing of Keats, "It is curious that some men should resent more fiercely what they

suspect to be good verses than what they know to be bad morals." Many other-wise worthy literates of the academic type saw in Markham's popularity his weakest point. What should the public know of poetry? Nothing. Therefore, if they applauded it, it must be bad. So they proceeded to attack both lines and sentiments most vigorously, pointing out in long columns and in many magazine pages that his logic was as unsound as his metre, and that both were unworthy of serious attention. At the same time equally able critics subscribed to the sentiments, but belaboured the style as "too oratorical," or "too literary." One Swinburnian bard disposed of him in florid verse as a "tuneless tyro." These attacks and the replies thereto added to the bulk of free advertising which the poet was receiving, and were of untold benefit to Markham, to whom some of them were a source of infinite delight. I never heard him laugh more loudly than while reading the solemn verdict of a professor of English in one of the best Eastern colleges upon "Mr. Markham's veiled but none the less vicious attack upon the American farmer." Most of the other criticisms were equally innocuous. He enjoyed the blame almost as much as the praise.

"Here I've written about Millet's peasant," the poet would say, "and they accuse me of anarchy and high treason against the United States Government."

I had thought to pay Mr. Markham fifty dollars for the newspaper publication of his poem, but before the verses had made such a noise, the frugal hand of the man who audited the accounts split my figures in two, so that the poet received but twenty-five dollars, which he accepted without protest. Considering the fact that \$750 was paid to John Vance Cheney by the New York *Sun* for a "reply" to the poem it may readily be understood that the original labourer was worthy of a better wage. But, after all, he received it, for it put him in the way to get large sums for his verse a little later, though he never has received quite as much for a single poem as did the man who made the verbose and inglorious metrical explanation of why "The Man with the Hoe" was all wrong. Still,

on more than one occasion, Markham has received \$500 for a short poem, as in the case of his "Peace over Africa," published by a London paper.

As soon after his apotheosis as his feet again touched the ground he gave up school-teaching, crossed the continent for the first time and has not recrossed it, having lived in the East ever since. Although he has never written as popular a poem as "The Man with the Hoe" he has many times exceeded it in poetic quality, notably in "Lincoln," "Virgilia," "The Homing Heart," "Semiramis," and in his ballads, of which form of verse he has lately shown a mastery that has surprised critics who had assured us of his limitations.

Looking down my prejudicial perspective toward the time when a long line of scholars shall have written the names of those poets of America whose works are worthy to be preserved, I can see the name of Markham highly and firmly inscribed. If he had written nothing greater than his "Semiramis—a Look into the Gulf," his fame would be safe. Already such men as Edmund Gosse and Edmund Clarence Stedman have failed

and heralded him, and in future years there will be many others to note the true poetic quality of his work.

I could write of many other interesting features of my association with the poet and with his work; but these are of too intimate and familiar a nature to set forth in public print. Already I have transgressed some of the conventional statutes in such case made and provided. I should not have done this but for the fact that there have been so many strange tales of how "The Man with the Hoe" came to be published and of my connection therewith. Once, in a small way and in a small Western paper, I recited some of the foregoing facts. Since then there have been so many improvements upon my story—some of them quite picturesque and almost persuading me to the point of conviction—that I have hesitated to write more about the matter. Still, on reflection, I can conceive of no great harm in giving the true history on a larger scale in a widely read magazine, even though the said history may not agree with the authorised and accepted versions.

Bailey Millard.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

F. E. SCHELLING'S "ELIZBETHAN DRAMA"*

That this work would be an important contribution to the literature of the subject must have been a foregone conclusion to a public familiar with Professor Schelling's earlier essays, such as "The English Chronicle Play" and "The Queen's Quest," in the same general direction. To study with intensive care and minuteness the course of English drama from its origins in the Miracle and Morality plays to the hour of Cromwellian blight, has been the writer's special task, to which he has been able to bring

*Elizabethan Drama. By Felix E. Schelling. Two Vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

a rare equipment of zeal, scholarship, and good sense. His method is as direct as it is thoroughgoing, and he is as little prone as it is possible for any specialist to be to exaggerate the importance of his objective. For Elizabethan drama, as a whole, he has an obviously unaffected if no longer fashionable admiration. He deplores the "misdirected if pardonable zeal with which everything Elizabethan has been given a colour Shakespearian; and thus the true proportions of his vigorous and manifold age have been distorted and obscured by Shakespeare's own overpowering greatness." He finds independent excellences in the work of many of Shakespeare's contemporaries—superiorities even, in the development of the specific quality or in the portraiture

of the specific type. Beaumont's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* is "inimitable." It was Marlowe, not Shakespeare, who gave poetry to the English stage. Dekker and Middleton, in their *Honest Whore*, produced two masterpieces of characterisation which he does not hesitate to submit to a supreme test: "There is no completer realisation of human nature in the range of the drama than the character of Bellafronte in both her unreclaimed and her repentant state. Nor has Shakespeare, in the very plenitude of his power, conceived a character at once so engaging and so touching as Orlando Frescobaldo."

Professor Schelling's principal sources have been the dramatic materials themselves: the plays, masques, and civic pageants, somewhere about a thousand in number, which have been actually preserved to us in one form or other. If he has carried to his study of them something of the bias of the scholar toward finding absolute excellence in what has certainly a relative significance for his purposes, he has carried to it also a sound critical instinct and—what is no doubt part of the same thing—a disinclination to be led by the nose. The footnotes bear sufficient witness to his familiarity with the criticism of the subject. For their presence he "requests the indulgence accorded to the woodsman who, traversing an overgrown path, blazes his way. He spoils a few trees; but you can always follow him." There is no doubt that he has made his own trail. He disclaims the intention to make of his book a history of English dramatic literature or of English dramatic poetry "a chronicle of the stage, a bibliography of plays, or a biography of playwrights." To do any of these things would be worth while, but his purpose has been "to relate not only those facts concerning the drama of this period which are usually comprehended under the term history, but likewise to determine the development of species of dramatic compositions within the period; to ascertain as nearly as possible the character of each play considered, and refer it to its type; to establish its relations to what had preceded and to what was to follow; and definitely to learn when a given dramatic species ap-

peared, how long it continued, and when it was superseded by other forms."

This is a sufficiently clear statement of scientific method. As a matter of fact it fails to suggest the flexibility of treatment which the writer has actually employed. His assembling and analysis of materials is as remote as possible from a mere process of classification. The book contains a good deal of matter of biographical interest, and a pretty clear impression may be had from it of the conditions of the Elizabethan stage. But these matters are of complementary importance. As the critic properly says, "Necessary digression is its own excuse, and a devious course is often the most direct."

To the general reader not the least interesting parts of the book are likely to be such passages as that in which the physical conditions of the Elizabethan theatre are discussed in the chapter entitled "The London Playhouse." He is at some pains to prove by citations from diaries and inventories of the period that the scenery and properties of Shakespeare's stage, however rude, were much more considerable in sum and quality than has been admitted by many commentators. "We may feel sure," he asserts, "that the cave which Imogen enters, Juliet's tomb, the sunlit, box-lined walk in which Malvolio practises deportment—all were in some way symbolised, if not represented, on the popular stage of the day." Costumes, even when other accessories were most meagre, were often sumptuous. The costumer was then, as now, sometimes better paid than the playwright: "Henslowe's inventories abound in items concerning 'satten doublets,' and 'vellet' gowns, 'ymbraderd with silk' and 'layd with gowld lace.' On the fifth of February, 1602, Henslowe paid out £7 13s. 'for a womones gowne of black velvett for the playe of a woman kylld with kindness'; and seven days later paid Thomas Heywood £3 for the play itself."

Testimony is here to be found *passim* of the amazing popularity of the poetic play during the half-century in question, not only as it stood for library and newspaper, but in its higher aspect. The most surprising proof of this adduced is the

quotation from the journal of a Captain Keeling commanding the English ship, the *Dragon*, in the waters of Sierra Leone, in the year 1607: "I sent the interpreter according to his desier aboard the *Hector* whear he brook fast and after came aboard mee, where we gave the tragedie of *Hamlett*." Later in the month, he continues, "Captain Hawkins dined with me, when my companions acted *Kinge Richard the Second*." Whilst on the following day he concludes, "I invited Captain Hawkins to a ffishe dinner, and had *Hamlett* acted aboard mee: which I p'mitt to keepe my people from idlenes and unlawful games or sleepe."

Professor Schelling's incidental bits of criticism are nearly always refreshing for their independence and often for their energy. He has no tolerance for slipshod or malicious commentators, and makes more than one vigorous protest against commonly accepted opinions for which one or other of these offensive classes are responsible; for example, the theory that Shakespeare and his contemporaries were generally guilty of petty spite toward each other: "There is nothing to show that these old playwrights were habitually of an envious and splenetic temper, and it is often difficult to maintain patience with the subtle, critical interpretations which involve the gratuitous assumption of sinister motives, malevolent rivalry, and habitual ill-temper among them." Equally short shrift is given to the convention that Shakespeare was peculiar and culpable in his attitude toward "the mob": "Unflagging in the kindness and fidelity with which he drew the individual man, however simple, lowly, dull, or uncouth, Shakespeare stopped short of the brute-worship of the multitude, a dangerous aberration from the teachings of experience, reserved for the sentimentalist and the pseudo-humanitarian of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries." One must mention also the critic's defence of Shakespeare against the charge, made fashionable by brisk writers like Mr. Barrett Wendell, that much of his work was a product of inadvertence. Mr. Schelling believes him to have been a conscious artist, knowing perfectly well what he was about, and securing the effects he

desired by the means he chose. He is firm also in the belief that "Shakespeare's care was ever and above all for the characters; that it was the man, not his doings, that always interested him; and that plot, setting, and staging were as naught to him when the fervour of imaginative portraiture once seized upon the heart of this great fashioner of men."

In his larger plan of classification, the writer admirably succeeds. From its sources in the Miracle and Morality plays, through historical drama and the drama of manners to its fulfilment in the romantic and tragic forms which best expressed that quest of beauty in unusual guises which was, he affirms, the heart and soul of Elizabethan drama, the critic leads us with steady step and hand. The full Bibliographical Essay, and the List of Plays which are appended to the main text, make of the book the most complete and serviceable work in its field.

H. W. Boynton.

II

URUSSOV'S "RUSSIA FROM WITHIN"*

Here is a book of rare interest written from a rare point of view—an account by a native official of the intricate workings of the Russian bureaucracy. The author, Prince Urussov, as the American translator so aptly says, is not a destructive agitator, but a constructive patriot, being a believer in a constitutional monarchy and a representative of the Constitutional Democracy in the First Duma. Prince Urussov, as governor of Bessarabia, shortly after the terrible pogrom or massacre of Kishinev, traced the responsibility for that crime to the very government he served. He confesses that at the time of his appointment he knew as little of Bessarabia as he did of New Zealand, that he had no interest in the Jews and knew nothing of their condition nor of the laws specifically applicable to them. However, after a colourless audience with the Czar and an interview with the dictatorial Minister of the Interior, Plehve, the new appointee determined to acquaint himself with the

*Memoirs of a Russian Governor. By Prince Serge Dmitriyevich Urussov. New York: Harper and Brothers.

law concerning the Jews and at the same time to rid himself of any feeling of aloofness and preconceived distrust toward that people.

How successful the new official was in steering between the Charybdis of the bureaucracy and the Scylla of anti-Semitism is manifest from one of his many tactful performances. While attending a religious service of the Jews, when the precentor sang the Russian national hymn the governor had to decide for the first time, unexpectedly and suddenly, a difficult question of etiquette. In the synagogue it is not the custom to remove the head-covering, but the national hymn must be heard with uncovered head. Here the governor got out of his dilemma by holding his hand to the vizzor of his cap in token of respect, and thus listened to the national hymn. As a further token that he was determined to do things in his own way, and to avail himself to the full extent of the independence granted by law to the governors, were some of Prince Urussov's acts in his provincial administration. Although a visit to a Jew, considered politically unreliable, was recorded against him at St. Petersburg, he determined at once to receive the deputation from the local Jewish community and, in spite of Plehve's parting injunction to have less speech-making and less philo-Semitism, he not only spoke kindly to the Jews, but determined to withdraw the military forces in Kishinev itself. The aim of this startling order was to give, by an unexpected and an unusual measure, a new direction to the public mind. How successful was that aim was evident from the events of the new incumbent's first week of office. He came to the city on Tuesday, received the Russian officials on Wednesday, and the Jewish deputation on Thursday. On Saturday, for the first time since the April massacres, the Jewish public, clad in holiday attire, paraded the city parks and the people as a whole began hurriedly to repair the damage done by the previous disorders.

With outward quiet restored at Kishinev the governor now began the struggle against the official corruption which was so intimately connected with the troubles which had afflicted the town. At

this point, and as if to discount the somewhat partisan use made of this book by its American translator, the author states that the blame for the demoralisation of the police seemed to fall on those hapless Jews who made fictitious land leases and bribed the officials for permission to dwell outside the restricted zones of residence. In this connection Urussov casually remarks that of the five local police captains, two were good, two quite satisfactory, but that it was necessary to remove the fifth for his "extremely unceremonious bribe-taking."

In an unusually interesting chapter the writer next exposes the evil effects of foreign intervention in the affairs of his own country. Great uneasiness, he explains, was called forth in St. Petersburg in the summer of 1903 by the news of the expected interpellation in the British Parliament concerning the relations of the Russian Government to the pogrom, and diplomatic actions became necessary in order to relieve the Czar for receiving the grandiose address of the Americans requesting the protection of the Jews from further massacres. Following these ill-considered efforts, now for the first time a malevolent attitude toward the Jews was manifested in the highest court circles. Until then only one grand duke had the reputation of being an implacable anti-Semite, but after 1903 this feeling was extended to the Czar's immediate family, who had it in their power by a single authoritative word to have maintained order in the provinces of the Pale. But the interference of outsiders was resented, and nothing was done to destroy the firm convictions of the many that the methods of the population in evening up with their ancient enemies was, from a government standpoint, a useful policy and acceptable to the authorities. Here follows an exposure of contributory negligence of the military at Kishinev and a presentation of the author's views of the pogroms. There was a time, he asserts, when a single company in the hands of a capable man could have localised, stopped and smothered the riot flames. Instead of this the whole Kishinev garrison, arriving late and keeping inactive for two days, corroborated the legend that free plunder was granted by the Czar. This

is a definite opinion, yet the real cause of the April massacre, which cost the Kishinev Jews forty-two lives and inflicted on them the loss of a million rubles, is declared by Prince Urussov to remain still obscure. From an examination of the secret papers of the Kishinev case in the Central Police Bureau of St. Petersburg, the Prince found not a thing to justify the assumption that the Ministry of the Interior thought it expedient to permit the Jewish massacre or even the anti-Jewish demonstration in Kishinev. Equally unauthentic was the letter alleged to have been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the Governor of Bessarabia and published in the English papers, which suggested the indulgent attitude toward any active warfare carried on by the Christian populace against their oppressors, the Jews. Finally, like this apocryphal letter, was the artificial explanation that the massacre was a sudden irresistible outburst of animosity accumulated long ago, retribution exacted for old wrongs, a manifestation of the stupendous force of the common people, the mob, squaring accounts with their old-time foes, the Jews.

These are declared inadequate causes, since the main reason for the plunder of the Jews in the Pale of Settlement was the special legislation favouring the view that the Jews are subjects beyond the law's full protection—an element dangerous to the State. This legislation had as its monstrous manifestation the growth of the notorious leagues of the "True Russians" who enjoyed a certain degree of protection from a government that regarded their order as a patriotic bulwark of the autocracy and of Russian nativism. Hence the police came to think that the hostile attitude toward the Jews was a sort of government watchword, that Jews might be oppressed, not out of "fear," but as a matter of "conscience." In connection with this the conviction grew among the ignorant masses that hostile acts against the Jews could be undertaken with impunity. These went so far that a legend appeared among the people that the Czar had ordered a three days' massacre of the Jews. It was, then, because of this encouragement of narrow nationalistic tendencies, a policy foster-

ing among the several nationalities mutual distrust and hatred, that Prince Urussov records as his judgment that the central government cannot shake off its moral responsibility for the slaughter and plunder that went on at Kishinev.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

III

PROFESSOR MILLER'S TRANSLATION OF THE SENECA TRAGEDIES*

It has long been the fashion for critics airily to dismiss the Senecan tragedies as undeserving of serious attention; as mere rhetorical exercises whose chief characteristic was verbose rant; but such criticism in most cases appears to have been based on very slight first-hand acquaintance with the original. The euphuistic style of the earlier English translations no doubt had much to do with the upgrowth of this idea, which must be greatly modified when one studies Seneca himself in the Latin or in either of the two recent translations.

The latest of these is the work of Professor Frank J. Miller of the University of Chicago, who has rendered the ten tragedies into English verse. The dialogue is given in the English heroic verse, except in the *Medea*, where the experiment is made of imitating the original trimeters with our Alexandrine. The choruses are done into a variety of lyric metres, sometimes with, but oftener without, rhyme.

The translation of Seneca is no light undertaking. To approximate the thought is not difficult, and one may even reflect something of the glitter of the original and still miss much of its meaning—so full is his style of delicate shading and remote allusion. Often an adequate translation must amount almost to a running commentary, requiring a line sometimes to render a single word. Professor Miller does not approach this work as a novice. Years ago he published the "epic tragedy" of *Dido*, which, excellent in itself, also formed a valuable *prolusio* for the present undertaking.

Of the translation as a whole it may

*The Tragedies of Seneca. Translated into English verse by Frank Justus Miller. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Pp. x + 534. Price \$3.20, postpaid.

be said at once that it is very well done indeed. The thought is firmly grasped and clearly expressed in English, which, as a rule, matches the original in dignity and sweep of rhythm. In many lines are combined a precise literalness of rendering with a really musical effect in the English: as when *mutis tacitum litoribus mare* (*Herc. Fur.* 536) becomes "a still sea hemmed by silent shores"; or when—

qua prata iacent
Quae rorifera mulcens aura
Zephyrus vernas evocat herbas (*Phaed.* 10-12)—

is rendered "where pastures lie / whose springing grass is waked to life / by Zephyr's breath, dew-laden"; or when *male imperatur cum regit vulgus duces* reads "Ill fares the state when commons govern kings."

Good examples of the language and the versification are seen in *Troades* (1077 ff.), where the gathering of the crowd to witness the fate of Astyanax is described:

The people pour,
A motley, curious throng of high and low.
For some a distant hill gives open view:
While others seek a cliff, upon whose edge
The crowd in tiptoed expectation stand.
The beech tree, laurel, pine, each has its load:
The whole wood bends beneath its human
fruit;

in *Troades* (199 ff.), where is this bit of description:

The sea lies tranquil, motionless: the wind
Its boisterous threats abates, and where but now
The stormtossed waters raged in angry mood
The gentle waves lap harmless on the shore;

or in *Octavia* (740 ff.), where the philosophy of dreams is thus set forth:

All things which occupy the waking mind
Some subtle power, swift working, weaves again
Into our web of dreams.

Of course a standard so high is not maintained without an occasional lapse. *Operi longo fas est obrepere somnum*, Horace tells us, and this is a "long work" of nearly 12,000 lines in the Latin and many more in the translation. Accordingly we meet occasionally such a harsh

line as "Ulysses Ajax; Menelaus Hector's" (*Agam.* 513); "Of womankind? Inexorable his resolve" (*Phaed.* 231), which appears to have an extra foot; or "Defiling the holy altar with its stain" (*Troades* 45). But such instances are rare, and even serve by contrast to emphasise the excellence of the whole.

In the choruses Professor Miller has used various measures, relying for the most part on the eight-syllable iambic verse, the "long metre" of hymnology, but imitating at times the dactylic, anapestic or choriambic measures of the original. For example, in the *Œdipus* (403-508) is a long rhapsody in honour of Bacchus, in which the successive strophes vary in length and rhythm, but are alike in being introduced each by some lines in the dactylic hexameter. This feature has been retained by the translator, and his English metres fairly reflect the movement of the original. Take the first ten lines:

Bind ye now your flowing locks with the sway-
ing ivy,
Brandish aloft with your languishing arms the
Nysæan thyrsus!
O glorious light of heaven, attend the
prayers
Which noble Thebes, thy Thebes, O beauti-
ful Bacchus,
With suppliant hands outstretched here
offers thee.
Turn hither thy smiling virgin face,
Dispel the clouds with thy starry
glance,
The gloomy threats of Erebus,
And ravenous fate.

One of the best examples of the rhyming choruses is met in *Troades* (1009-1055). The opening stanza runs:

'Tis sweet for one in grief to know
That he but feels a common woe;
And lighter falls the stroke of care
Which all with equal sorrow bear:
For selfish and malign is human grief
Which in the tears of others finds relief.

A few lines from the first chorus of the *Phædra* (*Hippolytus*) will serve to illustrate a favourite metre, used here with some freedom in order to express the spirit of the passage, which in the

Latin is written in sapphics (as was the passage just quoted from the *Troades*). The theme is the power of Cupid:

No peace nor rest does he give; worldwide
Are his flying weapons sown abroad;
The shores that see the rising sun,
And the land that lies at the goal of the west;
The south where raging Cancer glows,
And the land of the cold Arcadian Bear
With its ever wandering tribes—all know
And have felt the fires of love.

Seneca's trimeters conform strictly to the laws laid down for that measure, making use, of course, of the various resolutions permissible under those laws. This is reflected to a slight extent by the introduction of an occasional anapaest in the blank verse of the translation. Examples are: "'Tis the common fault of youth to have no check" (*Tro.* 250); and "From her illustrious line my humble blood / Shall a richer hue derive (*Herc. Fur.* 347)."

A novel feature of this work is that "the line numbers as printed in the translation are identical with those of the original text." This facilitates comparison, and will prove a great convenience to careful readers.

Besides the translation the volume contains a brief introductory essay by Professor John M. Manly on "The Influence of the Tragedies of Seneca upon Early English Drama"; a comparative analysis in parallel columns of the Senecan plays and the Greek plays most nearly corresponding; and an index of mythological names, with references to the lines in which they are mentioned in the text. Before each play is placed a brief account of the events leading up to it, and to the *Octavia* is given a special introduction discussing briefly the Roman historical drama, of which this is the only extant specimen.

The book is handsomely printed with clear type on good paper, and the proof-reader evidently has done his work well. An error occurs here and there, as is practically inevitable in a first edition—an occasional transposition or mistake in punctuation and a few such blunders in spelling as "straightest" for "straitest," "chaffing" for "chafing," "Britains" for "Britons," "armament" for "ornament."

Errors in translation are rare, those noted including *paret* (*Herc. Fur.* 364), *fide* (*Herc. Fur.* 1178), *feros* (*Phæd.* 241), *tulit* (*Tro.* 555), *stulte* (*Oct.* 449), *inexpugnabilis* (*Oct.* 870) and a very few others. But it is easier to pick flaws in another's work than to improve on it oneself, and in this case it is *velut si egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nervos*.

On the whole this work, without being slavishly literal, is remarkably true to the content and spirit of the original, and is easily the most satisfying English version of the tragedies. Students of our own drama, as well as of Greek and Roman tragedy, will find it a book well worth having; and even the general reader will enjoy the clearness of its style and the music of its verse.

H. M. Kingery.

IV

MR. BRUCE'S "THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY"*

Psychology, once the driest as well as the most "useless" of disciplines, has of late years taken a turn that gives it both an immense practical value and a peculiar interest for the average man. On the one hand, the study of abnormal psychical states in the interests of medical science has added a new tract to the territory within the reach of the healing art; while on the other, the very modern exploration of those phases of personality which have always seemed to contain supernatural implications ministers to the most persistent and general curiosity of humanity. Both of these lines of inquiry are of such recent origin that they have been pursued almost entirely by a very small group of students, and they have but just established themselves as respectable even in the eyes of scientists. But already they have attracted the attention of the public, quick as the scientists themselves to see the possibilities of these new studies, and less troubled than they by associations with quackery and charlatanry. Writers of fiction have not been slow to see the opportunity. Mr. Gelett Burgess and Mr. Arthur Stringer are among those

*The Riddle of Personality. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

who have recently seized the dramatic possibilities contained in authenticated cases of dual personality, and they have had a great mass of scientific data which was inaccessible to Stevenson when he wrote *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The success of Mr. Augustus Thomas's clever though rather appallingly unscientific play, *The Witching Hour*, testifies to the same interest.

Obviously, a safe elementary guide is needed for the study of a subject so full of pitfalls for the uninstructed; and the need has been admirably supplied by Mr. Bruce. So new is the science of personality that much of its very subject-matter is still in dispute. Mr. Bruce will be criticised by the specialist, of whatever school, for a somewhat dogmatic method of statement, for occasional simplification by the expedient of ignoring troublesome factors. It is hard to see what else could be done in a book of this kind. The literature of abnormal psychology, of spiritism and telepathy, is already vast; to have attempted to state the pros and cons even of one phase of the subject with any fulness would have been to defeat the very purpose of the book. Simplification was absolutely necessary in this introductory work, and I do not see how the task could be accomplished with less falsification of essential facts. It is even well that the author should set forth frankly, as he has done, his personal bias, thus putting the reader on his guard, while at the same time both sides of the case are stated as fairly as possible.

Mr. Bruce has recognised the danger he has run in attempting to unite under a common head two distinct lines of inquiry, often represented as directly antagonistic. Roughly distinguished, one line has run in the direction of practical or therapeutic results; the other, in the line of metaphysical or religious results. The first concerns the study of mesmerism and hypnotism by such investigators as Mesmer, Braid, Charcot, Janet, Prince, and Sidis, and the application of their results to the healing of mental and physical disease. The second concerns those studies into the nature of personality and the evidence as to its survival after death which were practically begun in England by Sidgwick, Myers, Gurney, and Hodg-

son, and continued in this country by James and Hyslop. The achievements of this latter group are more or less known, chiefly through the publicity that has attended the amazing results attained with the celebrated medium, Mrs. Piper. These experiments, which have been conducted steadily for more than twenty years and are still in progress, are fairly summarised by Mr. Bruce, although, unlike most of the investigators most closely concerned, he adopts the telepathic and not the spiritistic explanation. The histories of some of the earlier mediums, such as Home and Moses, are also given.

It is the recent course of investigations in the other direction that has been less known, and the book is chiefly valuable for its outline of these investigations. Since Charcot's time enormous strides have been made in the treatment of disease by suggestion, and the recently published books of Doctors Janet, Prince and Sidis record cures that sound miraculous. In this work France has shown the way, and the famous Salpêtrière, of which Dr. Janet is now the head, is still the great clinic for the study of nervous and mental diseases. But it is gratifying to know that America can claim at least two physicians whose work has placed them in the front rank—Doctors Morton Prince and Boris Sidis, of Boston. To Dr. Prince is due our knowledge of one of the most fascinating cases of dual personality; the famous "Miss Beauchamp." Dr. Sidis has achieved remarkable success by a treatment based on suggestion through a process related to hypnotism, which he calls hypnoidisation. Mr. Bruce's presentation of the possibilities in this and kindred methods of treatment is possibly a little too optimistic, too neglectful of failures; yet those who are best acquainted with what these men have already accomplished will be the last to place limits to what may be done. Unquestionably the record as it stands in these pages is suggestive and provocative of thought. Mr. Bruce supplies the means of correcting any possible exaggeration in his own account by giving in an appendix a bibliographical sketch of recent authoritative books on the subjects of which he writes.

Edward Clark Marsh.

V

MR. H. M. HOPKINS'S "PRIEST AND PAGAN" *

It is no real criticism of a book to say that the theme is hackneyed. *She was lovely and he fell in love*. He fell in love over and over again, though not, of course, with the same she, the permutations and combinations receiving only a temporary check at the marriage altar. Still, even in this sophisticated age there is room for an occasional surprise in the treatment of a well-worn theme. *Priest and Pagan* shows no such surprises, but moves along through the predestined number of pages to the foreordained conclusion, not only with the end in plain view, but with the machinery of construction everywhere visible.

The scene is laid in New York, whereby a certain illusion of unfamiliarity and distance is lost. More than that, to live in New York is one thing and to read about living in New York is quite another. Most New Yorkers think, in the back of their heads, that the man who said that he had rather be a lamp-post in New York than mayor of any other place, was a person of discriminating judgment; but a book about Kingsbridge, the Bronx, One Hundred and Fifty Something Street, and the Harlem River, somehow suggests the idea of going to work in the morning. And this unpoetical, not to say depressing, fancy is strengthened in *Priest and Pagan* by the continued rattle of the elevated road—we had a haunting fear lest it might be called the "L," but that, at least, was spared us—the processions of dust-coloured Italian labourers, the excavating and blasting, and the mushroom growth of apartment houses, "with all the modern improvements."

Josephine Faile, the heroine of the story, is very young, very light-haired, very blue-eyed, very uncertain tempered. In the beginning, she is engaged to the hero, Cyril Cresson, a young rector who is building a church on part of the dismantled Faile (Jumel) estate. She picks a quarrel with her lover and upbraids him

for "cruelty." The reader cannot for the life of him see where the cruelty comes in, but is given to understand that there is a deep, psychological reason for the estrangement. Cresson and Josephine are both concealing something; he, that his mother was a Jewess; she, that she is doing a turn in vaudeville, as an imitator of the songs of birds. Thus "concealment like a cankerworm" gets in its deadly work.

At this critical juncture, enter the villain, a nondescript young man, fond of the Greek and Latin classics, who is supposed to have been drowned, and might have been so with the reader's entire good will. He is discovered by the hero on the steps of a tomb erected to his own "happy memory," and forthwith drops his name, George Berwyn, and takes that of a remote ancestor, Philip Le Strange, determined to do something worth while before he announces himself to his rich uncle as the long-lost heir.

Josephine and Berwyn see each other a few times and then her secret is out. They see each other a few more times and Cresson's is discovered, to the great disappointment of the villain, who had looked for a violation of the penal code. Then they meet in the bird-house in Bronx Park, and we begin to understand why birds are so insisted upon. It is to smoothe the way for the introduction of Catullus's poem to Lesbia's sparrow, which bit of translation is, to our thinking, the very best thing in the book:

Little sparrow, her delight,
With your eyes of amber bright,
At a word
You will fly your golden cage,
When her grief she would assuage
With her bird.

When I see my darling smile,
Lifting up her hand the while
To your bite
Can her tender heart divine,
Can she know what woe is mine,
At the sight?

Then, when all the sport is past,
And you fold your wings at last
In her breast,
Knowing that her love is true—
Oh, that I might be as you,
There to rest."

**Priest and Pagan*. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1908.

Berwyn palms this off on the unsuspecting Josephine as his own, and she is so taken with it (just as we were) that she consents to a runaway match. It may be, however, that the knowledge of Berwyn's wealth and "social position," for she knows his secret, has had, at least, a cumulative effect.

Upon his marriage with Josephine, Berwyn drops his alias and resumes his fortune. They spend two years prowling around Europe and Josephine becomes her husband's "good comrade," "with just the touch of flippancy and hardness which such a relation develops." Then he loses his money in speculation (the last thing that such a man would do) and considerably shoots himself, leaving Josephine free to marry Cresson. This she proceeds to do, but not before she has received and all but accepted another offer of marriage from the slightly nebulous but very rich uncle of her deceased husband. One cannot resist the feeling that she is quite unaffected by real emotion from first to last, because she is incapable of being so affected.

The most painful things in the book are its lapses from the *je ne sais quoi* of refinement and good taste; as, for example, when Josephine is spoken of as being "flustered"; when she alludes to her mother as "mother"; when an architect is said to have drawn plans "on any piece of paper he chanced to have in his clothes," or when a man is seen "steering" an attendant to a lady's chair at a reception. The author seems to share Josephine's opinion that Cresson is cruel; whereas, in reality, he is only a clown. On one occasion, after her marriage, Cresson has told Josephine of the death of two Jewish house-painters by a fall from a scaffold, and ends the story with: "You didn't make any remark upon the fact that these two men were Jews. It was very tactful of you." To which she replies: "I shall never forgive you for that speech." And, on the next page, when she announces that she is going abroad in a few days:

"You're not going alone?" he asked.

"That was cruel of you," she flamed out, rising.

"Perhaps so," he answered grimly.

We leave it to the reader whether anything could be more hopelessly *gauche*.

The book abounds in descriptions and in philosophical reflections which show, here and there, a quick touch of appreciation and insight; as for instance:

The thoroughfare [Nassau Street] presented itself to his eyes as a deep gorge cut in the solid rock, the summits of the cliffs touched by the sun, which had not yet climbed high enough to reach the hurrying heads below. He entertained the odd fancy that these people had been walking thus for ages, until finally they had worn their pathway down to its present level.

Or again, when the city is seen at sunset lying to the south, "a mist of roofs in a glow that seemed to be the dust of men battling with one another."

As a whole, *Priest and Pagan* lacks cohesion, interest, almost human probability. It seems like an accretion rather than a growth, with a prescribed amount of description, conversation, incident, and classical allusion. The dialogue is heavy and sometimes in questionable taste; the characters are uninspired. But as the last page is turned, weariness yields to a malicious joy in the thought that Cresson, bad as he is, by marrying Josephine is likely to get "all that was coming to him."

R. W. K.

VI

MR. HOWELLS'S "FENNEL AND RUE"*

A mere episode, Mr. Howells's new story belongs to that body of his lighter fiction wherewith he has long been accustomed to spell himself from the serious work on his American *comédie humaine*, which, from *A Chance Acquaintance* to *Letters Home*, now covers a full generation of our social growth, and with which this lighter fiction has nothing in common, except in so far as it almost invariably suggests some material discarded in the planning and the writing of the broader studies, but yet of sufficient interest and value to be utilised, to be turned into "by-products," to borrow a term from the vocabulary of modern industry. *Fennel and Rue* is

*Fennel and Rue. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated by Charlotte Harding. Harper and Brothers. 8vo.

such a chip from Mr. Howells's literary workshop, delicately carved and polished, yet, highly finished though it be, a by-product none the less. Indeed, one cannot help reflecting that the author's return, in this story, to the minute analytical method of his middle period, discarded for more broadly synthetic lines in his later books—in *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, *The Kentons*, and *Letters Home*—somewhat overweights the importance of the two cases of troubled conscience presented, but with that reflection comes the recognition of the distinction thus drawn by Mr. Howells between his social and his purely psychological studies, and with that an appreciation of the changed centre of interest. None the less, from the viewpoint of maturity, the question remains whether these two instances of inexperienced youthful conscience, of remorse out of all proportion to the offending, which is, after all, a sin against good taste rather than against ethic, are quite important enough to deserve the acute analysis (dissection were the better word) which Mr. Howells has applied to them. Youth lacks the standard of comparison which experience brings: hence its many poignant little tragedies. Mr. Howells would have us see these cases with the eyes of youth, making us, not so much forget our own experience, as remember our inexperience of yore, but only to cause us to recognise, in the retrospect from our perilous position half-way up the steep mountain of life, the insignificance of the forgotten molehills over which our own feet stumbled so grievously at the start.

There are, however, other touches in the book that make it, like everything that Mr. Howells writes, so eminently well worth our while. His hero, like many of his predecessors, is a literary adventurer—a young man "beginning author"—with a first success to his credit, and consequently with a door to Society's drawing-rooms opened tentatively to him. The social relations between Art and Society with a capital S are viewed by Mr. Howells with a touch of raillery, nor is the demure twinkle in his eye for Society alone; quite the reverse. In *Fennel and Rue* he tempts us, as he always does, to

venture much farther afield than he goes himself. There is a suggestion here, for instance, implied but not expressed, of an inquiry into the vanity of young authors as compared with that of young painters, for instance, or young composers. Mr. Howells mentions only the young actor, however, because, one may well believe, he wishes us to reach the conclusion, which is also probably his own, that the measure and the quality of the vanity depend chiefly upon the sex which bestows the recognition and the admiration. Again, he leads us to consider the socially reversible meaning of the now familiar terms "Sulphite" and "Bromide," with the lesson deftly implied that an artistic sulphite may be a social bromide, and yet be puffed up all the more by the fact. The reader is left at liberty to gauge the measure of the social success achieved by the young novelist of *Fennel and Rue* beyond the two or three persons with whom the narrative brings him in close personal contact. His lion-hunting hostess is not sure of what he has done: she vaguely mistakes him for a new matinée idol of the same name.

As for the plot of the story, that is based upon a readily remembered news item sent out some time ago by a publisher's press agent, perhaps invented by that ingenious gentleman himself, perhaps founded on fact—the appeal, addressed to the author of an interesting novel in the course of its serial publication, to communicate its ending to a sick reader who feared that she would die before the final instalment was printed, and felt that she could not depart in peace without knowing the solution of the mystery.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VII

MR. BEACH'S "THE BARRIER"*

This is a Virile Story. Alaska is a strong, virile country that breeds virile men. The obligations that this fact imposes on the fictionist who ventures into the North country for his material are well understood; but Mr. Beach goes a step farther than the rules require. He has made even his heroine virile—"so

*The Barrier. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper and Brothers.

dainty and yet so virile." In spite of her glowingly pictured beauty, the description is not wholly inappropriate. She appears on the scene as the daughter of a white trader and his squaw, and at certain crises the savage blood in her comes to the surface. Later on you learn that the squaw is not after all her mother, that she is wholly white, and then you wonder about those savage instincts.

A slight discrepancy such as this may actually furnish the key to Mr. Beach's story. These stirring tales of elemental passions usually bear evidence of origin in unsubtle minds. At the outset Mr. Beach wishes his reader to believe that his heroine is half savage; quite simply he represents her as possessing savage traits. So wholly is he under the dominance of his powerful imagination that he forgets she is actually no more savage—so far as blood is concerned—than you or I. Not for him the meaningless subtleties of "art," the lifeless refinements of style. The story's the thing—the story, to filch from the advertising man's vocabulary, that has good red blood in it, that strips off the veneer of civilisation from men and women, and shows us the hot blood of untamed youth coursing in their veins. Here is a special brand of human nature, of which the effete dweller in towns knows nothing; and every man bears on his person the mark of his character. Every villain has a villainous look, just as the hero is necessarily of heroic bearing. None but dark, sullen men are ever gamblers and desperadoes; which is convenient, once you know the rules. If a story put together on these simple lines does not please the pallid academic critic, so much the worse for the critic. He has nothing better than good red ink in his veins anyway.

In truth the critic who attempts to discuss the literary shortcomings of *The Barrier* deserves the confusion that awaits him. He may prate of style, and construction, and consistency of character. He may point out that mastery of the novelist's art is no light matter, that it comes not without study and observation and long practice. Mr. Beach is here to confute him, with a book innocent of construction, scornful of grammatical propriety, callow and jejune in sentiment,

but none the less successful in its kind, because it is "elemental." Let us dismiss the literary critic, and seek a just appraisal of Mr. Beach's wares at the hands of the advertising man, who after all knows what he is talking about. "It is a buoyant, bracing story—a story of primitive passions, of overpowering romance, of rough, picturesque conditions. Above all, it is the story of a great hate and a great love."

Burton Bancroft.

VIII

MR. MORRIS'S "THE FOOTPRINT"*

Mr. Morris's book of short stories is one that tempts the reviewer to the giving of good advice. It is known that he is young; it is in evidence that he is prodigiously clever; it is indisputable that he has chosen in these tales to exercise his talent on subjects that will not endear him to the rabble. A number of these stories are frankly studies in the horrible or the terrible or the fantastic. It is on the whole a grewsome, *macabre* collection. Such morbid efforts have no rightful place in our healthy Anglo-Saxon literature. No English author has ever achieved a real success who dealt with such matters—at least, none but Shakespeare and Marlowe, and Dickens and Hardy, and Poe and Hawthorne, and a few others of their ilk. It is plain that Mr. Morris ought to change his course, and turn his undoubted talents to the writing of stories more like those that the great American public is used to reading.

Nevertheless, I am glad that before mending his ways he has given us this volume. If these stories are not great, they are at least different, and their rather highly spiced originality is welcome to a jaded appetite. Nearly every one is a *tour de force*—a "trick" story, so to speak, in which some phase of a highly developed technic is displayed almost for its own sake. "The Footprint" is a sombre drama in which the setting of the desert is admirably realised; but the sharpness of the interest it evokes is due to the skill with which a supernatural element is sug-

*The Footprint. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

gested but never quite confirmed. "Paradise Ranch" is a virtuoso study in madness. "The Execution" is a curious refinement of horror; both this story and "The Explorers" are sketches in the ironic mood. In "Simon l'Ouvrier" Mr. Morris allows a fantastic idea to run its own course to an extreme that suggests fascinating possibilities. In all these stories the setting, the manner, the outer envelope, remain wholly realistic. "The Little Heiress" is a delightful fantasy—not a story, but an extended paradox. Its whimsical tenderness supplies the needed relief in an otherwise rather strenuous volume.

In candour it must be admitted that Mr. Morris is far from being typically American or English in his work. His models are plainly French, and there are discernible traces in more than one story of the French spirit. He is conspicuously witty, and his touch has at times a Gallic lightness. Every story is striking in idea, nearly every one is refined in workmanship. Not always is there solid substance behind them. One may read the volume through with a great deal of pleasure, and yet not wish the author to continue too long in precisely the same path. With three or four volumes to his credit, Mr. Morris has emerged from the ranks of beginners; but he has by no means done the work yet that his abilities warrant us in expecting. Beyond the present pleasure to be had from *The Footprint*, it is welcome as showing its author on the road to better things.

Ward Clark.

IX

R. HUGH BENSON'S "LORD OF THE WORLD"*

Curiously enough, it has been reserved for a Roman Catholic priest, a recent convert to the ancient faith, to write the most interesting story of the "Looking Backward" type that has appeared for years. Usually such books are stupidity itself, quite unreal, and entirely unconvincing, each author having some theory to advance, some universal panacea to suggest for the present troubled state of society,

*Lord of the World. By R. Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

some remedy to recommend which will ensure a happier state of things.

The story opens at the beginning of the next century, and is preceded by a prologue which explains the conditions in England at that time. Two priests are listening to an old gentleman who tells them of the beginning of Communism in England under the Labour Parliament of 1917. The Established Church had disappeared in 1929, the House of Lords in 1935. The whole world is divided politically into three sections: the Eastern Empire, comprising all Asia and Australia; Europe, which includes Africa; and the American Republic, formed of the entire Western continent and the islands of the Pacific. The universities have fallen, as did the monasteries under Henry VIII. Protestantism has disappeared, and all that is left of Christianity is the remnant of the Roman Catholic Church. Humanitarianism is the prevailing force, though the Eastern religions are still strong. Rome has been given over to the Pope in exchange for all the parish churches and cathedrals in Italy, and in that city and in Ireland Catholicism still lives. Although the Western nations have learned the folly of war, yet, at the opening of the story, things are looking ominous in the East, and rumours of trouble are heard on all sides. Then come the accounts of a wonderful man from America, who is doing his best to prevent such a calamity. No one knows anything about him, but he finally achieves a wonderful task, he pacifies the world, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man is an accomplished fact. He is made the President of Europe and hailed as the Saviour of the race by the enthusiastic, while even to the more thoughtful it seems as if a new order of things were at hand in which righteousness and justice shall flourish and peace and love unite the hearts of all mankind.

And then a plot is discovered on the part of the Catholics to blow up Westminster Abbey on the occasion of an idolatrous service to be held there, the first celebration of the compulsory worship established by the government. London goes completely mad on hearing the news. The Archbishop, two bishops and eleven priests are hanged in the cathedral,

churches and convents are sacked and burned. Every kind of violence occurs, and the government, yielding to pressure, permits the departure for Rome of seventy volors, armed with the most terrible explosives. These flying-machines, poised at a great height, carefully parcel out the city beneath them, and five minutes after they begin their work not a building or a human being remain in Rome. The Universal Brotherhood of Man has failed at its first test. From this the story moves quickly to its striking end, the final catastrophe taking place in the Holy Land and dealing with what is intended to be the complete extinction of Christianity. Father Benson's descriptions of life in the next century are wonderfully convincing, especially those of the great

volors, which are the recognised means of passenger transportation, accomplishing one hundred and fifty miles an hour. The artificial sunlight, the underground dwellings, the Euthanasia ministers, whose task is to administer a painless death to the old and sick, all seem perfectly possible, and the author is never tiresome, never unduly insistent nor too elaborate in explanation. But his ingenious story is a secondary matter to him; what he wishes to impress on his readers, insisting upon it with passionate fervour, is the entire inadequacy of the purely human to satisfy the longing of the soul for the Divine, and that Altruism and Humanitarianism are poor substitutes for the direct relation of the soul to God.

Mary K. Ford.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER XIV



It was not for a moment to be supposed that such a piece of news as Frank Carey's sudden return, with all its subsequent developments, could be lost to Waterford ears.

By eleven o'clock half the Careys' friends were posted in details of the affair, true or false as the case might be; and at half-past eleven Mary Norris appeared at Lady Lane, alert to follow the trail of gossip.

It was Daisy herself who opened the door to her familiar knock; and, taking her arm in mysterious silence, drew her into the now empty dining-room.

"Well," she said, breathless with her news, "have you heard anything?"

Mary pulled off her chammois gloves and tossed them on to the table, where the remains of breakfast bore witness to a demoralised household.

"Anything?" she said. "Well, I should think I have!"

"Wait a minute!" Daisy ran back and closed the door carefully. "Now, what is it? What are people saying?"

"Saying? What aren't they saying?"

"Oh, Mary, what?"

"Well, first of all, the Buckleys joined me after mass, simply brimming over with curiosity, and asked me if it was true that Frank Carey had met Isabel Costello while she was at school and had followed her over here, and that Miss Costello herself had turned him out of the house at nine o'clock this morning? That was bad enough, goodness' knows! but then, just as I was coming down Lady Lane, who should rush out at me but that horrid old Miss Green to say that she had heard Frank was barely recovering from malaria and had been ordered back to his native air, and that she had seen him herself arriving this morning, looking like a person risen from the grave! Oh, I've had a time of

it, I can tell you! But what's the truth, Daisy? What on earth is it? Is he honestly here?"

Daisy had sunk into a chair under the weight of Mary's information, and now she looked up with bewildered eyes. "Oh, yes, it's true enough! He's upstairs now, walking up and down his room and groaning out loud. I think he's half off his head."

Mary made a gesture of contempt. "Frank always was a fool! But what on earth has brought him back?"

"Honestly, I hardly know! Stephen was so cross after being shut in here with him for half an hour, that he banged out of the house as if everything in the world was upside down."

"And didn't he explain? Didn't he say anything?"

"Oh, I saw him for about two minutes, and he just muttered something about Frank being an ass, who couldn't take 'no' for an answer—and that I was to hold my tongue about the whole business."

"Upon my word!" was Mary's expressive comment. Then she turned her head sharply. "Hallo, Daisy! Wasn't that the hall-door bell?"

Daisy looked aghast. "Oh, no, surely! Would I have time to run upstairs?"

"You wouldn't now, I hear Julia opening."

"Heavens! And if it's anybody, she'll have them in here in two seconds! And look at the state I'm in! And look at the table!" Her voice quivered with consternation.

Mary held up a warning finger. "Listen! I believe it's Mrs. Power! Yes, it is!"

"Oh, how absolutely sickening! What an idiot Julia is!" Then Daisy turned, all smiles, as the dining-room door opened.

"Oh, Mrs. Power! How are you!"

Mrs. Power came forward with both hands out, and kissed her effusively. "My dear!" she cried, "I can't tell you how relieved I am to see you looking so well; I hear you've gone through a terrible lot! How are you, Mary! I saw you at mass; but you're like quicksilver, I can never overtake you. And now, Daisy, what on earth is it all about?"

Daisy drew forward a chair, at the

same time trying distractedly to decide how much she should reveal and how much she should withhold. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Power!"

"Thank you, dear! And now tell me everything from the very beginning."

Here Mary stepped into the breach. "But, Mrs. Power," she said, "the worst of it is that we know so little ourselves. Won't you first tell us what you have heard?"

"Heard? My goodness, Mary! What haven't I heard? But just tell me, Daisy, is it really true that he met her in Paris and fell in love with her there?"

"He did meet her in Paris with her aunt," Daisy admitted guardedly.

"And are they engaged? Do tell me that? Are they engaged?"

"No, Mrs. Power. They are not."

Mrs. Power leant back in her chair. "Exactly what I said myself! It's just the gossip of a place like this. But there you are! You can't stop people saying nasty things."

"What about?" Daisy was up in arms. "What about, Mrs. Power?"

"Oh, well, 'tish't worth noticing things like that. I never listen to them myself."

"Still I'd rather know them. What are people saying?"

"Oh, well, indeed, Daisy, they're saying things about you and Stephen. But, as I say——"

"About us?"

"About Daisy?" Mary cried. "What on earth for?"

"Mrs. Power, what are they saying?"

Mrs. Power arranged the strings of her bonnet. "Well, Daisy, I'll give it to you, word for word. What I heard was that Frank and Isabel Costello were engaged, and that when Isabel came back to Waterford, you put your foot down and wouldn't hear of the match because she has no money; and that Stephen was seen going into Miss Costello's on Sunday after last mass. Mind you, I'm only repeating what I heard!"

"Oh!" Daisy stamped her foot with vexation. "Oh, how annoying! How sickening!"

"Of course it is, my dear! But there you are!"

"I wonder if Isabel herself spread the story!"

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL

"Oh, fie, Mary! As if she'd do such a thing!"

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, how annoying! How annoying!" Daisy said again.

"Ah, now don't! You'll make me sorry I told you at all. Make the best of it! Make up your mind what you're going to do!"

"I don't know what to do. Stephen will be furious."

"Will I give you a bit of advice?"

"Do! Oh, do! You're awfully good at knowing the right thing." Daisy revived at the prospect of help.

"Well, then, my advice is to be as nice as ever you can to Isabel. Ask her here while you are in town; and as soon as you go out to Kilmeaden have her to stay with you there."

"Oh, Mrs. Power, not Kilmeaden!" Mary cried. "She needn't have her at Kilmeaden!"

"And why not, dear?"

"Because Daisy always has who she likes there. It's the country and—and——"

"Oh, I don't know, Mary!" Daisy objected suddenly. "Perhaps Mrs. Power is right. After all, if we have her here, people won't notice it so much; but if we ask her to Kilmeaden they'll say she must certainly be friends with us."

"That's it, Daisy! That's what I say. And now, like a good girl, tell me about Frank. He really is here, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; he's upstairs now! He wanted a rest, you know, after the journey."

"Poor fellow! To be sure he did! I suppose Stephen is delighted to have him back?"

"Oh—oh, yes! Delighted."

"And, Daisy, dear—" Mrs. Power drew her chair close to Daisy's and dropped her voice to the confidential key. "Daisy, dear, tell me now if it's at all true that he's really in love with her?"

Daisy hesitated, mindful of Stephen's warning, mindful too of Mary's deterring eyes; then the unspeakable joy of imparting such a story broke down all barriers.

"Mrs. Power," she said, "it's the most deadly secret; and there isn't another person living that I'd tell it to; but if

you'll give me your solemn promise not to breathe a word of it—" And so the story was told.

Before a week had passed all Waterford knew for a certainty that Isabel Costello and Frank Carey had seriously contemplated marriage; and that, for some unknown reason, Frank had returned unexpectedly to his native town, and was now in hermit-like seclusion in Lady Lane—with his engagement, and presumably his heart, irrevocably broken. Now, whatever the secret streams that may issue from a wound dealt by Cupid, only one expression of opinion is likely to be obtained from the public—namely, a deep and protracted study of the lady in the case. So while Frank, lovelorn and disconsolate, pined in his solitude, Isabel saw new vistas opening in her social world, and the ten days that followed the eventful morning found her playing tennis at the Powers', croquet at the Burkes' and being initiated into the mysteries of cards at the Nevilles' and the Norris's. Everywhere she went she was stared at, whispered about, and made much of, for a girl who has broken an engagement in an atmosphere where marriage is not easy of attainment must of necessity have a claim to consideration. There is a good deal of the child in the Celtic nature, in the sense that the eyes and the ears are caught by the passing show; and that, also like the child, the sound of a new drum will send the feet racing down a side street at the heels of a fresh crowd. Some of the mothers may, perhaps, have had secret misgivings, wondering in their own minds whether it was entirely right that a girl should be socially in evidence while her rejected lover was still in the same town; but if they had doubts, their sons had none, and their daughters, from sentiment or expediency, saw fit to have none either—and Isabel was the attraction of the hour.

For Isabel herself this success was not without result. As on the night of her first dance, she expanded in the sun of admiration as the butterfly spreads its wings to the summer heat. On a larger stage she enacted again the scene that Carey's first coming had interrupted on the night at Fair Hill, when the little group of men had clamoured for her

programme. In those pleasant days she tasted adulation for the first time, knowing the joy of giving and withholding, seeing the moves in that subtle game where the head directs while the heart beats steady; and all the time there was the consciousness that sooner or later the real man would step out from this background of shadows, drawing her with him into the real world; as she laughed and talked and jested this consciousness was alive—a flame burning out of sight, ready to leap up and scorch. Some day, some moment, the call would come, and her nature would flow out, an unsluiced current flooding toward the sea. And in the meantime? In the meantime, she was young and she was alive!

CHAPTER XV

Although Isabel had been going to and fro for nearly a fortnight in the Careys' intimate circle, she had heard no definite news of Frank. Either from that hypersensitiveness that the Irish feel about approaching a delicate subject, or because there was no real friendship to warrant the intrusion, people avoided the matter altogether or skirted carefully round it when she happened to be present; so, although she knew vaguely that Frank was still at Lady Lane, she was entirely ignorant of the mental conflict that was going forward between the brothers.

Carey she had not seen since the night of the dinner party; from Frank himself no word came; while Mary and Daisy preserved a resolute silence on the subject.

It was not until the eleventh day that the position was made clear to her. She had been playing tennis all the afternoon, and only returned to New Town to hurry through the tea that in such households as Miss Costello's takes the place of dinner, and to change her dress for an evening party at Fair Hill. She was flushed with exercise and in high spirits when she entered the house, and the gay tune of a song that had caught her fancy rose to her lips, as she crossed the little hall and laid her tennis racket on the old-fashioned hat-stand.

"Miss Isabel," ventured the slovenly maid who had admitted her, "there's a letter for you. It come by the last post, an' I put it in the drawer in the stand."

"For me, Lizzie? Who from, I wonder!" Isabel hastily pulled the drawer open and took up the envelope bearing her name. The handwriting was unfamiliar, but the postmark was Waterford, and her first feeling was of relief that at least it was not from Frank. Then suddenly, by the suggestion of ideas, a flash of intuition enlightened her; she blushed, and with an almost nervous haste put the letter, unopened, into her pocket.

"Is tea ready, Lizzie?"

Lizzie, who cherished romantic ideas, looked disappointed. "Oh, yes, miss! Tea is on," she said.

"Is Aunt Teresa in the parlour?"

"Yes, miss; she's goin' on with it."

Isabel received the information with a nod, and passed on into the little sitting-room.

At sound of her entry, Miss Costello looked up from her meal, which consisted of strong tea, bread and butter and a boiled egg. "Well, Isabel!" she said, "you seem very pleased with yourself. Did you win the game of tennis?"

At another time Isabel would have replied that she had played seventeen games and won eleven; but now she merely walked round the table and imprinted a kiss on Miss Costello's forehead.

"I did grandly, auntie. 'Twas a lovely day."

"Who was there? Will you have an egg for your tea, or would you like a chop cooked?"

"An egg will do." Isabel seated herself and began to cut a round of bread from the loaf on the table.

"Well, and who was there? I never knew such a girl! You don't tell a person a thing."

"Oh, auntie, indeed I do!"

"Well, then, who was there to-day?" Miss Costello rose and, opening the door, called down the passage, "Lizzie, boil another egg!"

"Well?" she repeated, as she seated herself again.

"Oh, let me see! The Nevilles and the

Cranes and some of the 'Power boys—and Mary Norris."

"And who did you play with?"

"With Willie Neville some of the time, and some of the time with Owen Power."

"With Owen Power? And how did Mary Norris like that? Everybody said last year that he was going in for her."

"Well, I don't think he spoke two words to her to-day."

Miss Costello's black eyes took a hurried survey of her niece. "Isabel," she said severely, "I hope you're not a flirt."

"Aunt Teresa!" Isabel's temper flared up, and then, for some mysterious reason, died down again, and was replaced by a sunny laugh. "Why, auntie?" she substituted in a coaxing voice.

"Because you ought to be very careful after what has happened."

"Why?"

"Because people might talk."

At this juncture Lizzie entered with the egg, and Isabel was helped to a cup of the strong tea; but immediately they were alone again she reverted to the subject.

"Auntie," she said, "I told you before that I don't mind one scrap whether people talk or not. I suppose it's my nature, but it doesn't seem to me to matter, as long as you can please yourself and be happy, whether people speak about you or don't. I try and try to work myself up to being terrified of their talk, but it's no good. I can't." She paused in her healthy consumption of bread and butter, and stared into her aunt's face with her bright, eager eyes. "Am I very queer, Aunt Teresa?"

Miss Costello stirred her tea nervously, for she disliked these searching questions. "Well, any priest will tell you that you must consider your neighbours!" she said.

"I know. But supposing your neighbours don't seem half as real to you as you seem to yourself? Supposing you can't keep thinking of whether this is wrong, or that is wrong, no matter how hard you try?"

"Your conscience will tell you that."

Isabel was silent for a moment; then the questioning glance flashed back to her aunt's face. "Auntie, what exactly is conscience?"

Miss Costello dropped her spoon in perfectly unaffected horror. "Good gracious, child! You don't mean to tell me that the nuns didn't teach you that?"

"Of course they taught me in a set sort of a way, but that's not what I mean at all! I mean how do you really and truly know when a thing is right or wrong?"

Miss Costello's lips tightened. "Do you mean to say you don't know when you commit a sin?"

"Oh, I'd know if I told a lie, and I'd know if I stole anything, of course, because 'twould be a fact, and I couldn't help knowing it. But what I mean is that I don't feel things to be wrong here." She touched her breast lightly. "I remember the nuns in Dublin used to talk about people having 'qualms of conscience,' but I never really understood what it meant. Am I very queer?"

Miss Costello finished her tea hurriedly. "Yes, you are," she said agitatedly; "and a young girl like you has no business at all to talk about such things. Leave them to those that know better." She set down her cup with a rattle and, leaving her niece to ponder this wisdom, walked out of the room.

Left alone, Isabel took her letter from its hiding-place and looked at it, turning it over and over in her hand, then with a little smile, meant for herself alone, she slipped it back into her pocket and finished her tea with a certain slow enjoyment.

In her own room, with the door locked, she at last felt free to dethrone imagination for reality, and, sitting on the side of her bed, she drew the letter forth once more and slowly opened the envelope. A minute sufficed for the reading of the enclosure, a very short, very commonplace note, which merely ran:

DEAR MISS COSTELLO: I have at last brought my brother to see reason, and he goes back to Paris to-night. I did not write before because I had nothing definite to report. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

STEPHEN CAREY.

The first feeling that coursed through her mind was keen disappointment; the curtness, the formality of the letter came like sharp blows on the malleable soil of

her sensitiveness. He might have said a word of gratitude! He might have sent one kind message! She sprang from the bed in sudden anger, tossed the letter upon the dressing-table, and with quick, resentful movements began to take down her thick black hair and re-dress it for the night's festivity. Her fingers worked rapidly, brushing, coiling, pinning the long black strands, until at last the work was done; then, with the same resentful haste, she slipped off the blue cotton shirt she had been wearing, and throwing open the door of her wardrobe, stood considering what she should put on. The choice was not very extensive; she looked at the white cashmere and the blue serge, her uniform dresses that had been lengthened for her by a New Town dressmaker since her return from school, and both were instantly condemned; next came the pink muslin, but that had seen considerable service in the last few weeks and already drooped pathetically; next came a couple of blouses and a black alpaca skirt that had belonged to her aunt, but her eye was full of disfavour as it fell on these, and turned instinctively to the last remaining garment—a plain mauve linen dress, more suitable for morning than for evening wear, but which fitted her well, and found added value in her estimation by reason of being her latest acquisition.

She had worn this dress on the morning of her interview with Frank, and at another time, perhaps, the disagreeable association would have made her shrink from putting it on; but to-night her anger and disappointment gave immunity from such superstitions, and without hesitation she took the skirt from its hook and slipped it over her head. A few minutes more completed her preparations; and with a last glance into the mirror at her flushed face and rebellious eyes, she took her way toward the door. But at the door she stopped, hesitated, and with an air, half defiant, half shy, went back to the dressing-table and picked up Carey's offending letter. As if ashamed of her weakness, she thrust it surreptitiously into her pocket; and as it slipped into the hidden recess, her fingers touched something smooth and cold, and the expression of her face altered sud-

denly—memory striving with surprise, as she withdrew her hand and brought to light the little bottle she had wrested from Frank a week ago, and had forgotten in the stress of newer events.

She stood for a moment, unpleasantly moved by the sight of this small object. With the fascination of all deadly things, the harmless-looking tabloids held her gaze; she looked at them with a close, repugnant curiosity; she shook the bottle until they rattled against the glass; she even drew the cork and allowed one to roll out upon her palm.

She looked at it as it lay there—one key of the many that could open the great gate—and for a moment the shadow of its potency fell on her chillingly. The personal contemplation of death had always been abhorrent to her; with an almost superstitious dread, her keen vitality had always recoiled from it. Death existed, certainly! Existed for the old, for the exhausted, for the unfit, but not for health and youth—not for such as she!

She remained a moment longer, held by the small white tabloid in her hand; then, by some curious working of the mind, an overwhelming repugnance surged over her; she dropped it back, ran across the room to a cupboard in the wall, and thrusting the bottle into a drawer, locked it out of sight.

CHAPTER XVI

Many emotions chased each other through Isabel's mind as she made her way to Fair Hill; and as she walked into the room set aside for the guests' wraps, the little group of girls already assembled glanced round at her expressive face with the mingled curiosity, admiration, and uncertainty that she always aroused.

Mary Norris, who had taken up her position at the dressing-table, saw her in the mirror, and addressed her without turning round. "Hallo, Isabel! Is that a new dress?"

Isabel laughed. "Nearly new," she said.

"And is the mauve by way of mourning?"

"Mourning? How?"

Mary carefully took a little powder from a box on the table and dabbed it on her cheeks. "The king is dead! Long live the king!" she said in her most aggravating voice.

"Mary is sarcastic, so she's putting on powder," said Amy Hennessy, the pretty girl with the impertinent eyes, who had criticised Isabel on the night of her first dance.

Mary turned round indignantly. "This isn't powder, Amy, it's crushed starch."

No one offered to challenge this Jesuitical statement; but Amy pushed past her to the glass.

"Well, let me see my hair, anyway! What's to go on here to-night?"

"Bridge—for those who have brains to play it," said Mary promptly; "and the garden for those who haven't. Would you like a loan of my fur coat, Amy?"

There was a little titter of laughter at this, for it was diplomatic to be amused by Mary's sallies.

"No, thank you, Mary!" Amy retorted. "The conservatory will be quite good enough for me."

There was a fresh laugh and chatting and chaffing, the girl's departed leaving Mary and Isabel alone.

Mary put in a hairpin or two, and settled the black velvet ribbon at her neck.

"Frank Carey is gone back to Paris!" she announced.

"I know," said Isabel.

"Who told you? 'Twas only to-day Stephen got him to see reason; and he shipped him off this evening, before he could change his mind."

"I know. Mr. Carey wrote to me." Isabel took up a comb and arranged her hair, which had been blown into untidiness by her walk.

"Oh!" Mary stole a quick glance at her. "That was a condescension of Stephen's! Was the letter more than two lines long?"

"I didn't count."

"You should have. Stephen's letters always make me feel that he's missing the six-and-eightpence. Are you ready?"

Passing out of the bedroom and down the stairs, the first person they came upon was Owen Power, lounging in a

wicker chair in the hall and flirting with Amy Hennessy. Immediately they appeared he looked up, and with a superb lack of courtesy turned his back on his companion and came slowly across the hall. "Well, Mary!" he said. "Well, Miss Costello! You look very fit after your tennis!"

Isabel, still smarting under Mary's sarcasms, seized childishly on the opportunity to hurt. "How could I be tired," she said, "when I had such a good partner?"

Mary glanced at her, amazed by the encouragement of her tone, and Power gave a self-conscious laugh.

"Oh, I don't know about that! I don't know about that!"

He laughed again and twisted his short moustache. "What are you going to do to-night? I think myself it's much too hot for cards." He looked directly into her eyes; and then, bidden by some twinge of conscience, turned to Mary, including her in the question.

Mary flushed, but her glance met his with level coldness. "Oh, do you think that?" she said. "I'm longing for a game myself. I'd be very sorry indeed to give up bridge for anything you could find in this house." With a quick, contemptuous nod, she passed him and crossed the hall to the dining-room.

The two, left to themselves, were silent for a moment; then Power gave another empty laugh. "'Mary, Mary, quite contrary!'" he quoted. "But that needn't spoil things for us."

Isabel hated him for the words; but she hated Mary Norris more, so she ignored the lesser feeling and answered with a smile,

"What are we going to do?"

"Go out in the garden, of course, as soon as you've said how d'you do to the dragon!"

They crossed the hall, as Mary had done, and passed into the dining-room, where Mrs. Burke and her two daughters were hovering about a table set out with tea and coffee. Groups of people were clustering round the good things, eating and talking, while in the distant corners of the room others were already sitting down to cards under the direction of Michael Burke.

As Isabel entered the room at Power's

side her mind suddenly leaped to interest, for the first person her eyes lighted upon was Stephen Carey, bending down to catch the voluble chatter of a little old lady in a grey silk dress. Carey was here, then! She smiled at Mrs. Burke, without hearing her greetings. Would he turn his head? Would he see her? The questions crossed and recrossed her mind in unanalysed confusion.

She took her tea from Power's hand, laughing at some jest of his. Life was interesting again—full of zest, full of possibility.

She lingered over her tea, her eyes glancing surreptitiously toward the tall figure and the characteristic head, while her tongue ran on in a stream of empty talk. At last she was compelled to set her cup down.

"Won't you have tea, Mr. Power?" she asked, hoping for an excuse to linger.

Power looked worldly-wise. "Not me!" he whispered. "I've had a whiskey upstairs in the old man's room. Are you ready?"

She nodded. After all, Carey was in the house! They must meet, sooner or later! "Yes, I'm quite ready," she said; and with the buoyant sense that everything was still to come, she followed Power, as he edged a way round the table and out into the hall.

At the open hall door they paused, and he looked at her. "Well," he said, "and so I'm to have a talk with you at last!"

She laughed. "A talk? What have you got to say?"

"Ah, wait and see! I have plenty to say to you!" He led the way down the steps, and as they crossed the gravelled drive, he took out his cigarette case. "Do you mind if I smoke? Or, perhaps, you'll have a cigarette yourself? All the girls here smoke, only they don't pretend it."

Isabel's eyes opened. "Do they, really? We used to smoke in Paris whenever we got the chance, but I thought they were too good here."

"Lord, no! Won't you have one?"

Her eyes flashed. "I'd love to! Do you think I might?"

"Why not? Come down here, and not a soul will see!" He pointed to a long dark alley leading off the avenue.

For a moment she looked doubtful; then, casting her misgivings aside, she turned as he directed. The path, which was known as the "Lovers' Walk," was thickly hemmed in by cedars and laurels, which even in dry weather kept the ground damp and the air moist and close.

"It's a funny place!" she said, as they made their way onward. "I don't think I like it."

"Oh, it's all right! It's a bit of the old garden—the only bit that has managed to hold on through Michael's improvements."

"I don't think I like it. It has a creepy feel."

He laughed and edged a little nearer to her. "Afraid of ghosts, what?"

"Ghosts! As if I believed in ghosts!" Her voice was nervously sharp. "Aren't you going to give me the cigarette?"

"Do you want it so soon?"

"Of course I do. I came for it, didn't I?"

Without further demur, he took two cigarettes from his case, and putting one between his lips, struck a match.

"You light yours from mine! Matches splutter so much in here." He handed her the remaining cigarette, which she raised somewhat hesitatingly to her lips.

"I think I'll have the match," she said.

"I tell you 'twill go out. It's as damp as anything under these trees."

"Well, I think I'd rather——"

"What nonsense! Come along!" He made his own cigarette glow, and bent his face toward hers.

Half uncertainly she stepped toward him.

"That's no good! You must pull on it. Look here, stand nearer!" He put his hand on her shoulder, and as the two cigarettes glowed, he looked straight into her eyes.

"Do you know what an awfully pretty girl you are?"

Isabel laughed, shaking his hand from her shoulder. "Am I?"

"Are you, indeed? I should think you are. But I'll tell you what you are, too. You're a flirt."

"Why should you say that?"

"Why? Doesn't all Waterford know how you chucked poor Frank Carey?"

"And because all Waterford says it, it must be true?"

"Well, seeing is believing! Come now! Admit!"

Isabel looked at him, and a certain triumph—half excited, half nervous—marked her sense of conquest.

"And suppose I do admit?"

"Well, what do you think?" With a ready movement he caught her hand.

She freed herself sharply, and her laugh rang out high and excited. "Listen!" she said quickly. "Listen! There's somebody coming—somebody coming up the path."

They both looked round, struck into silence by steps on the wet ground.

Power muttered something uncomplimentary to all intruders, and Isabel gave a little gasp.

"Why, it's Mr. Carey!" she said.

Carey came toward them down the dark path; he was walking very slowly and smoking a cigar. Reaching them, he half turned, as if to retrace his steps, but Isabel stopped him.

"Mr. Carey! Mr. Carey, aren't you going to speak to us?"

His eyes travelled from the cigarette between her fingers to the shadowy figure of her companion.

"It's so dark—" he said, "I scarcely knew—"

"Oh, it's me—me and Mr. Power."

"Ah! Good-night, Power!"

"Good-night!" Power said ungraciously. "I suppose you're like us—found the house too hot!"

"Yes, I thought I'd desert for a while. I had no smoke after dinner to-night. But I mustn't inflict my company on you!"

He was again turning, but Isabel took an impulsive step forward. "But—but we'd like you to stay."

He paused. "Oh, no! Two is company, you know!"

"Well, if you won't stay, we'll go back with you."

Carey laughed. "Will Mr. Power subscribe to that?"

Power ground his heel silently into the path.

"Of course he will," Isabel answered.

"Rather!" Power said rudely. "I must

go back to the house, anyway. They'll be looking for me for bridge."

"I see. Then will Miss Costello go back too?"

"No!" Isabel answered for herself. "I'll stay on with you; I want to finish my cigarette." And having settled the question, she led the way back to the avenue; and, with the cigarette ostentatiously between her lips, stepped to Carey's side while Power ran up the steps and entered the house.

As he disappeared, Carey looked down at her. "I can't make you out!" he said in a slow, deep voice.

"Why?"

He answered by another question. "Do you know that I saw you before you saw me?"

"Just now?"

He nodded.

"Oh!" She flicked the ash from her cigarette.

"Don't you think you might wait till that poor beggar is decently out of the country before you begin turning other heads?"

She stood silent.

"Why do you flirt with men like Power? Why do you give them the chance to talk about you?"

Her lashes lifted, and she shot a swift glance at him. "I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"Something makes me."

He stared at her—angry, perplexed, attracted. "Do you like this chap, Power?"

"No."

"Then, good heavens, why do you let him take you out into the garden in this conspicuous way—give you cigarettes—actually make love to you under the eyes of anybody who might happen to pass by?"

"He wasn't making love." With an attempt at bravado, she raised the cigarette to her lips; but before it could touch them, Carey seized it from between her fingers and threw it away among the bushes.

She stared at him, and her pulses gave a sudden unaccountable throb.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because if nobody else will stop you from making a fool of yourself, I will."

The words and the tone were harsh; but they had the inestimable worth of things wrung spontaneously from the speaker. Carey had never been so near to her as in that moment of anger.

"And do you mind whether I make a fool of myself or not?"

For one second he seemed on the brink of speech; then he turned away, avoiding her questioning eyes. "Never mind!" he said. "Come into the house!"

CHAPTER XVII

It was the day following the evening party at Fair Hill—and Mrs. Michael Burke's "at home" day. She was waiting in solemn state in the big drawing-room, while her daughters, Aileen and Angela, flitted here and there, altering the position of a flower vase, rearranging a book or a paper, lowering or raising the Venetian blinds. Aileen and Angela Burke were what is best described as "nice girls." Round-faced, red-cheeked, ridiculously like their father, they had all the sterling qualities of Michael Burke; and, like him, lived under the iron rod of their mother's rule. As they moved hither and thither now about the showy room, they kept up a little whispered dialogue, which they interrupted every minute to take a furtive look at the stiff-backed chair in which Mrs. Burke sat reading a novel.

"I wonder if any one will come to-day!" Angela, the younger and brighter looking of the two, remarked, as she drew a peacock-feather fire-screen into prominence. "Wasn't last night awful?"

"I didn't think 'twas bad."

"Of course you didn't! You were sitting on the stairs with Tom Norris. 'Twas very different for me, having to play bridge all night with old Cusacke. Oh, dear! I'm sick of my grand relations!"

Mrs. Burke, whose hearing was as sharp as a needle, looked up from her book. "What are you talking about, children?"

"Nothing, mother!"

"Then come down here near me, Angela! I heard a ring at the door. If

this is any one, Aileen, you can pour out the tea."

"All right, mother!"

Mrs. Burke opened her book again. "I think Henry Cusacke may turn in later," she said. "If he does I hope you'll be nice to him. It's lonesome for the poor fellow away from his regiment."

Angela, who had obediently dropped to a stool at Mrs. Burke's feet, pouted her red lips. "But, mother, I don't like him."

Mrs. Burke patted her cheek. "Nonsense, darling! You know nothing at all about your own mind. Just do as I tell you. Oh, here's Mrs. Carey! How nice of you to come, Mrs. Carey! And Mr. Norris! And Miss Norris!" She rose and greeted the guests with just the due amount of artificiality, while Daisy and Mary rustled forward toward the tea-table, carefully arranging their dresses as they sank into their chairs.

"I suppose Stephen hasn't been here, Mrs. Burke?" Daisy said.

"No. Is Mr. Carey coming?"

"Yes. He promised that he'd call for us in the motor." She could scarcely conceal the pride that the announcement caused her.

Mrs. Burke looked a little patronising. "Oh, the new motor? I hear he drives it himself now. I hope he finds it more satisfactory than poor Mr. Leader did."

Daisy smiled graciously at what she considered Mrs. Burke's natural jealousy. "Oh, it's the greatest success, Mrs. Burke. I'm afraid 'twas poor Mr. Leader's own fault that he had so much trouble with it. It takes somebody who understands these things——"

"No doubt, indeed! I hope you weren't tired last night."

"Tired? We were just saying as we came up the avenue what a lovely party it was. Weren't we, Mary?"

"That's what we want, Mrs. Burke, you know!" Tom broke in; "that old spirit of sociality that's dying out in Ireland. I agree with my sister that I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life as I did last night."

Aileen Burke blushed hotly behind the big silver urn.

Mrs. Burke condescended to smile at his compliment. Tom might not be the pinnacle of maternal ambition, but, fail-

ing other schemes, he was not to be despised. "That's very kind of you, Mr. Norris," she said affably. "I wish everybody was as easily pleased. Will you make yourself useful, now, and help the girls with the tea?"

With great alacrity Tom retired to the tea-table, and presently the sound of muffled laughter gave proof of his awkwardness and Aileen's chaffing criticism.

As the cups were being passed round by Angela the door opened again and Mrs. Power—large, florid and smiling—came forward into the circle.

"Well, Ellen, I hear there was never such a party! Josephine can talk of nothing else. How are you, Daisy, dear? How are you, Mary? And Aileen and Angela?" In her motherly way she kissed all the girls and then shook hands with Norris. "Indeed, Tom, I heard all about you; but we won't tell tales out of school!"

Aileen once more sought shelter behind the urn, and Mrs. Burke gave one of her hard laughs. "What did Owen think of our bridge?" she asked, tactfully turning the subject. "I expect we seem very much behindhand after Dublin."

"Indeed, I didn't see Owen since last night. He went on to some poker party or other after bringing Josephine home, and he wasn't up this morning when I was going out to mass."

Mrs. Burke said nothing, but her face was eloquent in criticism of Mrs. Power's family management.

Mary Norris laughed suddenly. "Oh, indeed, Owen was enjoying himself last night, Mrs. Power! Wasn't he, Aileen?" It was Mary's first contribution to the conversation, and it was given in her most telling vein.

Aileen Burke gave an embarrassed little laugh. "I didn't see him at all, Mary."

"Didn't you? Oh, he had a very good time last night."

Mrs. Burke looked severe. "I thought Owen was playing bridge all the time."

"Oh, not all the time, indeed, Mrs. Burke! He was out in the garden first."

"Who with, Mary?" asked Mrs. Power.

Mary tossed her head. "Oh, I'm not

going to say who with; but they went down the Lovers' Walk, and Lillie O'Farrell saw them both smoking cigarettes."

"Both smoking, did you say, Miss Norris?" Mrs. Burke asked, her back stiffening perceptibly. "I can scarcely believe that any girl in my house would do such a thing as smoke."

Mary, who consumed many cigarettes a day in the privacy of her own room, looked becomingly grave. "Not in the house, Mrs. Burke. I said in the garden."

Mrs. Burke's lips tightened. "I confess I don't see much difference between the two! And I'd like to know who the girl was."

Aileen and Angela, themselves conscious of stolen smokes, drew away behind the sheltering figure of Mrs. Power, but Tom Norris came forward into the group.

"Don't, Polly!" he said. "'Twould be mean. After all, what's in a cigarette?"

"Oh, nothing but a little paper and a bit of tobacco—if the girl happens to be pretty!"

"I think there's a great deal, Mr. Norris, if you ask me," said Mrs. Burke severely. "I know that people are getting more lax every day, but for my part, I'd be very sorry indeed to see a daughter of mine smoking."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Tom stoutly. "I don't see any harm in it."

"Perhaps she picked up the habit abroad!" put in Daisy in her pretty, mincing voice.

Mrs. Burke jumped to a quick conclusion. "Abroad?" she said. "Abroad? Why, then it must have been Isabel! Miss Norris, was it Isabel?"

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "'Twasn't I let the cat out of the bag, anyway!"

Daisy laughed a little. "Suppose I oughtn't to have said it! But, really, Isabel seems to be getting herself so much talked about lately——"

"—That it doesn't matter how much more you say?" added Tom. "How like a woman!"

"For goodness' sake, Tom, talk about something you understand!" said Mary irritably.

Tom became mute and retired again to the tea-table, while Mrs. Burke drew her chair nearer to Daisy's. "I believe people *are* talking rather too much about Isabel," she said in a lower tone. "Is it true, now, Mrs. Carey, that she really did treat your brother-in-law badly?"

Daisy dropped instantly to the confidential key. "Well, indeed, Mrs. Burke, I don't like to say anything, but poor Frank looked more like a ghost than anything else that morning that he came down from New Town. I hardly knew him when he walked into the dining-room."

"Yes, indeed, and everybody in Waterford is saying that 'twas the Careys broke off the match," put in Mary. "It's awfully hard on Daisy."

"And who minds what people say, Mary?" said Mrs. Power.

"Not mind, indeed! You have to mind."

"Indeed you have," Daisy added. "A professional man like Stephen can't afford to be talked about; that's why it's doubly hard on me."

"Well, Daisy, I told you how you could stop all talk."

"I know, Mrs. Power. By asking her to the house."

"And then have her going on like she did last night!" Mary supplemented.

"Miss Norris, I insist on knowing where she smoked the cigarette," said Mrs. Burke, recalled to the thought of her own grievance.

"In the garden, Mrs. Burke. Lillie O'Farrell went out for a couple of minutes with one of the Goulding boys, and while they were walking up and down in front of the house, Isabel came out with Owen. Lillie says she was flirting dreadfully; and she heard him offer her a cigarette."

"But what's in that, Mary!" Mrs. Power exclaimed. "Owen is always chaffing and going on. Who knows she ever smoked at all?"

"Oh, yes, she did."

"How do you know? Did Lillie follow them?"

"Not very likely that she would!"

"Then how do you know?"

"I heard. Oh, there was a good deal more, only I don't want to say."

"Oh, Polly, do tell us!" Daisy cried.

But Mary closed her lips. "No; I won't tell any more."

"But, Miss Norris, do you think that's quite fair? Surely, when there is anything to tell, it's our duty to tell it for the good of others."

Mary smiled enigmatically. "Sometimes, perhaps, Mrs. Burke," she said, "but not always. Don't you think we ought to be going, Daisy? I'm sure Stephen had a puncture or something, and you know I have that appointment at Mrs. Clarke's."

"Oh, wait a little longer!" Mrs. Burke urged. "He'll be here presently. You never can be up to time with a motor."

Daisy looked inclined to yield, but Mary intervened again.

"But dressmakers don't take that into account, Mrs. Burke," she said; "and I have to try on a new dress at Mrs. Clarke's."

Daisy rose reluctantly, and Tom tore himself away from Aileen.

"What sort of a dress is it, Mary?" asked Mrs. Power, good-naturedly, interested at once, and forgetful of the preceding passage of arms.

"Oh, it's only a linen for Kilmeaden, Mrs. Power. We're going down in a fortnight, you know."

"Oh, yes! And I'm wanting Stephen to let me give a little dance at Lady Lane the night before we go," announced Daisy, as she shook out her skirt and arranged her feather boa. "Everything will be put away for the summer, and it wouldn't be a bit of trouble."

"Oh, Mrs. Carey, can't you persuade him?" cried Aileen and Angela simultaneously. "'Twould be simply heavenly!"

"Of course he'll let you, Daisy," said Mrs. Power. "Stephen is the soul of good nature."

"If I were you, Mrs. Carey," advised Mrs. Burke, "I'd send out the invitations and not tell him a word about it till it was all settled. Men have nothing to do with things like that."

Mary laughed sarcastically. "Say that to Stephen Carey, Mrs. Burke! Are you coming, Daisy?"

They shook hands all round, and with

a great deal of chattering and laughter left the room.

"I ought to be going, too, Ellen," said Mrs. Power, rising.

"Nonsense, Kate! Sit down."

"Ah, no; I must really! I have a lot of visits that are hanging over me for months; and anyway, I don't like to keep the horse standing. Good-bye, Ellen! Good-bye, girls! When are you coming to Skerrybeg? You're great strangers to us."

"Indeed, it's too much amusement they have," said their mother. "Aileen is giving up her painting altogether; and as for Angela, she never touches the piano."

"Perhaps they're beginning to think of other things! I know a little bird whispered to me that it wouldn't be long before we heard something about an engagement. Well, good-bye!" She passed out of the room smiling and nodding.

"I don't know how Kate Power can bring herself to be so vulgar," said Mrs. Burke as the door closed. "And what a fool she has been over those spoiled, worthless sons of hers!"

"Mother, wouldn't it be lovely if the Careys give the dance?" said Angela, her mind bent on her own affairs.

"Indeed, if they do, your father will have to take you! I can't lose another night's rest."

The girls exchanged a glance of secret joy, for it was a red-letter day when Michael Burke played guardian.

"Mother," said Aileen suddenly, "do you think that was true about Isabel?"

Mrs. Burke looked severely judicial. "Well, I'd certainly be very sorry to believe everything Mary Norris says," she replied; "but I have thought more than once myself that Isabel is rather free-and-easy in her manner for Waterford."

"She's very pretty," said Angela with unconscious philosophy.

"She's too dark for my taste. Besides, Angela, remember 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

"Listen! Listen, mother!" Aileen cried. "I hear a motor. There's a motor coming up the avenue."

"Oh, it must be Mr. Carey! He must

have just missed them." Angela rushed to the window.

"It is! It is, mother! And guess—guess—do guess who's with him? Aileen, come here! Quick!"

Aileen flew across the room to her sister's side, overturning a footstool as she went.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Burke crossly. "One would think you never saw a motor in your lives."

With a crunching of gravel, the car sped round the house, and a little cry of excitement and interest escaped the girls.

"Aileen! Angela! What on earth is it?"

But before either could collect herself sufficiently to give a coherent answer, the door of the drawing-room was thrown open and Isabel Costello, with her eyes dancing and her hair blown into elf-locks, walked into the room, followed by Stephen Carey.

CHAPTER XVIII

For one moment there was silence in the large drawing-room; then Mrs. Burke rallied her social qualities and met the situation.

"Isabel! And Mr. Carey! This is a surprise. A very pleasant surprise!" she finished with scrupulous politeness.

Carey stepped forward rather hurriedly. "Isn't my wife here?" he said as he took her hand.

"Oh, no! Mrs. Carey must be gone nearly ten minutes. How are you, Isabel?" She shook hands with each in turn. "No; your wife got impatient, Mr. Carey—or, I should say, Miss Norris got impatient. She had an appointment at the dressmaker's."

"And, of course, nothing is so important as a dressmaker, Mr. Carey," said Angela, as the two girls came forward, stealing furtively curious glances at Isabel.

The news of Daisy's departure seemed to disconcert him. He glanced round almost as though he contemplated flight.

"She might have waited," he said. "I told her I'd be as soon as I could."

"Indeed, he was flying up the hill when he met me," supplemented Isabel. "I felt quite guilty for stopping the car even for a minute, though the lift was too tempting to refuse." Womanlike, it was she who made the explanation of their presence—the explanation that instinct told her would be needed.

"I should think so, indeed!" said Aileen kindly. "I wish I had been walking up the hill!"

Mrs. Burke looked a little severe. "Won't you have a cup of tea, Mr. Carey, now that you are here?"

Again Carey looked round uncomfortably. "Oh, I don't know that I ought!" Then, as his eyes strayed round the room, they lit upon Isabel, and unconsciously his expression wavered. "Well, thanks, Mrs. Burke!" he said. "Thanks! I will have a cup."

"I'm glad you altered your mind! Aileen, see after Mr. Carey. Isabel, come here and sit near me." With the shepherding instinct of the mother, she drew the object of most danger to her own side.

"Well, Isabel, and how do you like motor cars?" she asked, her eyes, piercing as gimlets, searching the girl's face.

"Oh, I simply adore them, Mrs. Burke! This is the first I was ever in, and I thought 'twas like heaven."

Mrs. Burke gave one of her stiff little smiles. "I hope heaven will be more peaceful, Isabel."

Isabel threw back her head.

"Oh, do you, Mrs. Burke? I don't. I wouldn't care a bit for anything that was all peace and quiet."

"You mustn't say that, Isabel!"

"Why? Is it any harm?"

"Well, it's a little irreverent, isn't it?"

"Is it? I didn't mean it to be. It only seems to me that heaven must be like all the loveliest things on earth, only a thousand times better."

"The prophet's heaven?" said Carey, smiling, as he handed her her tea.

Mrs. Burke coughed nervously. "I don't think girls ought to discuss theology, Mr. Carey. But perhaps I'm old-fashioned."

"Is this theology?" said Carey innocently.

She stiffened her shoulders. "Oh, you

know what I mean. All that girls need know is that they must say their prayers and never give bad example."

Isabel drank her tea, striving to keep a still tongue; while Mrs. Burke, pleased at what she considered her well-timed reproof, turned to Carey with greater friendliness.

"Well, Mr. Carey, so you're off to Kilmeaden soon?"

Isabel looked up. This was the first she had heard of the Careys' departure to the country.

"Yes," said Carey. "My wife is anxious to get down early this year and come back in September. We found Kilmeaden rather damp last October."

"That'll be very nice! And you'll find the motor a great convenience, instead of having to drive up to town."

"Will you shut up the house in Lady Lane, then?" Isabel asked.

"Oh, my wife puts in a charwoman, in case any one wants to come to town for a night. But we live altogether at Kilmeaden—though I come up every morning to the office."

"Ah, there's no place like the country! It's so good for the children," put in Mrs. Burke.

Isabel finished her tea hastily and Carey laughed a little awkwardly. "Oh, yes!" he said; "yes!"

"And what fine little fellows they are! I met them on the road the other day with the nurse. But Mrs. Carey tells me you're thinking of giving a little party before you go?"

"Oh, mother, she only said they were talking of it."

"But that's the same thing, isn't it, Mr. Carey?" said Angela, looking up at him with her good-natured smile. "'Twouldn't be one bit of trouble, you know, once the house is upset. You'll let Mrs. Carey give it, of course; you will, now? Won't you?"

"Oh, do, Mr. Carey!" chimed in Aileen. "We were saying only yesterday that there wouldn't be another dance this summer."

Carey looked at Isabel. "Miss Costello, won't you stand up for me! It isn't fair, you know, two to one!"

"Oh, indeed, Isabel would love it! Wouldn't you, Isabel?"

Isabel's eyes met Carey's. "Mr. Carey knows I adore dancing."

"And she's only had one dance since she came home. Oughtn't that soften your heart?"

"Angela, you're very tormenting! Let Mr. Carey alone!"

"But, mother, it's his duty! What has he a big house for if 'tisn't to give parties?"

"Indeed, you're a great tease! I wonder Mr. Carey puts up with you. Isabel, how is your aunt?"

At this decisive changing of the conversation the topic of the dance was dropped.

"Oh, she's very well, Mrs. Burke, thanks," answered Isabel. "Only she has one of her bad headaches to-day. She said I was to excuse her. Only for it she'd have come up with me."

"Oh, poor thing! And what is she doing for it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What a mistake!" Mrs. Burke did a little amateur doctoring on homœopathic lines, and took great pride in the results. "The minute you go home, Isabel, tell her she is to take a tumbler of soda water with the juice of a lemon in it, and if she's not well in half an hour she's to send up to me for a globule. Now, don't forget! How many simple cures there are, Mr. Carey, if we only knew them!"

"Yes, indeed!" Carey murmured.

"You may well say so! I believe myself that it only requires a little faith and plenty of cold water to do away with doctors altogether! Isabel, you won't forget my message?"

"Did you ever hear how mother gave father a Turkish bath in his own room?" whispered Angela to Carey.

"Never."

She waited until her mother was launched on another series of directions to Isabel, then she looked up at him, her round face brimming with humour.

"It was long ago," she whispered. "One time father had a cold. He was too bad to go out, so mother thought she'd give him a sort of Turkish bath in the house with blankets and a spirit lamp. He fought against it like anything, of

course, but you know mother always has her way."

Carey nodded.

"Well, of course, father gave in; but just as everything was arranged and he was packed up in the blankets some people called to see mother. As luck would have it, who should they be but Wexford people that she hadn't seen for years, so she told poor father to keep quite quiet, and not to imagine the spirit lamp was too high, and that she'd just run down and say 'How d'you do?' and be back again before he knew she was gone!" Here Angela went into an irrepressible titter of laughter.

"Well, what do you think happened? She went down, and in three minutes she was buried in all the old scandals that had happened in Wexford for the last twenty-five years, with every bit of thought of father gone out of her head!"

Carey, seeing the picture of Michael over the lighting spirit lamp, powerless under his weight of blankets, went off into a peal of laughter.

Mrs. Burke looked round. "Is Angela amusing you, Mr. Carey? She's a terrible chatterbox, I'm afraid."

"Miss Angela is very entertaining, Mrs. Burke," he said. "I think she ought to be given her dance. Miss Angela, what was the end?"

Angela looked at him mischievously. "Oh, father had escaped back to bed by the time she came up," she whispered; "but most of the blankets were still on fire! But you won't go back of your word about the dance? Promise, now, you won't!"

At this juncture Isabel stood up. "I think I must be going," she said. "Good-bye, Mrs. Burke!"

To everybody's surprise, Carey put down his cup and rose also.

"What, Mr. Carey! Are you going, too?"

"If Miss Costello will let me I'll drive her home."

Isabel turned to him, all pleasure, all delight, in a moment. "Oh, no! Why should I?"

"But why not? A foretaste of heaven is good for the soul!"

She laughed yieldingly.

"I'm sure it will be very pleasant for

her to be driven home," Mrs. Burke put in rather frigidly. "Don't forget about the lemon for your aunt's head, Isabel."

"No, Mrs. Burke!" Isabel's mind was speeding to other things as she shook hands all round.

"Good-bye," cried Angela cordially.

"Good-bye," added Aileen. "We'll come out and see you off."

"No, children, I think you'd better not. There's a treacherous fog these evenings, and you both had sore throats last week."

The girls looked disappointed, but neither offered to oppose the mandate.

"Well, we'll look at you through the window," said Aileen.

"And don't forget the dance, Mr. Carey!" Angela cried as the two guests disappeared into the hall.

The setting in motion of the engines was the work of a moment, and with a good deal of skill and precision Carey swept the car round the open, gravel space at the corner of the house.

In a vague flash he saw the faces of the Burke girls pressed against the drawing-room window, but the impression passed with the presence of the house, and he drew in a quick, deep breath of relief.

"What a woman!" he said. "What an atmosphere!" It was remarkable that he spoke his thoughts as though he were alone; that by some hidden link of comradeship he did not question whether Isabel would understand.

"Yes, I know!" she said quickly. "Don't you feel that you can't stand it for one second longer—that you must get up and scream in the very middle of what she's saying?"

Unconsciously Carey checked the pace of the car, and they passed almost slowly through the gates.

"Good God!" he said, "I've sometimes felt that no man in his senses would stand this life for a single year! Talk of rats in a trap!"

They swerved out into the high road; but instead of turning down the steep hill that led directly into Waterford, he drove straight on, making a detour.

Isabel sat with her hands clasped loosely in her lap, every nerve quivering to the moment.

"Have you wanted to get out into the world, then?" she said.

"Yes! Lord, yes! There was a time—but what's the good——"

Her glance dropped to his hands, strong and steady on the steering wheel. "Won't you tell me?" she whispered. "I'd—love to hear."

There was nothing to alarm in the low, enticing voice, and he yielded, half unconsciously, to its persuasion. "Oh, it's only that I built my castles once!" he said, "and that with half a chance I might have made my way. A man isn't a man in a place like this! What sort of a life is it? Stagnation. The same round, the same faces, the same work, autumn, winter and spring, and in the summer—Kilmeaden!" He gave one of his sarcastic laughs.

"But if you liked you could go away—you have money."

For answer he increased the speed of the car, sending it spinning forward. "Miss Costello," he said, "look at the rut at the side of this road! If I ran the car into that rut we'd have to get ropes and men and horses to drag her out; 'twouldn't help her one atom that she's forty horse-power in herself."

She grasped the simile, and followed it up.

"Yes, but you'd get the car out, however you managed it!"

"Ah, you're right there. And perhaps I've had thoughts for myself, too."

She felt her senses quicken at the sudden fire that touched his voice, glowing up through his words, and her impetuous nature leaped to a response.

"Oh, I wish you weren't going away!"

Carey reddened—reddened as though no span of years or tale of responsibilities had sealed the book of youth. "Why do you say that?" he asked in a low, controlled voice, from which he resolutely shut out the eagerness, the curiosity that were welling in his mind.

"I don't know. Because—because you're different from the others—and I'll miss you."

The subtle flattery moved him. "You'll miss me? Do you mean that?"

She nodded silently; and as he turned to catch her expression his glance rested on her eyes, with their thick black lashes

—on her warm mouth—on the elf-locks blown across her smooth, soft cheek; and the things of the world, the things he had denied, surged up overwhelmingly. "You oughtn't to miss me," he said unevenly. "'Tis I ought to miss you."

Isabel looked down. "I wish you weren't going!"

"'Twon't be for long; I'll see you again soon."

Her glance flashed back to his, warm and eager.

"How?"

The little whispered word sent his blood racing through his veins, and for one fierce moment the temptation to say, "I'll be alone at the office every day," rose insistently; but with a sudden shame at his own thought he flung it aside.

"My wife is going to ask you out to Kilmeaden," he said instead.

"Me? To Kilmeaden?" She flushed to her temples with swift, incredulous delight.

"Yes. You'll come, won't you?" Unconsciously he slackened speed again.

Her glance fell.

He misinterpreted her silence. "Oh, but you must come," he said quickly. "I won't allow you to refuse. Look here! I'll make you a promise! You like the car! Well, I'll take you for such drives as you'll never forget! Will that tempt you?"

Isabel still looked down at her clasped hands, her colour coming and going.

"Answer! Isabel!"

It was the first time he had used her name, though she had long ago ceased to be "Miss Costello" to all his people, and she started, as though he had touched her, the hot tide of blood rushing back into her face.

The car was barely moving; he bent close to her. "You're not angry? Say you will come!"

Then at last she met his glance, her own eyes alight with sudden exultation.

"I'm not angry—I will come."

(To be continued)

THE AUTHOR'S INTRUSION AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



BEFORE discussing the question of the extent to which a novelist has a right to intrude his personality between the reader and the story, it should be frankly admitted that the absolutely impersonal attitude, which is the aim and end of realism, is unattainable. The novelist, like the critic, remains always, consciously or not, to some degree subjective. Strive as he will to emancipate himself from his preferences and his aversions, some shadow of them inevitably falls upon his pages, to betray him. The truth is that, just as a sponge gives out only what it has absorbed, a novelist reflects only such

aspects of life as he has himself taken in, through the more or less faulty medium of his senses. In our outlook upon life, no two of us see any one object in precisely the same manner; we are all to some degree myopic, astigmatic, colour-blind—mentally, morally, spiritually, what you will—and we cannot paint the simplest landscape without putting into it some line, some tint, some light or shadow which no one else could find in the original. Accordingly, we must remember that every character and every incident that a novelist puts into the moving-picture of his narrative represents not quite life as it is, but transmuted by its passage through the human limitations of his personality.

On the whole, it is fortunate for art that these things are so; it is the breath of his own individual life, that he breathes into the forms he moulds, which makes the true artist a creator. And it would be as absurd to stigmatise this inimitable creative touch which makes a Thackeray heroine something forever distinct and apart from a heroine of George Meredith or Henry James, as it would be to resent the general resemblance which members of a family have inherited from a common ancestor. No author has yet lived who did not bequeath to the children of his brain a large share of his own personal views of life, his practical philosophy, his deeper emotions and lighter tastes. For a generation, Maupassant has been held up as a model of the impersonal novelist; yet his later biographers declare that no other writer has ever surpassed him in unconscious self-revelation, and that his writings form, for those who hold the key, a most complete betrayal of his intimate life. And yet at the same time one is still justified in saying that Maupassant is never guilty of intrusion. And this raises the very natural question, Just at what point does the imprint of an author's personality begin to be felt as an intrusion, an interruption that mars the reader's enjoyment, or at least reminds him of the fictitious character of what he reads?

Like so many questions that arise in discussing the principles of fiction making, this is one which may be answered only conditionally; for it depends largely, first, upon the temperament of the reader, and secondly, upon the author's individual charm of style. There are many people who read Thackeray for the sake of Thackeray rather than for the story he has to tell; just as there were many people who went to see Sir Henry Irving, not because of the play, but because of Irving. And to these Thackeray's constant intrusion as Master of the Performance, openly pulling the wires that move his puppets, confidentially discussing with us their merits and their defects, causes no more annoyance than Irving's stilted walk and other mannerisms. To them, Thackeray is always Thackeray; they would not have him

altered, if they could. And yet, as a principle of art, his method was defective, and to the younger generation already bears the stamp of the old-fashioned. When the modern novel was in its infancy, no one resented the presence of the novelist himself, visibly stalking through his pages; just as, when civilisation was in its infancy, there was nothing incongruous in the visible presence of divinities in every grove and stream. But for an author to-day to interrupt the thread of his narrative, in order to talk to us confidentially about his personal opinions, whether concerning the divorce question or the stock market or his heroine's new bonnet, is, we feel, an intrusion, not merely unwarranted but inartistic—as much so as though at a modern play the author or stage manager should usurp the centre of the stage to add a running commentary upon what the members of the caste are trying to say and do.

Now there are two ways in which novelists very commonly intrude, both of them highly inartistic, but one of them not merely inartistic but dishonest as well: the first is merely the Showman's method of Thackeray; the second is the deliberate dogmatism of those mistaken individuals who write the so-called Purpose Novel. As a matter of theory, any phrase, word, trick of style or construction, which makes a reader suddenly remember that what he is reading is not reality but the deliberate invention of the man whose name is on the title-page, is bad art. The novelist's foremost purpose should be to give us the illusion of real people in a real world, to make us forget the craft of construction that lies behind his story, as completely as we forget the warp of the canvas behind a painted masterpiece. Mannerisms of style that refuse to be ignored, such, for instance, as those of Henry James, remain to some readers a permanent obstacle to full enjoyment; they never quite reach the point where they may forget the author, and fully believe in the reality of his creations. Those of us who reach a degree of familiarity with his verbal involutions comparable with an ability to read a foreign language without self-consciousness, must still find an-

noyance in his occasional trick of referring confidentially to "our young woman," or "our young friend," as it determined that we should not forget the mutual relation of author and reader. Yet this is probably the very mildest of the many ways in which a novelist's pride in the children of his thoughts tempts him to break through the conventional reserve and talk to us directly, as man to man. At the very opposite extreme lies the sin of the author who, because he has espoused some cause or creed or theory, deliberately colours all his story with dishonest exaggeration and glaring partisanship.

It is this tendency that has brought even the phrase "problem novel" into disrepute. As a matter of fact, many of the best novels of the past and the present are founded upon some big moral or social problem, treated in a really big way. But all that we want of the novelist is to set the facts before us. Which side of the problem he takes is really of small importance to us—the important thing is what we ourselves think. And if the author has justice on his side, if the facts he marshals really bear him out, the public will be quite as ready to agree with him, without his personal intrusion, as though he wasted many pages in specifically lecturing them on their duty. Supposing, for instance, that temperance is the cause that he has espoused: let him, by all means, tell us that his principal character is an alcoholic; let him tell us when, where and how this character pursues the over-indulgence which brings about the final tragedy—and let him, if he chooses, be as frank about the telling as Zola in his *L'Assommoir*. But let him imitate also Zola's impartiality; for if he permits himself to stigmatise the entire wine-list at once, under the sweeping generalisation, "the Demon Rum"; if he tells us that his hero is once more "treading the path to perdition," when we know he has simply stepped across the street for a glass of beer; if he persistently refers to the "sink of iniquity," when "corner saloon" would have answered his purpose much better—then we know that our author is a bigot rather than a student of life, and his book is not serious fiction but a temperance tract in disguise.

There is more than one way in which a novelist may impress his personal bias upon a story. He may, for instance, carefully refrain from all expression of direct opinion, and yet convey quite unmistakably his own special prejudice, through the indirect method of the character and incidents that he assembles. If he writes a political novel, he need not tell you in so many words to which party he belongs, if throughout the volume he makes every Democrat a hero and every Republican a knave. If his central theme is pathological, he need not tell you which practice he favours, if his allopathic doctors invariably lose their patients, and his homeopaths invariably save them. And it may be accepted as a sound general proposition that if a novelist's story quite plainly offers a specific thesis, and in working it out he finds himself obliged over and over again to evoke the element of chance, you feel that his solution is of no more value as a working rule than a verdict reached by the flip of a penny.

It seems almost ungracious to approach from this point of view a book of such strength, such fineness, such sympathetic insight as the new novel by "Frank Danby," *The Heart of a Child*. And

yet, the book in other respects stands out so conspicuously above the general level of contemporary fiction that it is perhaps as well to lay one's finger at once upon its one weakness. Mrs. Frankau has not only implied in the story itself, but specifically stated elsewhere that the thesis of her new volume grew out of an argument whether a young girl, inexperienced and unprotected, could go upon the stage, achieve a popular triumph, and yet retain her purity. Mrs. Frankau has attempted to maintain the affirmative side of this thesis, and apparently she thinks that she has succeeded. It is true that she deliberately makes her specific case a peculiarly difficult one; that she takes her future Gaiety Girl, Sally Snape, from the most dilapidated and degraded rook's nest to be found in the London slums; that she shows her peculiarly friendless and unguarded, and innocently unaware of the dangers that beset her; that she brings

her repeatedly in contact with the people likely to do her the most harm—and yet, in spite of hardships and temptations, shows us so convincingly just how the girl escapes, and not merely escapes, but in every case unconsciously achieves an advantage from the very circumstances that wrought her danger, that we feel, almost to the end of the story, no sense of a straining of the facts, a distortion of probabilities. Not until her marriage with Lord Kidderminster do we question even slightly that the career of Sally Snape befell precisely as "Frank Danby" has so admirably chronicled it. But if we are to regard it as a solution of the thesis she has propounded, the answer must be epitomised somewhat after this fashion: the young woman who goes upon the stage, unless surrounded by special safeguards of money and influence, finds herself beset by such a host of insidious dangers, that she has small chance of maintaining her honour, unless protected first by the immaturity of her temperamental development, and secondly by a most persistent and unusual run of good luck. Mrs. Frankau is undoubtedly within her rights in showing how slight a cause, a mere toss of a coin, decides between the upward and the downward path. Many another novelist has made his heroine's downfall dependent on a whim of chance; it is equally logical to assume with "Frank Danby" that fate may intervene to save rather than to destroy. Yes, it is not only logical, but when done with the assured touch, the probing knowledge of human nature that is shown in *The Heart of a Child*, it is strongly dramatic—but considered as a thesis, the moment the element of chance is introduced, its weight becomes impaired. You say, it is all very well for the Sally Snapes of real life to have the safeguard of unawakened desires, the heart of an innocent child—how long will this protect her, unless fate is kind enough to intervene repeatedly in her behalf, as it does in the case of this Particular Sally Snape? "Frank Danby" starts her in life with practically no chance, until fate removes her patient drudge of a mother, her drunken brute of a father. She might then have been driven onto the streets, had not two im-

mature boys out of pure good comradeship offered to share their room with her. And when in the course of months this innocent propinquity becomes ill-advised, fate again intervenes by ejecting them from a tenement which the city has condemned. And in the same way, all through her upward course, from helper in a jam factory to cloak model in Madame Violette's West End establishment, from cloak model to Gaiety Girl, she is saved—not by her inborn distaste for men's society and men's ways, her ignorance of what their attentions mean, but by wholly extraneous circumstances; the wrecking of Charlie Peastone's dogcart, the illness of Joe Aaron's wife, the hundred and one events, large or small, that cause a different ending to the day from that which the men had planned. But the plain, honest, great big truth about this book is that you do not care in the least about theses while you read it. You think of it simply as the picture of one frail young woman, drifting as helpless as a cork along the conflicting currents of London life; you are caught, as every one who comes in contact with her is caught, with the magic of her personality, the intangible, elusive quality that refuses to be analysed, but that Mrs. Frankau has nevertheless seized and flung before us in her pages with such poignancy and power that we feel that we are being allowed to probe a woman's inmost soul, and are stirred to mingled laughter and tears at the truth and the pathos of her picture. *The Heart of a Child* is drawn upon a narrower canvas than *Pigs in Clover*, yet there is some character study in it which surpasses any of her previous work.

Furze the Cruel, by John Trevena, is a volume which, oddly enough, some of his

English reviewers consider to be unduly warped and distorted by the author's intrusion.

Here is a case, most emphatically, where that golden rule of criticism, that a book must always be judged by the author's intent, cannot be disregarded. Accordingly, in fairness, Mr. Trevena's prefatory remark must be read before passing on to discuss what he has actually accomplished.

Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest Cruelty, the Heather Endurance, and the Granite Strength. The Furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; the Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain. This work is the first of a proposed trilogy, which the author hopes to continue and complete with *Heather* and *Granite*.

In other words, Mr. Trevena has not intended to say, in this first novel, that the world at large, or even the circumscribed world of Dartmoor, is wholly cruel and unjust. He has simply, for the purpose of his art, chosen to present three successive phases of human life, in exactly the same way that experimenters in colour photography make three separate transparencies, in red, green and violet—neither of them claiming to be quite true to life, but all three producing, when blended, a faithful reproduction of every delicate tint and shadow. *Furze the Cruel*, considered in this light, simply as one of a succession of screens through which the finished picture is to be viewed, is not merely a piece of clear-sighted, virile realism: it is in many ways an astonishing book; one may even say, without fear of contradiction, that no other book has succeeded in symbolising the cruelty of life with such poignant and convincing power, since Frank Norris first burst upon the world with the crude genius of *McTeague*. *Furze the Cruel* is not a book which profits by a minute analysis of plot. There are a score of tangled threads of destiny, crossing and recrossing, as the threads of destiny always do cross and recross in real life. It is one of those books that are spread over a wide canvas, and give you a sense of crowds and multitudes and clashing interests; there is no single man or woman in it whom you may single out as the central figure; indeed, if half a dozen different readers should make the attempt, they would probably hit upon half a dozen different heroes or heroines, and not be quite satisfied with any one of them. The truth is that the real protagonist of the book is the Furze itself, the incarnate symbol of the spirit of cruelty in nature and in man—it is the Furze that you must think of, first, last and all

the time, as you read—the Furze that defies extermination; that, no matter how you hack and dig and burn its roots, springs up again, grim and indomitable; and if the chief characters in the book are morally warped and misshapen, it is because they too have sprung from the soil which gives birth to the Furze, and when, in the end, Pendoggat, the cruellest, thorniest man of them all, meets a hideous fate, it is no small tribute to the crude force of the story to say that one feels there is a certain symbolic justice that he should receive his punishment through the instrumentality of the Furze itself, perishing slowly in the midst of its blazing brambles from the fire for which his own wanton brutality was indirectly responsible. There is good reason to believe that Mr. Trevena is one of the few men of real promise among the new recruits of English fiction.

The Soul of a Priest, by the Duke Litta, is an example of the most irritating

form of an author's intrusion. In no type of fiction is it so necessary to keep the novelist's personal bias out of

sight as in the religious novel. To the reader, the author's own, particular creed is of not the least importance; and for art's sake, it ought to be a carefully guarded secret, so that as you close the volume, you cannot guess, though you try, whether he be a Baptist, a Mohammedan, or an Atheist. The trouble with the Duke Litta's vigorous story of a young Catholic priest is that, try as you will, you cannot escape from the animosity of it. His antagonism is so deliberately flaunted in your face that even the best and most convincing episodes are in a measure marred by it; you feel him to be such a prejudiced witness that he has in a measure disqualified himself from testifying. And this is really a pity, because the story he had to tell is a powerful one, and the psychology of it painfully true and convincing, whether considered from the Catholic or the Protestant standpoint. Here, in a word, is the vital part of the story that the Duke Litta had to tell: an abnormally sensitive lad, educated at a monastic college, develops an hysterical fanaticism amounting al-

most to a religious frenzy. The fact of his mother's frailty and shamelessness, cruelly thrust upon him without warning, serves to intensify his dread of the outside world, his morbid longing for the seclusion of the cloister. Against the wishes of his father, against the advice of his few friends outside the church, he studies for the priesthood, and at last achieves his desire. And then begins his disillusion, his long, slow awakening to a knowledge that he has made a mistake, a knowledge that his faith in the Church is slipping from him, that peace lies only in owning his error and renouncing his vows. Now, whether the Church is at fault, or whether the young priest is alone to blame, is a matter that the reader should be left to judge for himself. The interest of the story lies in the struggle and awakening of a soul, not in an indictment of the Roman Catholic Church. As it is, the Duke Litta has succeeded in marring what is otherwise an unusually forceful book.

No such fault is to be found with *The Man of Yesterday*, by Mary Holland Kinkaid. It is an American Indian story, of a distinctly new type, picturing the Chickasaw Indian, as he is to-day, or rather as he was during the closing days of tribal rule, before the admission of Oklahoma as a State. One feels, upon closing the volume and mentally reviewing the substance of it, that the author not only knows intimately the race of which she writes, but that she secretly contrasts the modern college-bred Indian in many respects favourably with the white man. Yet if she has her prejudices and preferences, Miss Kinkaid carefully abstains from putting them directly into words, and contents herself, as good art demands, with allowing her narrative to speak for itself. Her heroine, Pakali, is the daughter of a white missionary, and on her mother's side traces back to a long line of Indian chiefs. She is loved by another Indian, Hattakowa, who is a distant kinsman; but his instincts and allegiance are all on the side of his own race, while in her the white strain often takes the upper hand. For this reason, when Arnold Stuart comes to the Terri-

tory, on governmental business, and meets and falls in love with Pakali, she responds to the call of her father's race, and marries him. Arnold, however, is a man who is incapable of lasting fidelity. He means to be true to Pakali; he even thinks that he will be willing to take her East with him, and introduce her as his wife; but when the time comes for him to go East, he leaves her; and with every passing month he finds it easier to invent new excuses for not returning. There comes a time when Pakali falls ill, and her life hangs on a chance. Three separate times her tribe send urgent messages for Stuart to return to her, although at her desire they make no mention of the child that has been born—because, if he will not come for her sake, she does not care to have him come at all. And when it becomes clear that Arnold not only will not return, but that he still poses as a single man and is paying court to another woman, of his own caste, Pakali's little son is formally adopted into the tribe, thus by Indian law definitely cutting off any claim to him on the part of his father. The story concludes with Stuart's tardy return, some years later; his meeting with his former rival, Hattakowa, and the latter's summary vengeance; and finally with Hattakowa's dramatic atonement for his crime. But to epitomise this rather exceptional book is to give only scant impression of the intensely Indian atmosphere which pervades it. The author has achieved a distinct triumph in taking us actually into the home life of the present-day Chickasaws, and in making us feel their attitude, their impulses, their standards of right and wrong. It is a noteworthy volume, not soon to be forgotten.

The Dissolving Circle, by Will Lillibridge, is a story of Sioux Falls, South

Dakota—"a city unlike any other on earth," so the author declares, "the battleground upon which a giant domestic problem

is daily fought." In other words, it is a study of the social life of those voluntary exiles, men and women, who are waiting for the monotonous months required by law to drag themselves along, until the divorce courts can give them their cov-

eted freedom. The central figure, however, is not one of those awaiting divorce, but a man seeking forgetfulness of the betrothed whom another and less worthy suitor has wrested from him. This other man, who has brought the girl to Sioux Falls, but with no intention of marrying her, having lately found it far too much trouble to rid himself of a former wife, to care to repeat the experiment, runs across the man he has supplanted, and at the outset of the volume these two have a most fantastic and dramatic contest of will power, neither realising who the other man is. The outcome of this struggle, which is ostensibly friendly, but really carried out in such grim earnest that their lives hang in the balance, symbolises the outcome of the story as a whole — which, although incidentally touching upon a dozen matrimonial tangles, concerns immediately the prolonged feud of these two men, who may be fairly well defined as personifications of self-indulgence and of self-sacrifice. Aside from a tendency to indulge in fantastic flights of fancy, the author on the whole keeps himself commendably in the background.

One thing to be said in favour of the class of fiction to which Justin Huntley McCarthy's new volume, *Seraphica*, belongs, is that the author is largely estopped by its very form from intruding.

The fact that it professes to be historical prevents him from intervening as Master of the Show—otherwise he would destroy the illusion of reality. But having conceded this, and having further admitted that *Seraphica* is very much the sort of book that we are entitled to expect from the author of *If I Were King*, a critic finds little more to say, either in praise or blame. It records certain adventures of a young prince of the house of Bapaume, whose family would have betrothed him to a young duchess of the rival house of St. Pol. But because the youth cares nothing for the lady he has never been, and thinks himself deeply in love with another woman, who happens at this time to be the mistress of the Prince Regent, he ungallantly sets forth secretly for the French capital, leaving

the youthful duchess to hide her chagrin as best she might. But, because she is a maiden of spirit as well as resource, and quite justifies her guardian's phrase for her, "a merry devil in petticoats," the Duchess Seraphica promptly dons doublet and hose, and sets forth in pursuit of her recreant suitor, fully determined upon his discomfiture. Mr. McCarthy makes, all things considered, the most of his opportunities offered by a plot so inherently improbable; and probably the one thing which saves us from a dramatisation of it is that the hero is made to cut a far too sorry figure to satisfy the requirements of the present-day matinee idol.

A group of short stories, strong, individual, admirable for their dramatic appeal and for their consistently objective treatment, are collected under the title of the first story, *The Footprint*, by Gouverneur Morris.

One might discuss at some length Mr. Morris's methods of fiction, for they are good methods, and might be studied with profit by many better known and far more prolific writers of to-day. But a far more direct and helpful treatment of the volume is simply to retell very briefly a single one of the tales—and not necessarily the best of them, either. Scene, an isolated farmhouse; time, between midnight and dawn; outside, a blizzard raging. The kitchen window slowly opens; a gaunt, storm-beaten figure, with frozen garments clinging to his shaking limbs, enters furtively, and with the familiarity of old habit makes his way to the room above. A little later, two women, mother and daughter, descend to the kitchen; both have been weeping, neither can sleep, for they know that the son and brother, who has been tried and condemned for murder, will be executed this morning, as soon as the hands of the kitchen clock have crawled around to the hour of six. Presently the gaunt old father, who for months has been bedridden with rheumatism, finds himself galvanised into activity by some strange instinct, and makes his way downstairs to the kitchen. Knowledge of his son's sin and doom has been kept from him, and being blind and almost stone deaf, he does

not see the women's tear-stained faces, nor hear the prayers they whisper as the hour of six draws near. But some sixth sense tells him that the house has been entered, that some one, some trespasser, is at this very moment in the room above. So, with a sort of patriarchal courage, the gaunt old cripple makes his way upstairs, and blind and deaf to all entreaty

or explanation, finds, seizes and with his great bony hands strangles to death, at the very hour ordained, the condemned murderer who had fled from justice, the son who had sought shelter under his father's roof. A grim little story, but technically almost without a flaw.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—VI

A DESCRIPTION OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THE MECHANICAL PRODUCTION
OF THE ORDINARY BOOK OF FICTION

PART III



IN the previous instalment under this head, which appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* some months ago, the mechanical work involved in the printing of the sheets was described. In the present article it is proposed to cover the final step, which is the binding. As was explained in the previous article, thirty-two pages comprise the usual "form," and this "form" of thirty-two pages is printed on each side of the sheet.

The sheets thus printed are now delivered to the binder, and for greater facility in folding, the binder cuts them in half, which gives a single sheet of thirty-two pages, sixteen on each side.

The sheets then go to the folding machine. This is a mechanical device which very cleverly folds the sheets into page form. The machine according to the dexterity of the feeder, will fold from 8,000 to 10,000 books per day of 320 pages, each book representing ten folded sheets or "signatures." If the book is to contain illustrations, these are now pasted on the signature in conjunction with which the illustration is to appear in the book. This has always been done by hand, but a machine has recently been perfected which does it with greater rapidity and even more exactness.

The next step is to "gather" these signatures from the piles which are taken from the folding machine—that is, the piles or stacks of the separate signatures are arranged on a table in their proper sequence; and they are then gathered, by hand, one signature from each pile, in their proper order, thus making up a complete book. An expert worker can gather in this way 1,000 books per day.

The books thus gathered are then placed in a machine which "smashes" them under a great pressure, and they now begin to assume the form of a compact volume.

Following this the books are sewed. This machine by a series of revolving arms carry the signatures to the needles, where they are sewed together in their proper order by a very cunning and rapid operation. It requires a particularly adept operator, and one machine will sew about 800 books per day.

Next the books are trimmed on the top, bottom and front edges, after which they are placed in the "rounding" and "backing" machine, which rounds the back of the book and makes the joint at the back edge on both sides, which gives the hinge-like effect to the cover.

A lining strip is now glued to the back and the book is ready to receive its "case" or cover.

The evolution of the "case" or cover

is peculiarly interesting, and the machine which makes the case is probably one of the most remarkable and perfect in its operation of all the mechanical devices used by the binder. By a purely mechanical operation the boards and the centre lining piece are lifted from feed bins by the principle of suction and are placed on the piece of cloth, which, by an independent operation, has been covered with paste. Then by another single operation of the machine the edges of the cloth are turned over the edges of the boards and smoothed down as perfectly as could be done by hand. It can be fairly said that the entire function of this machine is more than human in the perfection of its operation. The capacity of one machine is 4,000 "cases" or covers per day.

The "cases" now go to the stamping machines, on which the designs and titles are stamped. The ink effects are printed on the covers in practically the same way that the ordinary printing press accom-

plishes it, and where the design is "blanked" in, or stamped "blind"—that is, without colour—it is necessary to have the brass stamping die very hot. Where gold is used on the cover it is laid on by hand in sheets and stamped with a hot die, after which the superfluous portions are brushed off, leaving only the part that received the stamp.

The "case" being made, the book is now pasted on the front and back sheets, which are termed the linings, and set in the case, or "cased in." It is now a complete volume, and needs only to be put in the drying presses. These are machines in which the books are placed in alternating layers of books and "press boards," and are kept under this pressure until they are thoroughly dried, which requires from twelve to twenty-four hours.

The books are then taken from the presses and the wrappers or "jackets" placed on them, and they are ready for the shop.

Laurence Burnham.

A REVIEW OF SOME RECENT AND NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF BOOKMAKING



Among the volumes, in limited editions, which have been published during the past fall by Houghton, Mifflin and Company there are three which claim special attention for their attractive format aside from the subject-matter.

We mention, first, a tall quarto volume, on *Abraham Lincoln*.^{*} This is made up of four contributions as follows: On "The Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln," by Richard Watson Gilder, "The Por-

^{*}Abraham Lincoln. A Biographical Essay, by Carl Schurz. With an Essay on the Portraits of Lincoln, by Truman H. Bartlett. With eighteen illustrations in photogravure. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. MDCCCVII. Edition limited to 1,040 copies. Price, \$10.00 net.

traits of Abraham Lincoln," by Truman H. Bartlett, "The Hand of Abraham Lincoln: A Poem," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and "A Biographical Sketch," by Carl Schurz. While each of these is rather brief they possess new and peculiar interest and together form a splendid estimate of the personality of the man. The book contains a number of interesting and unusual plates, in photogravure, among them several portraits as curious as they are rare. In size the book is uniform with *The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey* and *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, which were brought out earlier in the year. The severely simple but excellent arrangement of the type is thoroughly satisfactory, although the title page might be criticised in some minor details. The book is bound in old-

blue boards, with a natural linen back, and a leather label. On the front cover is inserted a reproduction of a medallion of Lincoln which was struck in Paris in 1865, and which lends a certain effectiveness to the binding. Certainly in this series the publishers have evolved a dignified volume and format, and those that have thus far been published will have a real historical value.

Another volume which embodies many characteristics of good book-making has the title *Hydriotaphia, or Urne-Buriall*,* by Sir Thomas Browne. The publishers state that though this is perhaps not as well known as the author's *Religio Medici*, it has long been regarded by the best critics as his finest and most individual work and the one most sure to hold its place among the enduring masterpieces of classic English prose. The present volume is a reprint in almost exact type facsimile of the original edition which was issued in 1658. While the subject-matter is necessarily of a more or less gruesome nature it nevertheless possesses a curious interest, and one is impressed with the thoroughness with which the subject is covered. The publishers have very sensibly retained the archaic spelling of the first edition, which has a peculiar appropriateness. In size the book is a square thin quarto, printed on Arnold unbleached paper. The type page is very handsome and readable, and the italics, which are numerous, appear especially attractive with their swash capitals. Elucidating marginal notes appear frequently throughout the book. The binding is in full crimson leather, richly stamped in gold on both covers from a design reproduced from an English binding of the early nineteenth century.

The last volume of this trio is a very delightful historical account entitled *Earl Percy's Dinner-Table*,† by Harold Murdock. It presents a vivid picture of

Boston in the year of the opening of the Revolution, from the British point of view. It tells in a most alluring manner of the conversations around Earl Percy's hospitable board, which was mostly composed of prominent officers in the British army, and noted citizens of the town. Through their conversations we gain a clear insight into the picturesque and exciting life of those days. We are taken through the minor personal encounters between Tories and Patriots, until finally we reach the picture of the thrilling battles at Lexington and Bunker Hill. The atmosphere of the period has been remarkably suggested throughout the story, which holds the interest of the reader to the end. The book is a thin quarto, with very liberal margins, and presents an unusual opportunity for extra illustration. There is a frontispiece of Earl Percy, designed and engraved with particular artistic charm by Sidney L. Smith. The portrait is enclosed within an emblematic border containing a vignette of one of the dinner-table conversations. The typography suggests all the flavour and simplicity of the period which the story records and the binding is in plain crimson cloth, with a paper label.

A handy and attractive series of standard volumes has recently been inaugurated by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. They are entitled The "Prairie" Classics,* and thus far four volumes have been issued: *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott, and *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Oliver Twist*, by Charles Dickens. The volumes are small 12mos, very handy and compact in form, and well printed in a readable type on thin paper. Each volume contains a frontispiece, in full colour, and they are issued at the uniform price of \$1 each. They are neatly bound in green cloth, with the title stamped on the back in gold, with a gilt top.

The plan of the publishers is to complete the writings of each author, and to take up other standard writers as time goes on. *Laurence Burnham.*

**Hydriotaphia, Urne-Buriall*; or *A Discourse of the Sepulchral Urnes Lately Found in Norfolk.* By Sir Thomas Browne, D. of Physick. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907. Edition limited to 385 numbered copies. Price, \$7.50 net.

†*Earl Percy's Dinner-Table.* By Harold Murdock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907. Edition limited to 550 numbered copies. Price, \$5.00 net.

*The "Prairie" Classics: "*Kenilworth*," by Sir Walter Scott; "*Ivanhoe*," by Sir Walter Scott; "*A Tale of Two Cities*," by Charles Dickens; "*Oliver Twist*," by Charles Dickens. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00 each.

THE REWRITING OF HISTORY



KNOWLEDGE of the past has been greatly enlarged of late by the careful study of documents, and much that has hitherto passed for history has had to be rewritten in consequence. It is fortunate for the reader when the rewriting is done by men of letters. The difficulty with a work like the new *Political History of England*, as was suggested in a review of the earlier volumes in these pages, is that the mere student too often has the stage. That difficulty has been avoided in the main in the succeeding volumes. Certainly, no one could ask for a more entertaining book than this by Dr. Hodgkin,* carrying the story from the earliest times to the Norman Conquest. Nor could a more competent authority upon the period have been found. The materials are necessarily scanty, and Dr. Hodgkin does not attempt to go beyond them in drawing his picture of the times and the men. Perhaps he might now and then have trusted to his deductions with advantage. Tradition is, to be sure, a dubious guide, and the chroniclers themselves were given to romancing. Still, some weight may fairly be allowed to testimony from these sources. Dr. Hodgkin marshals the known facts with great skill, and brings out a number of valuable points more clearly than any of his predecessors. He shows, for example, that the Saxon Conquest was by no means a rapid one, and that the British made many a fierce stand against the invaders before they were finally driven into the west. Whether Arthur existed or not, there was undoubtedly a battle of Mount Badon. But up to the beginning of the eighth century much of our assumed information rests upon surmise. Even Bede has little to tell us of the events preceding the seventh century. Probably the wave of barbarism which spread over the land with the coming of

the Germans blotted out many a record we would gladly have. Fortunately, the characters and deeds of Alfred and Egbert and Canute and Harold are more familiar. Dr. Hodgkin's account of them is at once fair and sympathetic. It is possible, however, that he exaggerates the influence of the Norman Conquest. William brought evil as well as good to England, and, after all, it was the English strain which prevailed when the races had been fused.

The events succeeding the Conquest are admirably treated by Mr. H. W. C. Davis in the second volume of another *History of England*. His story of *England under the Normans and Angevins** takes the reader from 1066 to 1272. This is practically the period of which Professor Adams of Yale has already written in *The Political History*. Without attempting any direct comparison of the two volumes, it may be said that Mr. Davis has the clearer style and Professor Adams the more vivid gift of characterisation. The difference is well illustrated in the account of Stephen. Mr. Davis also places more emphasis upon the influence of the Norman Conquest than the facts seem to justify. But he is certainly no hero worshipper, as his estimates of the kings show. He does not credit Henry I. with any breadth of mind, and says that he and Rufus were alike "reformers by the accidents of their situation." The hypothesis is somewhat difficult to defend. It may be admitted that the first Henry was inferior to the second; but the admiration he excited among his contemporaries was not bestowed without reason. The name of Henry II. is popularly associated with that of Becket; and the struggle between the royal and papal power is in a sense the distinguishing note of the whole Norman and Angevin period. But of more consequence to the future of England were the legal and constitutional reforms of the reign. These, as Mr. Davis points out,

*The Political History of England. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., Litt.D. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

*England under the Normans and Angevins. By H. W. C. Davis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

explain the security of Henry's government under conditions of apparent weakness like those which prevailed in the days of the Tudors. Neither the indifference of Richard nor the misgovernment of John sufficed to undo them; and from them we may trace, not altogether fancifully, the promulgation of Magna Carta and the assembling of Simon de Montfort's Parliament. Not the least interesting chapters in the volume are those which deal with the social conditions of the period. There has been of late perhaps a natural reaction from what may be called the purely sociological conception of history; and writers of to-day, like those of a generation ago, are turning back to the elucidation of politics and describing with minute detail diplomatic disputes and military campaigns. The true method will be found in maintaining an even balance between the two methods, and this Mr. Davis has very nearly reached. His book gives evidence of considerable independent research and of scholarly thoroughness throughout. Within the limits he was constrained to observe, it is well-nigh a model of its kind.

Mr. Tout, in the third volume of *The Political History*,* begins with the accession of Henry III. and continues the narrative to the death of Edward III. This is a period of exceptional importance to students of the British Constitution, and no man is better qualified than Mr. Tout to deal with it. Unfortunately, he chooses to devote the greater part of the volume to the minute narration of battles and sieges. It may be said, of course, that these things cannot be ignored; but certainly they might have been more lightly treated. The birth and development of parliamentary institutions is, after all, the main issue, and for this reason the reign of Edward I. is more important than those of his immediate predecessors or successors. It may be safely assumed that with the democratic principles of a later age Edward could have had no sympathy. If he could have held the baronage in check by the mere power of the crown, he would no doubt

have done so. His claim to wise statesmanship lies in the fact that he perceived that "a body politic in which every class of the nation should have its part" offered the best means of strengthening the authority of the crown. He had a distinctly legal temper, and it led him to follow constitutional ideals. "He may have been wanting in originality or deep insight," says Mr. Tout, "yet it is impossible to dispute the verdict that has declared him to be the greatest of all the Plantagenets." Perhaps the best testimony to the value of his work is its endurance in the face of the disorganising forces let loose by his death. His impotent son, even his fiery grandson, were not the men to carry on his great designs. Nor was the age one of constitutional change only. Social and religious development also went on apace. There might be excuse for calling the thirteenth century the greatest single century in human history. It is to be wished that Mr. Tout had dwelt somewhat more minutely upon these aspects of the period. What he has to say, however, is always illuminating.

It is a long leap from the beginning of English Parliaments to the beginning of the Spanish Inquisition, though the philosophic historian might be able to bridge the distance with some demonstration of cause and effect. The reader who turns to Dr. Henry Charles Lea's substantial volumes, however, will feel that he is in a world apart from the main currents of history. *A History of the Inquisition of Spain** will unquestionably remain for many years the last word on the subject, so far as there is ever a last word. It is a subject which Dr. Lea has made peculiarly his own. The present work shows how scrupulously and minutely he has examined every document. No other English writer has gone over the ground in this thorough fashion; nor is any Spanish writer to be followed as implicitly on the whole. Llorente's *Historia Crítica de la Inquisición de España* is, of course, now out of date, and his successors, if more honest, have usually been hardly less partisan. There is, it is true, a certain bias in Dr. Lea's mind. A Protestant,

*The Political History of England. 1216-1377. By T. F. Tout, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

*A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. In four volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

after all, cannot write except as a Protestant. But he conceals nothing; he sets down the facts as they are; and those who do not agree with him may find their arguments, if they will, in his pages. Such a method of writing history is beyond praise. It is to be wished, however, that Dr. Lea's style were always as lucid as his thought. Nor in the matter of arrangement is he impeccable. The early chapters in the first volume deal with the Jews and Conversos, and give a summary of conditions preceding the advent of Torquemada, but in so haphazard a manner that the unskilled reader is confused rather than enlightened. When the actual organisation of the Inquisition is described the narrative becomes clearer. Dr. Lea emphasises the former disinclination of the Spaniards for persecution; for three centuries the punishment of heresy had been administered only in the mildest manner in Aragon, during which time it was unknown in Castile. There were various reasons for this, among them the friendly relations and frequent intermarriages between Spaniards, Jews and Moors. Yet from the logical point of view—and the Middle Ages were logical to excess—there was every argument for the disciplining of the heretic. To ecclesiastical motives were added patriotic; Fernando and Isabella recognised the fact that from religious unity national unity would come. Dr. Lea gives a vivid picture of the growing hatred between the Jews and the Christians. He shows, too, the economic loss entailed by the expulsion of the Jews. But it is clear that to a people with a great moral issue, as this seemed to the Spaniards to be, such considerations would make only a partial appeal. The new engine of persecution was dreaded and hated at first, and even after it had been well established there was constant friction between the inquisitors and the secular clergy, and appeals to Rome were frequent. But step by step the power of the Holy Office became consolidated. In the later volumes, dealing with the matters of jurisdiction, organisation, resources and practice, Dr. Lea relates with much minuteness the processes by which the Inquisition became supreme throughout Spain, even, for a time, over the bishops themselves. It is no exag-

geration to say that no more remarkable system was ever devised by the wit of man. The summary of its results in the fourth volume gives the reader an excellent general view of the subject.

While Spain was thus held in the thralldom of the Dark Ages, the rest of the world was moving on. How rapidly it was moving even shrewd observers did not guess until in France a bloody revolution overturned the *ancien régime*. In that bewildering *débacle* the whole civilisation of Europe was involved. To England it was a transforming force. The struggle against Napoleon consolidated the British Empire and made insular remoteness forever impossible. Naturally, the eleventh volume of *The Political History of England*,* covering the period from 1801 to 1837, has much to say of the progress of events on the Continent; but the authors (it has been left to Mr. Fotheringham to complete the late Mr. Brodrick's work) wisely confine themselves to a reasonable brevity in narrating such matters as Napoleon's campaigns or the naval fights between Great Britain and the United States. These have been treated at great length so often that the details may safely be taken for granted. They are thus treated, for instance, in the ninth volume of *The Cambridge Modern History*,† which takes its name from the protagonist in the struggle. It is difficult for us, even with the help of the countless histories and memoirs which have been poured forth, to appreciate the dominance of Napoleon over the imagination of his time. And if his contemporaries were hampered by the personal equation, we are equally hampered by the lack of it. On the whole, however, the less favourable estimate of the man seems likely to prevail. No modern scholar attempts the easy rôle of panegyrist. Napoleon failed because he deserved to fail. Puffed up with pride, he made two fatal mistakes—the com-

*The Political History of England. 1801-1837. By the Hon. George C. Brodrick and J. K. Fotheringham, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

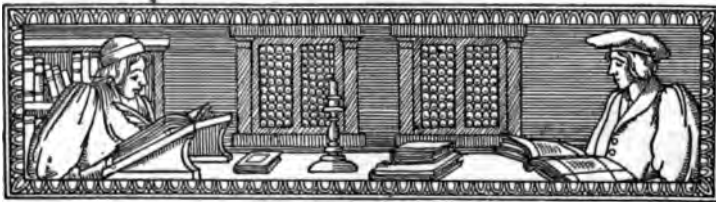
†The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton and edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero and Stanley Leathes. Volume IX. Napoleon. New York: The Macmillan Company.

mercial war with Great Britain and the attack on the liberties of Spain. In *The Cambridge Modern History* all the phases of his career are described with scrupulous diligence and accuracy. The work, as readers of *THE BOOKMAN* know, is being written by a number of scholars under the editorship of three Cambridge men. Among the contributors to the present volume are MM. Pariset and Guiland, General Keim, Dr. von Pflugk-Hartung and Messrs. H. W. Wilson, A. W. Ward, H. A. L. Fisher, Charles Oman, J. Holland Rose and W. H. Hutton. Something is lost, of course, in such variety of authorship; but good editing will reduce the loss to a minimum. *The Cambridge Modern History* is an undertaking honourable to British scholarship and worthy of all praise.

After Napoleon was safely bestowed at St. Helena the development of England took another direction; and—to return to the eleventh volume of *The Political History*—the pressure of the demand for reform increased so rapidly that even the reactionary forces of the later Georgian era could not withstand it. The kings of the period are not engaging figures. The third George was an honest man, but he

lost his reason for good in 1810, and lingered on the stage thereafter a pitiful wraith of his old self. As for the fourth George, the less said the better. Possibly he had some kingly qualities; his apologists have endeavoured to make us think so; but he could retain neither affection nor respect, and his influence in public affairs, so far as he chose to exert it, was distinctly deleterious. Nor was the fourth William a king to provoke enthusiasm. He had a certain kindness and sincerity, however, that have made him less than contemptible to posterity. However, the real interest of the time lies in the social and economic changes that were going on. Too much has been made of the Reform Bill, no doubt; it was a measure defective in many ways. Still, its passage was a long step toward the political regeneration of the nation. The authors of this volume deal with this and all other controversial matters in a conservative spirit. They have their own opinions, to be sure, but in the main they succeed in preserving a philosophic detachment from mere partisanship. *Theirs* is one of the best contributions so far to an excellent work.

Edward Fuller.



THE BOOK MART

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BELLES-LETTRES

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons.

In discussing this movement the author gives a series of essays in which he considers such writers as Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de L'isle-Adam, Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue, Stéphane Mallarmé, Joris Karl Huysmans and Maurice Maeterlinck. A bibliography of the works of each writer has been given and also notes containing various particulars which the author thinks are likely to be useful in fixing more definitely the personal characteristics of these writers.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Essays of Francis Bacon. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Mary Augusta Scott, Ph.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature in Smith College.

In this edition the text of James Spedding has been used, with the omission of his Latin notes and the substitution of Dr. Scott's own notes for many of Mr. Spedding's English notes. The editor has prepared an introduction consisting of two parts; one a sketch of Bacon's life and the other a review of his work.

VERSE

Bessette and Son:

Sons of the Sun. By Martha Virginia Burton.

A volume of short poems divided in three parts. Part First, "America"; Part Second, "The Alder Bough" (which relates to the Norse and the North), and Part Third, "Miscellaneous." In all about eighty poems.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Poisoned Lake and Other Poems. By Alanson Hartpence.

A volume containing the first work of a young poet. The book takes its title from the first poem. The shorter poems deal principally with the ever-changing moods of human nature and human love.

The Rebellion of Hell. By James Wynkoop. An epic poem in twelve cantos.

Richard G. Badger:

Songs of Many Days. By Florence Evelyn Pratt.

Pocket Tokens and Other Poems. By Vernon Wade Wagar.

Weeds and Wild Flowers. By Mowry Bell.

Lyrics and Idyls. By Nellie C. T. Herbert.

Poems. By Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.

An Illuminated Way and Other Poems.

By Frances Coan Percy.

Out of the Depths. By Carrie B. Vaughan.

The Secret of the Statue and Other Verse.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Each volume a collection of short poems.

Brentano's:

Two in Arcadia. By Lucine Finch.

The passion of two lovers expressed in verse and illustrated in colour. As one of the interesting features of the book, the publishers note a new departure in the way of illustrating. They state that Miss Finch is not an artist and that the illustrations accompanying the poem were all cut by her from pieces of coloured paper and pasted together to get the effects which the pictures show.

The Search of Belisarius. By Percy Stickney Grant.

A Byzantine legend which tells the story of the blind Belisarius's search over the world for his child and how after sorrow and suffering he finds the boy among a group of children to whom he is relating how one, Belisarius, saved Rome from Gothic invasion.

Robert Grier Cooke, Inc.:

Rosemary. By Edith Abercrombie-Miller.

A volume of short poems.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Scallop Shell of Quiet. By Caroline Hazard.

A volume of devotional poems containing forty Lenten sonnets, an Interlude of fifteen poems, and eight final sonnets, forming a Cycle of Grief over the death of a friend.

Kyler and Son:

Short Poems. By Grant Kyler, the Printer-Poet.

A collection of about fifteen short poems on various themes, all tending to help the reader to look on the bright side of life.

The Macmillan Company:

The Golden Hynde and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes.

In addition to some pieces that have been published in magazines the volume contains a considerable amount of work that has not heretofore been printed.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Through Italy with the Poets. An Anthology. By Robert Haven Schauffler.

The editor has gathered together many poems on Italy from the different nations and centuries and arranged them in the order of a natural tour from Verona and Milan across the lakes to the Riviera, down the western side through Florence, Rome and Naples to Reggio, and up the eastern side, through Taranto, Ancona and Venice to Asolo.

The Outing Publishing Company:

A Bundle of Myrrh. By John G. Neihardt.
A Sequence of Songs and Chants.

The Pacific Short Story Club:

A Song of Autumn and Other Poems. By Henry Meade Bland.

A collection of about sixty short poems reprinted from various magazines. The volume contains an introduction by George Wharton James, giving an account of the poet's life.

The Poet Lore Company:

The Breath of the Mountains. By Beverley Doran.

A collection of short poems.

The Post Publishing Company:

The Path of Years. By Mary A. P. Stansbury.

A volume containing about seventy-five short poems reprinted from various magazines.

Grant Richards:

The Lover's Hours. By Filson Young.
A volume of ten short poems.

The Stone and Barringer Company:

Lyrics from Cotton Land. By John Charles McNeill.

A collection of short poems some of which have already appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

La Comédia Classique en France. Arranged as a Reader with Vocabulary. By Edith Healy.

A reader designed to stimulate the in-

terest of high school pupils in the study of the masterpieces of French comedy. The book is not intended to supply all that is required at the college examination, and its selections, therefore, are not complete plays, but extracts illustrating celebrated comedies.

German Stories Retold. Edited for School Use by James R. Kern and Minna M. Kern.

Thirteen of Grimm's Fairy Tales have here been retold in a manner suitable for the young beginner. As an aid to fix the language more firmly in the memory, and to cultivate conversation and narration, questions are given on each story.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Æneid of Virgil. Books VII-XII. Translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard.

A translation of the last six books of this Latin Classic. Mr. Ballard made a translation of the first six books some years ago.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Selections from Chaucer. Edited with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary by Edwin A. Greenlaw, Ph.D.

The Lake English Classics. In the introduction is given a description of England in Chaucer's time, a sketch of the poet's life, a chapter on pronunciation, one on inflection, and one on versification. There is also a bibliographical note.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

The McClure Company:

Jean Jacques Rousseau. By Jules Lemaitre. Translated by Jeanne Mairat.

A series of lectures which were delivered by Jules Lemaitre on the life and work of Jean Jacques Rousseau. According to the author, this is not a "critical biography" of Rousseau, his chief object being "the history of his sentiments."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Charles the Bold. Last Duke of Burgundy. By Ruth Putnam.

The latest edition to the Heroes of the Nations Series. Following chapters on the childhood and youth of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, the story is told how he humbled the pride of Louis XI and compelled him to accede to the terms of the insurgent Burgundian nobles, how he dreamed of establishing, by the aid of his sword, a kingdom between France and Germany, and of his failure to accomplish this owing to the strength of his arch foe Louis XI.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne.
Edited from the Original MS. by M.
Charles Nicoullaud.

This is the third and last volume of the *Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne* and covers the years from 1820 to 1830. Altogether the three volumes touch on a period of nearly fifty years, from 1871 until 1830, and give a vivid idea of the whole period. In this new volume the Comtesse describes the latter years of Louis XVIII, the reign of Charles X, and especially the events of the Revolution of July, 1830, which made Louis Philippe King of the French.

DRAMA

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Elizabethan Drama. Two Volumes. By
Felix E. Schelling.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Macmillan Company:

The Scarecrow or the Glass of Truth. A
Tragedy of the Ludicrous. By Percy
Mackaye.

The first prose drama by Mr. Mackaye. It is described as an imaginative study of New England temperament, as a local phase of broader human psychology. The scene is laid in New England in the witchcraft days of the seventeenth century.

The Poet Lore Company:

Thekla. A Drama. By Aileen Cleveland
Higgins.

Thekla, a young maid of Iconium, becomes impressed with the teaching of the apostle Paul and gives up her lover and her luxurious home to lead the life of a priestess, spreading the gospel of Christ. After being baptized by Paul she goes to Antioch, where she is ridiculed and taken for a dancing girl. Committing what was considered an act of sacrilege against the high priest, she is taken prisoner and sentenced to appear in the arena before the wild beasts. Here she is protected from the fury of the animals by a divine power, and when it is found that she cannot be harmed the throng is greatly impressed and she is released and permitted to proceed on her mission.

The Shakespeare Society of New York:

Hamlet and the Ur-Hamlet. (The Text of the Second Quarto of 1604, with a conjectural Text of the alleged Kyd Hamlet preceding it.) With an Introduction by Appleton Morgan, A.M., LL.B., Columbia.

In the series of *The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare*.

RELIGION, SCIENCE

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Discovery of the Soul. Out of Mysticism, Light and Progress. By Floyd B. Wilson.

In this volume an attempt is made to reveal the plane progressive man has obtained on his ascent toward freedom, and to throw light on the path leading through mysticism to the discovery of those unused powers within the soul which duly appropriated give expression to the divine in man.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Psychology of Inspiration. An Attempt to Distinguish Religious from Scientific Truth and to Harmonize Christianity with Modern Thought. By George Lansing Raymond.

The author tells us that this book is the outgrowth of an endeavour to find a way in which all that is essential to the methods and results of scientific and historic research can be accepted, while, at the same time, nothing that is essential to the theory or practice of religion need be rejected.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company:

Mental Healing. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

A new edition. The author here presents the results of his experience derived from many years of constant study of mental influences and their physical effects, in a practice of wide extent, maintained among people of high grades of intelligence, where the action of the mind could be observed in all its varying phases.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Avesta Eschatology. Compared with the Books of Daniel and Revelations. By Dr. Lawrence H. Mills.

Supplementary to the author's book *Zarathushtra, Philo, the Achæmendis and Israel.*

Privately Printed:

A Reasonable Way to Study the Bible. By Isabella T. Redfield.

The author has prepared this little volume of questions, grouped under various headings, as an aid to Bible students in becoming familiar with the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles.

Privately Printed:

A New Gospel. By Persona.

Part I deals with the spirit of Christ on religious subjects, and Part II with His spirit on social topics.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Sphere of Religion. A Consideration of its Nature and its Influence upon the Progress of Civilization. By Frank Sargent Hoffman.

The author at the outset explains what is meant by religion and then traces out the steps of its development from the rudest forms to be found among savages to the more exalted conceptions of to-day. A considerable portion of the work is devoted to an account of the various Sacred Books that have attained prominence in the course of history, beginning with those of the Babylonians and Egyptians, and coming down to those of our own time and country. There are chapters describing the relation of religion to the general progress of mankind.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared. The Gould Prize Essays. Second Edition, Revised and Supplemented with Appendices Originally accompanying the Essays and a Composite Bibliography Covering the General Literature of the Subject. Edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D.D.

In November of 1903, growing out of a correspondence on the subject with a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, Miss Helen Gould offered through Dr. White, president of the Bible Teachers Training School, three prizes for the best essays on the double topic, first, "The Origin and History of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church"; second, "The Origin and History of the American Revised Version of the English Bible." The contest closed October 1, 1904, and the three essays which appear in this volume were chosen by competent judges not only for their historical accuracy but also for their adaptability to the average reader.

Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions:

The Unfinished Task of the Christian Church. Introductory Studies in the Problem of the World's Evangelization. By James L. Barton.

One of the series of text-books published by the Student Volunteer Movement for the use of voluntary mission study classes in the institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada.

Islam. A Challenge to Faith. Studies on the Mohammedan Religion and the Needs and Opportunities of the Mohammedan World from the Standpoint of Christian Missions. By Samuel M. Zwemer, F.R.G.S.

The purpose of this book is to present Islam as a challenge to the faith and enterprise of the church. Its argument,

as summarised in the preface, is as follows: "Islam, the greatest of all the non-Christian religions, is not of divine but of human origin, although so widely extended, and it is wholly inadequate, in spite of much that is true, to meet man's needs intellectually, spiritually, or morally, as proved by its own history; therefore the present condition of Moslem lands, with their unprecedented opportunities and crises, and the work which has already been accomplished, are a challenge to evangelise the whole Mohammedan world in this generation."

The Vedanta Society:

The Gospel of Ramakrishna.

The life and teachings of Sir Ramakrishna expounded by one of his devoted disciples.

The Vir Publishing Company:

Five Minute Object Sermons to Children. Through Eye-Gate and Ear-Gate into the City of the Child-Soul. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

A revised edition. The volume contains forty-three brief sermons which grew out of the necessity found in the author's own parish of inventing a means of securing the attendance of young people at the Church service. The objects used in illustrating these sermons have been chosen from among the ordinary things of every-day life.

Young People's Missionary Movement:

The Challenge of the City. By Josiah Strong.

A volume in the Forward Mission Study Courses. A study of the large city of to-day from a social, religious and political standpoint. It treats of the modern city as a menace and gives the Christian solution of the problem.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Schwinn A. Brant:

Encyclopædia of Mississippi History. Two Volumes. By Dr. Dunbar Rowland.

In compiling this work of reference Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, has established a precedent that may with profit be followed by other State historians. From the archives of the State of Mississippi and from other sources he has completed, in two large volumes, each numbering over a thousand pages, a work whose purpose is "to give a concrete knowledge of the State of Mississippi as a political division of the United States." Dr. Rowland has included many biographies of men who have made history for the State of Mississippi and has incorporated much in-

teresting material outside the strictly historical field. The form of the work is encyclopædic, and its alphabetical arrangement makes it convenient for consultation. Mississippi being a typical Southern State, one who makes an intelligent study of its history has a pretty thorough knowledge of the evolution and development of the South. Such a study is made possible by this Encyclopædia.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

A Guide to the West Indies and Bermudas.
By Frederick A. Ober.

Mr. Ober, who began his study of the West Indies about thirty years ago and who has visited and is intimately acquainted with every island in the archipelago that is worthy the attention of the traveller, has from his vast storehouse of information prepared a guide-book to the Bermudas, Bahamas, Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, Haiti and Santo Domingo, the Danish, Virgin, Dutch, French Leeward and Windward Islands, Barbados and Trinidad, and has given in a convenient form all the details which a tourist desires as to routes, hotels, rates, places of interest, the history and present condition of the islands, their flora and fauna, commerce, natural resources, etc. The volume is illustrated and contains many coloured maps.

Harper and Brothers:

Juan Ponce De Leon. By Frederick A. Ober.

In the series of Heroes of American History. A history of his adventurous and romantic life spent in fighting and exploring among the islands of the New World. It tells of his many daring exploits, including his quest for the Fountain of Youth.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

In Korea with Marquis Ito. By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D.

The book consists of two parts: the first, "A Narrative of Personal Experiences"; the second, "A Critical and Historical Inquiry." The author spent a number of months in Korea with Marquis Ito and gives an account not only of his personal experiences, but of present conditions in that country. He also tells of the missions and missionaries, of the resources and finance, education and public justice, foreigners and foreign relations, and discusses many other interesting topics.

Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation. 1606-1646. Edited by William T. Davis.

A new volume in the Original Narratives of Early American History. In the course of his introduction Mr. Davis says, "*The History of Plymouth Plantation*, begun by Governor Bradford about

the year 1630, and coming down to 1648, has a value which it is impossible to exaggerate. Without it the history of Plymouth colony, now so complete, would have been, so far as its early years are concerned, involved in mystery."

The Old Dominion. Her Making and Her Manners. By Thomas Nelson Page.

An account of the early history and later development of Virginia and of the men and women and the manners and customs that grew up in it. The following titles of the various chapters will indicate the scope of the book: "The Beginning of America," "Jamestown," "The Revolutionary Movement," "Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia," "The Southern People During Reconstruction," "The Old Dominion Since the War," "An Old Neighborhood in Virginia," and "An Old Virginian Sunday."

A History of the United States Navy. By John R. Spears.

The author undertakes the task of setting forth the whole history of our navy, describing all the important naval battles and showing how the nation has been affected at certain times by the work of its naval ships and at other times by the want of such a force. Mr. Spears also discusses facts and conditions which have at various times created public opinion in favour of or against the employment of a navy. In conclusion he has devoted a chapter to "Ten Years of Naval Development."

Unity Publishing Company:

Round About Chicago. By Louella Chapin.

A story describing many interesting and picturesque bits of country in and about Chicago. There are twenty-eight full-page half-tones and some sixty smaller pictures, all from photographs made for the book.

Whittet and Shepperson:

Williamsburg, the Old Colonial Capital. By Lyon Gardiner Tyler, LL.D.

A detailed account of this old town which succeeded Jamestown as the capital of Virginia.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Measure of the Rule. By Robert Barr.

A Canadian story, the scenes being chiefly in and around Toronto. The hero, young Prentiss, who tells the story himself, becomes a school-teacher and gives an account of his struggles and the outcome of it all.

Old Wives for New. By David Graham Phillips.

A story which deals with the subject of unmated marriage. The author describes the matrimonial indifferences of a wealthy young man and woman of the Middle West.

An American Patrician, or The Story of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Mr. Lewis tells in the form of an interesting narrative of the incidents in the adventurous life and career of this prominent figure in American history. The book also affords an acquaintance with many of Burr's associates.

Richard G. Badger:

In Charge of the Consul. By Ella F. Padon.

An account of the amusing experiences, adventures and love affairs of five American girls during a year spent in Germany under the guardianship of the American Consul, who is the uncle of one of the girls.

Kedar Kross. A Tale of the North Country. By J. Van Der Veer Shurts.

A romance of the North Country, the scenes being laid on both sides of the Canadian border. The author gives some interesting pen pictures of the forests and lakes and tells stories of camp life in that section of the country. He also brings into the story a vivid description of the battle of Gettysburg.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Proposals to Kathleen. A Maiden Meditation. By Lucy Clifford.

Kathleen, at eight and twenty is perfectly reconciled to marrying a man with whom she is not in love, but whom she says is "clever, well-off, fairly well-off that is, well-connected, well-placed, and on the whole will suit me precisely." On the eve of her wedding she takes a farewell to maidenhood, going through many letters each containing a proposal, criticising each suitor in turn and destroying their letters.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Stuff of a Man. By Katharine Evans Blake.

A story dealing with the Negro problem in Southern Indiana. There are two factions at work in the town, headed by representative men, one for and the other against the Negro. Carl Hardesty, a young Kentuckian, who has come into possession of a fortune left him by his aunt upon the condition that he will carry on her work among the Negroes, comes into the field and bends all his efforts to the furthering of the cause.

The Lady of the Mount. By Frederic S. Isham.

Lady Elise, daughter of the governor

of the "Mount," a great rock on the northwestern coast of France, on the top of which is a government fortress, is the heroine of this story of love and adventure in the time of the French Revolution. As a young girl, she makes the acquaintance of a boy, seemingly a poor peasant. They are both greatly impressed, but do not meet again until they have grown to manhood and womanhood, when the boy reappears as a daring fellow, known as the Black Seigneur, an enemy of the loyalists but friend of the peasants. The hero goes through many hard places, but wins in the end and marries the governor's daughter despite arrangements made years before for her marriage to a nobleman.

Cassell and Company:

A Hole in the Coat. By Charles Eddy.

The scene of this love story is laid in England. Lady Patricia Bewley is the character about which interest centres and she devotes much of her time and money to stock gambling. This is the means of causing her love affair to run along anything but smoothly.

Cupples and Leon Company:

In Mary's Reign. By Baroness Orczy.

The scenes are laid in London and its suburbs in the time of Queen Mary's reign. A wealthy peer, the Duke of Wessex, rescues a young gypsy girl, Mirrab, from the hands of a gang of ruffians. He is struck with the resemblance of the gypsy girl to Lady Minta, to whom he is engaged in accordance with an arrangement made by their parents. The duke dismisses the affair from his mind, but Mirrab falls deeply in love with her hero. She attends a social affair at which the Duke of Wessex is present, and enters into a quarrel with a member of the Spanish Ambassador's suite. In a frenzy she stabs the nobleman and rushes from the place. Wessex witnesses the scene and thinks he recognises Lady Minta. Surprised and shocked, he surrenders himself as the guilty one and is taken prisoner. The duke has many trying experiences, but eventually Mirrab confesses her guilt and all ends happily for the Duke of Wessex and his Lady Minta.

The Man in the Basement. By Baron Palle Rosenkrantz.

The leading character is Holger Nielson, a young Dane, who comes to London and rents a house. He is imbued with the spirit of a detective and much interested in the study of criminology. This leads to the discovery of a crime which has been committed, the body of the victim having been hidden in the basement of the house he had rented. The woman he loves is also involved in the mystery.

The Iron Lord. By S. R. Crockett.

The scene of the story is laid in a mining district in the northern part of England. Jacon Romer, the unscrupulous ironmaster, is the chief character and the story tells of his cruel treatment of his family, a wife and daughter, and of his subsequent repentance.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Gertrude Elliot's Crucible. By Mrs. George Sheldon Downs.

The story of a wealthy young girl who is reduced to poverty through the baseness of her guardian. He confesses his deceit. She forgives him and starts out to earn a living as housekeeper in a wealthy family. She is wonderfully patient and unaffected through it all. Hugh Spencer, the son of the woman for whom she kept house, falls in love with Gertrude and marries her. Her guardian, now repentant, is the means of having her fortune restored.

The Sacred Herb. By Fergus Hume.

A murder is discovered and Mona Chent, found unconscious in her uncle's room, is accused of the crime. In the trial, though the evidence is circumstantial, everything points towards the niece's guilt. She claims having gone to her uncle's room in an endeavour to make peace with him after a quarrel, but that upon entering the room was overcome by a "sweet, sickly scent like a tuberose." This forms a clue to the solving of the mystery by Lord Prelice. He is reminded of the ceremonials of some savages he had encountered in his travels who employed the "sacred herb." This herb when burnt gave forth the odour of the tuberose, and to inhale the fumes meant unconsciousness. This turns suspicion from Mona Chent to an East Indian fortune-teller, who was in the house at the time of the murder, and leads to the unravelling of the mystery and the vindication of the niece.

The Sealed Message. By Fergus Hume.

A young maiden held captive by a guardian, who plots to gain control of her fortune and says she is insane, sends a "sealed message" in the form of a phonograph record hurrying down the stream running by the house in which she is imprisoned. This appears to be an appeal to some fairy prince to come to her aid. It is picked up by two young men out fishing, one a lawyer and the other a poet. The poet falls in love with the maiden, contrives a meeting, and is welcomed as her prince. The many mysteries are solved by the poet and his friend, after which the poet weds the charming maiden.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

On the Knees of the Gods. By Anna Bowman Dodd.

A story of love and romance, the scenes of which are laid mostly in Athens. Ion, the son of a wealthy merchant, falls in love with the beautiful slave Maia. Ion's parents oppose such a union, and when the war with Syracuse breaks out he is sent away to battle. Thus the lovers are for a time separated. Maia is freed and becomes immensely wealthy. She goes off to seek Ion and finds him ill and in prison, but she nurses him back to health and together they return to Athens. After a desperate search Maia discovers that she is the long-lost daughter of an Athenian aristocrat. This removes all obstacles to her marriage with Ion.

Lord of the World. By Robert Hugh Benson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Love Me Little, Love Me Long. By Charles Reade.

A new edition in the Large Print Library. In the introduction is given a short sketch of the author's life.

The Soul of a Priest. By the Duke Litta.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Forest Playfellow. A Story. By E. K. Sanders.

A little English lad, brought up in the lively home of his aunt, is suddenly transported to his father's estate, which is literally a home in the forest. Father and son know little of each other, the former having spent most of his time in travel. The boy, left to his own resources, ventures to acquaint himself with the forest, but is at first frightened by its denseness and silence. In his lonesomeness the "forest playfellow," or his dream-companion, which is the spirit of his father's dead brother, comes to his aid, teaching him courage and many other manly traits.

Empire Book Company:

Hill Rise. By W. B. Maxwell.

The story of life in a suburb of London with its select, though much impoverished, society of the Hill looking down upon the prosperous tradespeople. The theme of the story is the struggle of a well-to-do contractor, who had given his daughter the education of a lady, to force her into the exclusive society of Hill Rise. His opportunity comes when Hill Rise, the fashionable residential section, is offered for sale and he is the only man of the town possessed of sufficient funds to purchase the property. Jack Vincent, after his father,

Sir John Vincent, is compelled to part with "Hillcrest" and other property on the Hill, showed himself the man and sought employment of the contractor.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Epsom Mystery. By Headon Hill.

The story is laid in England with its principal scene of action the famous race track. Leopold Tannadyce and Lord Hooligan plot the ruin of Lord Charles Roylance through the poisoning of his colt Starlight which he expects to enter in a race in the hope of redeeming his fortune.

Harper and Brothers:

The Judgment of Eve. By May Sinclair.

Aggie Purcell, the belle in a country town of England, hesitates a long while in making up her mind which man to marry among a number of suitors, none of whom she really loves. The choice lies between a prosperous sheep-rancher from Australia and a struggling London clerk of literary tendencies. Aggie, who also has glimmerings of the intellectual life, shrinks from the sheep-rancher and marries the poetical clerk. They attempt to live the intellectual life in a London flat.

Seraphica. A Romance. By Justin McCarthy.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Cat and the Canary. By Margaret Cameron.

Guests have been invited to spend the night when the young wife suddenly remembers that her best lingerie is in the wash and in desperation insists that her husband must help her out of the difficulty. This leads him to climb into a back yard and help himself from his neighbour's clothesline. He pins a five-dollar bill to the line "by way of rental." He is caught in the act and the man whose yard he has entered proves to be a friend of his guests. They are invited into the house, and only his quick wits save the awkward situation. He invents a trick to rid himself of the garment concealed under his coat, and no one but the owner of the house suspects the truth, and he admires the young man's quick wits, appreciates the ludicrous situation and helps him out of it.

The Greater Mischief. By Margaret Westrup.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Fennel and Rue. By William Dean Howells.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Lost Goddess. By Edward Barron.

A story of love and adventure, recounting the many thrilling experiences

of a party of Americans who leave New York on a steam yacht in search of a lost goddess at the headwaters of the Amazon.

Arkinsaw Cousins. A Story of the Ozarks. By J. B. Ellis.

The scene is in a small town situated among the Ozark Hills of Missouri, and portrays the every-day life and character of its inhabitants. The cousins are all members of the Thornberry family, though of vastly different standing in the community.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Reaping. By Mary Imlay Taylor.

A story dealing with the political and social life of Washington. The interest is centred in the struggle of William Fox, a political leader, between his love for a young girl, Rose Temple, who returns his love, and his supposed sense of duty to Margaret White, a brilliant and beautiful woman who had previously rejected him for the sake of wealth and position, but who flings both away and divorces herself from her husband in the endeavour to find happiness with the man she loves.

The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. By Roman Doubleday.

A prominent lawyer in a small town is found dead and suspicion points to another young lawyer, who was known to have quarrelled with Fullerton. The evidence is all circumstantial, but Lawrence is arrested. A local reporter, who happened to have been on Hemlock Avenue at the time the crime was committed, follows up the many clues and eventually solves the mystery and clears his friend Lawrence.

The Macmillan Company:

The Iron Heel. By Jack London.

A story of Socialism. The narrative is supposed to be contained in a manuscript written by the wife of one of the leaders of a Social Revolution supposed to have taken place about 1912, and to have continued for several tragic years. This manuscript, however, was not discovered until a couple of centuries afterward.

The Heart of a Child. Being Passages from the Early Life of Sally Snape, Lady Kidderminster. By Frank Danby.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The McClure Company:

The House of the Lost Court.

After leasing an old English mansion, the occupants, an American girl and her mother, discover that a mystery surrounds the place. From village gossip they learn that the old mansion, besides

the two interior courts which it possesses, has also a third court, which was walled up centuries ago, but which is still in existence. This eventually leads to the unveiling of the mystery of the "lost court." They discover that the court is inhabited by a young nobleman, who, having been unjustly convicted of a crime, took this means of secluding himself. The young man is cleared of all suspicion, gives up his secret, and marries the American girl who discovered his hiding place.

Tangled Wedlock. By Edgar Jepson.

Iselt, the daughter of Mrs. Haviland Brent, the patroness of a literary and artistic set which called itself "The Circle," is the heroine of Mr. Jepson's new story. She has no sympathy with "The Circle" and its interests, with the exception of a young sculptor whom she deems its only presentable member. They fall in love and marry, but keep the fact a secret owing to a marriage which the sculptor had contracted about six years previous and which he suddenly remembers. Her matrimonial affairs are varied and become greatly tangled, but work out in a happy ending.

The Sisters. By Mrs. Percy Dearmer.

A story dealing with the lives of two daughters of an English nobleman and the consequences entailed upon them through the misdeeds of their father.

Folks Back Home. By Eugene Wood.

A series of short stories of life in Central Ohio, dealing with the same conditions and the same types of character as the author's earlier book, "Back Home."

The Vermilion Pencil. A Romance of Old China. By Homer Lea.

The author is a lieutenant-general of the Chinese Reform Army, and knows China and the Chinese people intimately. For the hero in this romance he takes a young Breton priest who falls in love with the girl-wife of a wealthy mandarin. They elope and flee to the wilderness, but are pursued and tracked to a hidden cave which is supposed to be held sacred. They are captured and brought before the Chinese court of justice and punished according to law.

Virginie. By Ernest Oldmeadow.

Lionel Barriston, living at a bungalow in a country town of England, finds himself possessed of what appears to be a wax statue, "Fame Asleep," in a block of ice, left by one posing as Luca Canuto, as security for a loan of five pounds. Lethe is brought back to consciousness, a beautiful girl, possessed of her senses, but bereft of her memory. She continues to live at the bungalow, and the inevitable happens—Lionel falls in love with

her. They regard Canuto as their worst enemy, and yet realise that it is through him they must learn of Lethe's identity.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Mothers in Israel. By J. S. Fletcher.

A picture of an English rural community that comes for a time under the charge of a pastor of city breeding and university ideas. The "mothers in Israel" are the wives of the two richest and most influential farmers and the story revolves around them and their relations with the citified clergyman.

Furze the Cruel. By John Trevena.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Orphan. By Clarence E. Mulford.

A story of cowboy life in the far West. The chief character, the orphan, is an outlaw and a terror to the country. He saves the sheriff's sister and a companion from an attack by some Indians, and later rescues the sheriff himself from a great danger. He is then influenced by the sheriff to give up the life of the outlaw and secures a position on a ranch. He falls in love with the sheriff's sister.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Footprint and Other Stories. By Gouverneur Morris.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Old Room. By Carl Ewald.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Standard Publishing Company:

Crestlands. A Centennial Story of Cane Ridge. By Mary Addams Bayne.

A story of romance, the scenes of which are laid in Kentucky. It portrays life and conditions in Kentucky during the early part of the nineteenth century.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Man who was Dead. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Guy Pershore, an Englishman, is sent to Vienna on a difficult political mission. Upon his arrival he is warned to leave the city, but refuses. He returns to his rooms and finds the body of a man with a dagger thrust through his heart. He is believed by certain revolutionists, who come upon him at this moment, to be the murdered man and to have murdered the one they think is Pershore. In order to save himself he is compelled to act the part of the dead man, who is a spy and a cutthroat. In his effort to protect the woman he loves matters are greatly complicated.

Altars to Mammon. By Elizabeth Neff.

The scene is laid in a small Ohio town,

and the principal character is a young minister, struggling with debt and disension in his church. The story pictures the unscrupulous but professedly pious town millionaire, earnest and progressive church members, as well as narrow and obstinate ones, the workingman who does not believe in the church, and the millionaire's daughter vainly attempting to dispense charity and complicating the clergyman's problem by winning his heart.

JUVENILE

Richard G. Badger:

The Borrowed Baby. By Lillian Brock. Illustrated by Madge Robertson.

Little Brownie, the youngest of the seven small dwellers in the "Cot," as the professor and his wife called their home, became a great favourite with the neighbours across the way and was borrowed by them for a whole day, a happy as well as troublesome day for all, for Brownie ended his visit by tumbling down the cellar stairs and having to be carried back home. All concerned were greatly frightened, though he surprised them by appearing the next day as the same smiling Brownie, but, as the black maid, "Cookie," who presided over the kitchen of the "B-Hive," where Brownie had spent the day, remarked to the parrot, "It all comes of borrowin', Peter, me boy; I'm dead set against it, be it babies or baking powder."

Duffield and Company:

The Tempest.

As You Like It.

In the series entitled *The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young*, based on Mary and Charles Lamb's tales. This series forms a section of the Shakespeare Library. An attempt is made to insert skilfully within the setting of prose those scenes and passages from the play with which the young reader should quite early become acquainted.

Harper and Brothers:

To the Front. By General Charles King.

A sequel to "Cadet Days," which was a story of the life of a young boy, George Graham, at West Point. The hero in the present volume is the same George Graham, and is again introduced at the graduation exercises of the academy. From there we follow his experiences at a mining camp in the West and later read of his stirring adventures in subduing the Indians.

Adventures with Indians. By Philip V. Mighels, W. O. Stoddard, Major G. B. Davis, U. S. A., Frances McElrath and Others.

Tales of ambush, battle and adventure,

with glimpses of Indian life and character. The book is chiefly fiction, but certain of the stories are largely fact and others, like "Lawson's Investment," are founded on actual incidents.

Ten to Seventeen. By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

A diary kept by a young girl at boarding school with the aid of two of her companions. Roberta writes the diary, assisted by Ben, and Connie furnishes a poem for each chapter, or "Event." Their idea is to keep a diary of various happenings in their school life, and when completed to bury it in the earth for a future generation to dig up and thus "make Elmbank School famous forever."

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Little Captain. A Tale of Savonarola's Florence. By Charlotte J. Cipriani.

The scene of this story is laid in Florence at the time Savonarola preached in that city. Leone Fortespada, a young patrician, is the hero of the tale. He is made captain of one of Savonarola's boy companies for reforming the life of the city. He becomes a power among the lads of Florence and meets with many thrilling experiences on land and sea.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Abbey Press:

Little Letters to Boys Grown Tall or the Secret of Succeeding. By Uncle Ned.

A series of letters written for the purpose of aiding boys to lead a happy and successful life. The author discusses "Business Life," "Education," "Choosing a Vocation," "Reading," "Obeying and Commanding," "Self Trust," "Ambition," "Executive Ability" and many other subjects of special interest to the boy and young man.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Story of Iron and Steel. By Joseph Russell Smith.

A presentation of the main facts of iron and steel making in such a manner that the general reader can grasp the essence of the complex technical phenomena of iron and steel making without even having to meet technical terms.

Richard G. Badger:

Ropes of Sand. By Lura Kelsey Clendening.

From the author's dedicatory poem we learn that this little volume of poetry and prose has not been written for the scholar, or for those who have found their way into the light of God, but for the honest doubters.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. Exton Manor. Marshall. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Vermilion Pencil. Lea. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Mystery of Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Year. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Welding. McLaws. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Dr. Ellen. Tompkins. (Baker-Taylor.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Cat and the Canary. Cameron. (Harper.) \$1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Fountain Sealed. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sheaves. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Lonely House. Wister. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Orphan. Murdock. (Outing.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Altars to Mammon. Neff. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Altars to Mammon. Neff. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The New Missioner. Woodrow. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
6. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kennerly.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Marquis and Pamela. Cooper. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Stuff of a Man. Blake. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Mind that Found Itself. Beers. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Mystery of Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. My Lady of Cleve. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kennerly.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Dr. Ellen. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.
6. The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. Doubleday. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Mystery of Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Vayenne. Brebner. (McBride.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Exton Manor. Marshall. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Heel. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

5. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Orphan. Mulford. (Musson.) \$1.25.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Musson.) \$1.00.
4. Beau Brocade. Orczy. (Langton.) \$1.25.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
6. The Flying Death. Adams. (Musson.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Reaping. Taylor. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Supreme Gift. Litchfield. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. My Lady of Cleeve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	250
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.	142
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.	139
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.	131
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.	108
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.	106



THE WOLF TAMER

(See article "The New Spirit in American Painting")

By John La Farge

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JUNE, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have been reading the editorial columns of the New York *Sun* for the last year, and from their pungent paragraphs we have learned that President Roosevelt is a demagogue, a monstrous egotist, a usurper, and in short, a most dangerous as well as ridiculous person. We remember dimly to have read these same things in the *Sun* during the winter of 1903 and the spring of 1904. We are now waiting for editorial history to repeat itself and presently to come once more upon the little editorial note which the *Sun* published in June, 1904, cast in the form of a quoted aposiopesis:

**Great
Expectations**

Theodore, with all thy faults—

■

The *Evening Post* of this city, among its other obsessions, has a mania which leads it to denounce all kinds of collegiate athletics. To the *Post* these are all of the very essence of evil. Now, personally, when college athletics are kept free from professionalism, we rather approve of them, though of course, like everything else, they may be overdone; yet we must confess that the *Post's* extreme opinions occasionally get on our nerves. Likewise, there is sometimes visible a certain ignorance of fact. Thus, in the issue of May 1st, we find the following:

**Athletics
and
Intellect**

President Eliot has history as well as observation to back him in his opinion that

immoderate athletics do not fit a man for success in life. What famous athlete of ancient Greece ever took rank as a great statesman, historian, poet, painter or sculptor?

We are very happy to answer this question. Euripides "took rank" as a great dramatic poet. He was the third and, to our mind, the most remarkable of the famous trio of Greek tragedians. Certainly he was the most admired and the most acted of them in ancient times; and he has had the greatest influence upon the drama ever since. Now Euripides was very much of an athlete. His father took pride in his athletic training. While still a boy he won prizes at the Eleusinian and Thesean Games. He even anticipated some of the tricks of the modern undergraduate in trying to compete in the Olympic Games when only seventeen; but the judges ruled him out because he was under the age-limit. Here is something for the *Post* to think about, if it ever thinks about any subject concerning which its prejudices are deeply involved.

■

Mr. Bernard Shaw recently returned to *Collier's Weekly* a cheque for \$1,000, which he had as plainly earned as if it had been a payment of \$5 for washing the windows of the building in which that magazine is published. As we understand the matter, he wrote a story for *Collier's* and received his price! He seems not to have known that the mag-

**Bernard
Shaw's
Reasons**

azine makes a practice*of paying a bonus of \$1,000 for what its editors consider the best story that has appeared during a given interval. Applying their usual tests, they decided that his story was the best and awarded him the bonus, which he promptly returned to them, saying



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Holman Day, author of *King Spruce*

Major Day—he received the title as military secretary to Governor Hill of Maine—has been electioneering for a friend who is seeking a nomination for the Maine legislature. In the above costume he has been going about speaking and rounding up the lumber vote against the lumber barons, who play so conspicuous a part in the recently published *King Spruce*. Major Day is considered one of the best story tellers who take the stump. He is himself also a candidate for the legislature.

that they had insulted him and all their other contributors. As they had paid him a special price for his story, he argued that they had deliberately purchased what they knew to be best. Then he argued that they did not know it was best because they were neither the "verdict of history" nor "posterity." Again, he argued that since they did know it was best they had cheated the other contributors. Somewhere in the course of the letter he threw out a rhetorical inquiry as to the reason why he was paid twice for an article; somewhere else he implied that he was insulted; and in the end he professed a desire to subscribe handsomely for the erection of a tombstone to *Collier's Weekly Magazine*. Now it goes without saying that any man, whether author or window-washer, may find it his duty to return to a publisher a portion of what he has received. Nor is there any question that the unexpected thousand will do more for mankind if left with *Collier's Weekly* than if transferred to Mr. Bernard Shaw. In the return of the money he was right. It is only his reasons that are ridiculous.

❖

The only interest we have in this small affair is its bearing on the myth of a Bernard Shaw, thinker, philosopher, reformer, serious man, head of a cult, centre of Shavian circles. We have always argued that there is no such person. Mr. Shaw has never been a thinker, but he has been a stimulator of thought, and the thought generally takes the opposite direction to that which he apparently intended. Mr. Shaw's plays and prefaces are, when considered by the reason, precisely on the level of this letter. He has never taken time to think. He is engaged in a more agreeable occupation. He is a delightful, unconscionable artist, and, like many other artists, turns the very incompleteness of his thinking to excellent account. We should all rather hear Mr. Shaw speak eloquently out of his ignorance than other men out of full heads; and our wish is often granted. Eloquent men must cut thought short, in order to gain time for its expression. All this is generally understood of Mr. Shaw, but unfortunately there are still



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Harrison Fisher looking at Paris from the heights of St. Cloud

some Shavians. To these we commend his letter to *Collier's*. It will be found in the issue of April 25th. Any ordinary case of Shavianism will be cured by a single reading. An acute case may require that the patient should read it twice over and then ask himself reverently if the writer of such a letter ought on any occasion to be considered as merely rational, a socialist, Fabian, anti-idealist, or anything else more definite than one of those charming creatures, easily intoxicated with air, sound, colour, water or vegetables, whom the world calls artists, and who in turn inebriate the world. What a pity it is to spoil them by demanding of them the work of sober men. It has driven Mr. Shaw again and again to the most absurd affectations of merely common sense. The serious Mr. Shaw is to be found only in the quality of his literary expression, its form, conceits, wit, humour, sudden illuminations. His mind has been busy with every part

of his work except its "underlying philosophy."

✱

It is not our fault that a copy of *The Silent War*, by Mr. John Ames Mitchell, of *Life*, has only within a few days fallen into our hands. The book was published more than a year ago, yet we never heard of it until a friend spoke to us about it. He was not in sympathy with it and called it "a most adroit and dangerous book." Inquiry reveals the fact that many persons are now reading it, having learned of its existence through the comments of their friends. This is the very best sort of advertising that any book can have. It is slow in making itself felt, but in time it acquires a momentum such as no amount of printed advertising and booming can ever give.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

✱Margaret Deland and her dog

Mr. Mitchell has done nothing so good since he wrote *Amos Judd* a long while ago. But what most interests us is the apparent evidence that there has been a systematic attempt made to check the circulation of this book, and, if possible, to suppress it. To malefactors of great wealth it certainly must appear to be both "adroit and dangerous," and we can well understand how our muzzled press should refrain from mentioning it. It is cast in the form of a novel, and therefore Mr. Mitchell might declare that he was merely letting his imagination play around some too well-known and thoroughly discreditable facts which every one discerns in American social and financial conditions of to-day; yet his preface certainly implies that he is himself in sympathy with the solution which the book suggests. Some might call the story a plea for anarchy. For our part, we regard it as a plea for the obliteration of that peculiar form of anarchy which is now in the ascendant and which paralyses



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
Justus Miles Forman at Apia



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
John Spargo, the author of *The Bitter Cry of the Children*

all law in the presence of piratically acquired wealth. We do not intend to tell the story here. Regarded merely as a story, it is of absorbing interest. The touch of mystery about it, the "creepiness" of some of its scenes, and the pitiless logic of its facts rouse the thoughtful reader to a pitch of intense excitement. There are two questions, however, that we should like to ask its author. Would he really allow the very meanest and vilest men to escape their well-merited penalty by the payment of a bribe? For it is, as he himself quite plainly demonstrates, the very meanest and vilest who would pay the bribe and thus get off scot-free, while their associates, more manly if not less guilty, would be struck down. In the second place, does not even his account of the so-called "Council of Seven" imply that in any such league as he describes there would be radical differences of opinion and elements of discord to endanger the success of the whole scheme? Finally, as a matter of mere probability, is it likely that any league could be so widespread and contain so many members without treachery on the part of some? The history of all secret organisations on a large scale shows that informers spring



JOHN AMES MITCHELL

up on every hand to nullify and paralyse the purpose of their associates. All the same, the book is a book to be read and pondered very seriously, the more so because such obvious attempts have been made to strangle it and keep it from the knowledge of the public.

The French Academician and dramatist, Ludovic Halévy, who has just died in Paris, after nearly sixty years of literary activity, is best known to the world

at large as the joint author, with Meilhac, of an amazing number of farce comedies and librettos,

**The Late
Ludovic
Halévy**

notably the inimitable *Grande Duchesse der Gerolstein* and *La Belle Helène*, which Professor

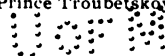
Brander Matthews has somewhere pronounced so subtly and thoroughly Greek that no one who is not steeped in Hellenism can fully understand its delicate irony. But Halévy had another and only

100



THE PRINCESS TROUBETSKOY (AMÉLIE RIVES)

From a painting by Prince Troubetsky



partly developed side to his creative faculty—that of the novelist. To the American reader it is necessary to name only the *Abbé Constantin*—which, with the possible exception of Ohnet's *Maitre de Forge*, has probably enjoyed the widest circulation of any translation from the French since the Dumas romances—in order to justify the assertion that had he

so chosen, Halévy might have gone as far in serious fiction as he went in *opéra-bouffes* like *Orphée aux Enfers*, or in serious drama like *Froufrou*. But among his experiments in fiction there is one story, considerably longer than the *Abbé Constantin*, that is not only a more ambitious piece of work, but in some respects a more interesting human docu-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—HOMER LEA

General Lea's uniform in the above picture is that of a lieutenant-general. The gold buttons have the coiled dragon surmounted by three stars. The medal on the side is that of the Pong Wong Whin. The gold star suspended by a crimson ribbon from the neck bears the medallion of the Emperor Kwang Hsu, and these words: "To Homer Lea from Kang Yu Wei." His Excellency Kang Yu Wei was the Emperor's chief adviser at the time of his deposition in 1898.

NO. 1



LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN



ESTHER CHAMBERLAIN

The authors of *The Coast of Chance*

ment, and which nevertheless is almost unknown to American readers—*Criquette*. Just at present, when *The Heart of a Child*, by Frank Danby, is being widely read and discussed, it is doubly interesting to remember that exactly a quarter of a century ago—for *Criquette* was published in the summer of 1883—almost the very same problem was propounded by the veteran playwright, and worked out to a logical conclusion, with greater fearlessness and a more intimate knowledge. Like her English sister Sally Snape, *Criquette* is a waif of the streets, without parents or protectors, but endowed with a natural grace of move-

ment and an imitative cleverness that seem to predestine her for the stage. At an early age she is earning her living by selling hot brioches between the acts at one of the minor Paris theatres. And one day, when a new comic opera, in which a child's part figures prominently, comes very near being held over because the child cast for the part proves inadequate, some one thinks of *Criquette* and she gets her chance, and makes the success of the piece, sharing the honours with the leading prima donna. Throughout the early part of the story she remains, like Sally Snape, untainted by her environment, protected by the clean, health-

ful simplicity of her childish nature. But there comes the inevitable day when her heart awakens, and when she finds herself exactly as Sally Snape found herself, alone in a hotel with the man she loves, because the woman, who should have protected her, cruelly withholds her aid. Had Mrs. Frankau had this particular scene in mind, while writing *The Heart of a Child*, the resemblance could scarcely have been more striking—up to a certain point. But the man whom Crikette loved had none of the innate chivalry of Lord Kidderminster, and accordingly what was the moment of Sally Snape's victory became in M. Halévy's stronger and more convincing portrayal the first stage in Crikette's long and inevitable tragedy. And what gives the book its peculiar vividness is that the background is obviously painted in directly from the life that Halévy knew so intimately—the life of vaudeville and *opéra-bouffes*, under the Second Empire.



CLAYTON HAMILTON

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, whose *Materials and Methods of Fiction*, with an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews, will be published this month, is a graduate of Columbia University. After receiving

the degree of Master of Arts, he remained for three years as tutor in the English department of Columbia and Barnard, and since 1903 has been one of the Columbia Extension Lecturers. He has also acquired considerable local fame through his numerous lectures on literature and the drama, given at private schools and before women's clubs. His literary activities include magazine essays, reviews, short stories and poems, besides several plays, one of which, *The Love that Blinds*, written in collaboration, was produced by Miss Mary Shaw in 1906. For the past year he has been dramatic critic of the *Forum*. Mr. Hamilton has travelled extensively, and by preference in odd and unconventional ways—through Holland on canal boats; through Italy on a donkey; through much of England, France and Switzerland on foot. Last summer was spent on a tramp steamer, coasting down the west side of



WILLIAM SALISBURY

Author of *The Career of a Journalist*

RECEIVED

England and Wales; and he is fond of telling, with humorous appreciation, how, in order to comply with the company's regulations, he was duly entered on the ship's books as purser, doctor and third officer, at a salary of one shilling a month.

✻

If we knew Mr. William Salisbury's *The Career of a Journalist* to be as unbiased and as reliable as it is interesting, we should be inclined to point it out as a book of unusual worth. But one

Aspects of Journalism

cannot regard the volume without a certain degree of suspicion, and this suspicion is provoked entirely by the narrative itself. In describing some of his exploits as a "yellow journalist" Mr. Salisbury is so insistent on the fact that it is impossible to write a good news story without artistic "touching up" that we wonder whether he has not used this method very generously in the compila-



H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

The author of *The Riddle of Personality*

tion of this book. For this feeling the author has himself entirely to blame. It is not merely that he betrays irresponsibility; he flaunts it joyously.

✻

However, *The Career of a Journalist* contains much that is entertaining and a little that is mildly instructive. Eight or ten years ago it would have surprised and shocked a good many people who cherished illusions about the dignity and independence of the American press. But these illusions do not exist any more, and in his descriptions of how the news columns of the various newspapers upon which he worked were distorted for the benefit of certain business interests and large advertising, Mr. Salisbury is merely giving an individual version of an oft told tale. There is no reason to question the soundness of this part of the book. Where we suspect the author of allowing his imagination too free play is in connection with his anecdotes. In somewhat



EDGAR JEPSON

The author of *Tangled Wedlock*



I. WOODBRIDGE RILEY

the same tone that the billboards set forth the "marvellous, stupendous and unheard-of" attractions of "The Greatest Show on Earth," the "foreword" of this book gives a list of the names of all the persons, famous and notorious, who figure in its pages. The book, we are told, includes some stories of world-wide interest—stories never before published. One tells how President Roosevelt loaned money to a Boer colonel—a refugee—while the South African war was still on; another relates how Samuel Eberly Gross, of Chicago, may not have written *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and how he did not buy a French castle; still another sets forth "what probably is the real reason for the Cuban protectorate"; also there is a little tale that "gives the suspicion that Henry M. Stanley may have been a fakir."

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Dr. I. Woodbridge Riley's very sound *American Philosophy*. While ever since his graduation from Yale with the class of 1892, Dr. Riley's chief work has been along philosophical lines he has until the present been more generally known by reason of his contributions to the literature of Mormonism. His book on this subject was suggested by his visit to Salt Lake City, in 1894. As a thesis for his doctorate from Yale he wrote *The Founder of Mormonism: A Psychological Study of Joseph Smith, Jr.*

This book was afterwards amplified and attracted considerable attention in this country and in England. It proved exceedingly exasperating to the Mormons and some of their newspapers attacked it viciously. The *Saints Herald*, for example, wrote:

It seems easy for a professor who is hard pressed for a topic on which to air his acquirements, or to secure a little notoriety as a writer, to turn to the subject of Mormonism or the Mormons, or Joseph Smith. One of the latest of these is the above-mentioned I. Woodbridge Riley. Mr. Riley's theory is a new one, and will be received with a smile of amused unbelief by those who knew Joseph Smith, the Martyr, as a man of robust manhood's health, and never had a fit in his life.

In 1902, Dr. Riley became professor of philosophy in the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, Canada, where he remained for two years. Then for three years he was the Johnson research scholar in Johns Hopkins University. It was there that *American Philosophy* was written. One result of this book has been the appointment of Dr. Riley, together with Professor Royce of Harvard, and Professor Gardiner of Smith, to report to the American Philosophical Association on the feasibility of reprinting some of the works of our early American philosophers. In this work the suggestion has been made to begin the series of Native Philosophical Classics by the republication of the *Elementa Philosophica* of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., first president of King's College, New York. Dr. Riley has been an assiduous contributor to the encyclopædias and magazines on philosophical subjects. He is a member of the American Philosophical Association; a member of the American Psychological Association; a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and an associate editor of the *Psychological Bulletin*.

When Mr. Leslie Selleck wrote, two or three years ago, his article on "Literary Parasites" for this magazine, he comparatively ignored one form of "grafting"—that individual who considers himself entitled to a share of an author's

Concerning
Literary
Grafters

earnings and does not hesitate to say so. The following letter from a person of that kind was recently sent to Miss Elizabeth Miller, the author of *The Yoke* (published a few years ago and not to be confounded with a recent book of the same title) and *The City of Delight*. It is, in its way, a gem:

Miss Elizabeth Miller, Authoress, Indianapolis, Ind.

KIND SISTER: I am a local M. E. Preacher 48 years old next Monday, was reared and lived till 21 in and near Morgantown, Morgan County, Ind., where on May 30th, 1881, I married, in the old M. E. Church, the sweetest and best girl God ever made, Miss Pruella Gunn, a born Musician, who loved me with *all her heart*. Last May 22d she went Home to Heaven, leaving myself, one married daughter Jane, with a husband and three children of her own, an unmarried daughter Kate 13 and two boys, John 17 and James 15, to follow her when the call comes. The boys, to help me make a



ELIZABETH MILLER



J. A. SPENDER

living and push a law suit here to collect a commission I earned in selling a railroad in East Texas, have driven dry-goods delivery wagons in Oklahoma City, our Home, since their mother died, and I am, oh, so anxious to put them in school—a Business College—with a friend of mine, a Commercial Teacher in Urbana, Ohio, as I am afraid they will be led into bad habits while I am away. But we have *no money* and I cannot stop to *earn* any if I prosecute my suit, gather evidence from N. Y. to Galveston and San Francisco, etc. Why I write *you* is this. I suppose you have some money to loan *good folks*. 2d, I want some good writer to write a book making a Heroine out of Pruella and a Hero out of me, I to furnish the plot and the brains and you the other half of the brains and *the money* to live on while we write it and divide the profits equally. What says ye? Resp., ———

P.S. I have political microbes and ambitions.

The great majority of Miss Miller's unsought correspondents are widowers and bachelors of the religious type who send their pictures—"object matrimony."



HARRISON RHODES

The author of *The Adventures of Charles Edward*

There are a good many writers just now who fear they will be detected in cleverness, and to disarm suspicion abuse that quality right and left. British epigrammatists, of whom there are many, always carry some carefully polished shafts for cleverness. It is their way of concealing art. From *The Comments of Bagshot*, by J. A. Spender, we select the following:

**The Imputation of
Cleverness**

Do not seek far-fetched explanations of the stupidities of clever people. In public affairs things are nearly always as silly as they seem.

A motto for Cabinets: Twenty wise men may easily add up into one fool.

Cleverness and stupidity are generally in the same boat against wisdom.

* * * * *

The true bore is seldom stupid, and often very clever; but a diet of pearls is extremely boring to swine.

Clever men forget that stupid ones can be bored. None is so merciless as the clever bore.

All this is clever, and what is worse, it is merely clever, though the writer would probably repel the charge. When Mr. Bernard Shaw is called clever, he rises in public and says his mind has never been particularly good, but his disposition is excellent. Compliment his soul and he would say the main thing about him was his body, and that he owed it all to vegetables. Mr. Chesterton also has his fling, and praises dulness in many a flashing paragraph, and there are a good many others in the British reviews who go out of their way to decry a quality which to all appearances they covet for themselves. Mrs. Wharton, according to Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, whose book is reviewed in another column, has been too clever by far.

Such phrases as "her finely disseminated sentences made their chatter dull" still recall a morning note-book in which the happy thoughts of a restless night are recorded.

Mr. Sedgwick's pages are by no means free from the traces of that note-book, though he would hate to be called merely clever almost as much as not even clever. It comes of course from the simple human dislike of being confined to a single adjective. Bestow one adjective on a man, and there is a hungry look in his eyes for more. Beings so complex and wonderful as we are to ourselves are not content to appear to another mind as merely anything. Call President Roosevelt merely great and he would soon be asking, How about my moral character? But the writer is of all men the most anxious about his adjective, and, indeed, literary criticism often seems a large, disorderly and somewhat quarrelsome game of tag wherein no one is willing to admit that he is It. Hence it is not strange that these fidgets should arise over the term mere cleverness.

It would not in our opinion condemn Mr. Spender's book to call it merely clever from beginning to end, but as a matter of fact it has several other qualities—gentleness, a pleasant humour, common sense—and though it does bristle

with brief sentences that seem to mean much more than they really do, the passage quoted is not really representative. A better example would be this comment of flagshot when he is rather more at his ease:

Clear your mind of the superficial symptoms—dropping of aspirates, wearing of corduroy or broadcloth—and you will see an astonishing resemblance in the types of men. My gardener is an Academic man who never went to College; my secretary an agricultural labourer with a University education. My nephews (two notable athletes) are natural backwoodsmen with a thwarted instinct for physical toil which finds its vent in rowing and Rugby football. The great majority in all classes are by nature manual labourers, and the upper-class labourer is in chronic revolt against the circumstances which compel him to affect an interest in things intellectual.

In Mr. Harrison Rhodes, whose new novel, *The Adventures of Charles Edward*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, we recognise an old and esteemed adversary. Some ten years ago there existed in Chicago a periodical called the

Chap Book, with which we had occasion to run a few tilts and break a few lances. Mr. Rhodes, at that time associated with the publishing house of Stone and Kimball, was one of the editors of the *Chap Book*, as well as the dramatic critic for the *Chicago Tribune*. After the *Chap Book* went out of existence Mr. Rhodes went to London, where he stayed for the greater part of five years, writing short stories, and doing miscellaneous literary work. Since that time he has had no definite abode, but has gone about the world as the mood has seized him. He is as much at home in Paris, or Rome, or Cairo, or Algiers as he is in New York. It is his pride that he possesses no personal belongings that cannot be packed into his trunks at a moment's notice, and his most ardent hope is to continue in the same condition. In addition to *The Adventures of Charles Edward*, he has written two novels, *The*

Harrison
Rhodes

Lady and the Ladder and *The Flight to Eden*, and also collaborated with Anthony Hope on the play *Captain Dieppe*, which was presented by Mr. John Drew a year or two ago. Mr. Rhodes is a native of Cleveland, and a graduate from Adelbert College, Western Reserve University, and Harvard '93.

Perhaps, after all, these pictures that we see of this eminent literary man, or that, at the steering-wheel of a touring car are to be regarded with a certain measure of suspicion. For the man who is credited with possessing technical knowledge of the subject, and has friends professionally addicted to the writing of fiction, is in constant demand. "I say, old man," begins X. at the Club, "how shall I express this? My hero is sitting in his forty horse-power French car. He is talking to a man on the sidewalk, but wants to get away. He jiggles one of those things at the side, does something with his foot, and starts. Just put that into automobilese for me. How's that? Slips the gear lever into the second. Gives her spark and throttle, and lets in the clutch. Thanks. Wait till I get a pencil. Now, how's that again?"

**Writing the
Motor
Yarn**

But the question that comes up in connection with seven out of every ten stories of motor-car adventure is how to bring about the stopping of a certain car under certain arbitrary conditions. The kind of yarn that calls for this situation is obvious enough. The hero either hasn't yet been able to scrape the acquaintance of the heroine, or else there has been a lover's quarrel. At any rate, he must arrange it so that She finds herself with a car that for some mysterious reason won't go, and cannot be made to go, on a lonely stretch of road, with night coming on. At the proper psychological moment He dashes up in his sixty horse-power Panhard or Renault, and under his magic touch the engine of her little runabout is soon thrumming merrily. Of course he had seen to it that her car would stop at that particular spot at that particular time. Of course he alone knows just what the matter is. The situation is simple enough, but what puzzles the spinners of motor yarns is the question of how to bring it about. In the old days no definite explanation was necessary. Now the reader demands one that is technically sound and convincing—such a one, for example, as Mr. Lloyd Osbourne made use of in *Three Speeds Forward*.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



It was only when we leaned over and unfastened the Letter-Box that we fully realised the length of time that we had been away. The little padlock was very rusty; the top of the box itself was thick with dust. Then there went through us a pang at the thought of having been so long parted from so many friends.

There is something delightful about being back in the old place; and as we settle down into the familiar chair and spread the letters before us on the desk, we enjoy all the pleasures of a true home-

coming. The windows are wide open, and the soft May breeze brings with it the rumble of the distant street below. Nothing has been changed. Everything is exactly as it used to be. At his desk in the other corner, sits the Junior Editor, pretending to do something, but really stirring around in a mass of papers without any particular design. We think that he is genuinely glad to see us back. At least, he looks so. Of course, we shall presently make some inadvertent remark about a football nine or a baseball eleven; or perhaps we may forgetfully mention his Autocar as a Cadillac. Then he will suffer and crouch down behind his roll-

top and think things which he wouldn't for the world put into words. But at this particular moment his face is fairly radiant with a sort of expectant and also reminiscent cheerfulness. His brain is seething with problems of deduction, and as usual he probably has half a dozen cryptograms which he intends to spring on us, quite unmindful of the fact that we loathe cryptograms almost as much as we do golf. But, as we remarked before, it is delightful to be back in the old place.

The Letter-Box is well supplied with letters; although, unfortunately, they cannot all be printed here. A few of them relate to old, far-off, forgotten things, and by this time must have received some sort of an answer through the mysterious workings of Providence. Of the rest, the greater number cannot be given in these pages, because they contain appeals for the reopening of the Letter-Box, and incidentally they say the most amiable and pleasant things. We distil their sweetness as something which belongs to us alone, and we cannot give them to the world. The best reply that we can make to them will be found in the renewal of the Letter-Box itself.

And so we give official notice to all our friends and dearest foes that we are once more here, and that new letters will receive their answers in the traditional way. We send a greeting to the lady in California who wrote the beautiful English hand; to the gentleman in Seattle who confided to the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* so many problems of his life; to the lady in Pittsfield who mistakenly supposed that we did not properly appreciate the trolley-cars and general modernness of that favoured town; to the lady in Pennsylvania who chastised us, perhaps justly, yet it may be too severely, for writing a child's story at Christmas-time several years ago; and to those Canadian correspondents who used to send us denunciations in red ink because we did not think Sir Redvers Buller to be the greatest of all living generals. We shall hope to hear from these and from all our former correspondents, whether they come at us in the white garb of peace or in the crimson panoply of war.

Meanwhile, let us get to business.

I

In the April number, we made some comment upon the fact that the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy were about to erect a monument to the memory of Major Henry Wirz, who was in charge of the prison-pen at Andersonville. These remarks of ours have brought us quite a batch of letters which fall under three heads. Some of them are commendatory, some of them are explanatory and apologetic, and one of them, at least, contains a bit of very interesting information. We publish one of each group in their proper order. The first is from a lawyer in Seattle, and it reads as follows:

I cannot resist the temptation to say "most excellent!" to your paragraphs on the Wirz monument. I lived nine miles from the Andersonville prison (after the war) until I was eight years old, and again one year when sixteen; and I know that many of the better citizens of Americus, Georgia, fairly teemed with shame on account of the Confederate barbarism exhibited at Andersonville. I have heard its indescribable loathsomeness (the prison's) spoken of by Ohio survivors; and I know, from first-hand evidence, that Nicolay and Hay did not, in the least, overcolour their pages on the utterly disgraceful conditions which the Confederate authorities took glee in having prevail within the walls (and *imaginary* fences) of Andersonville. Your phrase, "a lasting proof of the vindictiveness, the narrowmindedness and the ignorance of which some women are capable," is quite synonymous with phrases I have used more than once, since my sixteenth year, to describe the attitude of the women of that particular locality toward all shades of Northern policy. Such excoriations as yours should be repeated until no future historian can fail to get the true colouring of the facts.

The second letter, which is somewhat too long and from which, therefore, we are obliged to omit several unimportant sentences, comes to us unsigned and from an unknown source:

Some time ago I chanced to come across some remarks in *THE BOOKMAN* about the project of some ladies in Georgia to erect a monument to Captain Wirz. In them you

attribute to these ladies motives which I feel sure they had never in their minds, and, in consequence, you offer them a gratuitous insult by suggesting that they should still more deeply wound the feelings of the North by erecting a statue to Wilkes Booth. There was no wish to "touch the raw" of the North in their action, but they wished to raise a memorial to Wirz as a martyr to the Confederate cause. Wirz was not, as you say, "a mercenary." That class would not seek the side where hardship and want were the rule, but naturally took the side of good rations and pay across the Potomac. Wirz was Swiss by birth, and a doctor by profession. He had settled in Louisville first, and afterward in Louisiana, where he was living when the war broke out. He volunteered and was wounded at the first battle of Manassas. He was in command of the stockade at Andersonville under the orders of General Winder, whose death spared him from judicial execution. That Wirz ever spoke of "killing more men than General Lee" is not even *ben trovato*. . . .

The "conspiracy" to kill Union prisoners included Mr. Davis, Mr. Seddon and others. Perhaps General Lee may have been similarly honoured, but the mention of the names of such men is enough to make accusation against Wirz worthless, not only in the minds of the Southern people, but of the civilised world in general. In consequence of the evident intention to condemn the prisoner, of the refusal to call the witnesses summoned who were likely to exonerate him, and the hopelessness of getting a fair trial, his lawyers, a firm of good standing, Hughes, Denver and Peck, withdrew from the case. Another published a statement on retiring for the purpose of vindicating his character. He touchingly speaks of the anxiety of Wirz's children to have their father's reputation cleared from the load of calumny.

In your article, you are just in saying that the prisoners could not expect to be better fed than Confederate soldiers in the field, whose meagre rations and privation are well known. Some years ago this would not have been admitted, but a deliberate plan to starve the prisoners would have been charged. It is well, too, to know that the action of Federal commanders, coupled with the necessary results of war, rendered it impossible for the authorities to give what

they did not have. This excuse is not admissible for the treatment of Southern prisoners in a land of plenty. Besides this, one should remember the refusal of the Union Government to exchange prisoners or to allow medicines to be given to the prisoners by their own surgeons, which the Confederate Government offered. If you would like to see the Southern side, there is a book on the subject written by Dr. R. R. Stevenson, a surgeon stationed at Andersonville.

We may let the first letter offset the statements in the second. But we cannot help remarking that our unknown correspondent seems to approve of General Winder. Now, the evidence against Winder is based upon Confederate sources. Colonel Chandler, C. S. A., in his official report of August 5, 1864, specifically charged Winder with "gross cruelty." Our correspondent also thinks it gratuitously insulting to suggest that any Southerner would erect a statue to Wilkes Booth. On this point we wish to introduce a third letter, written to us by a cavalry lieutenant in the United States Army, who gives us his name and regiment:

SIR: Referring to your remarks in the March BOOKMAN on the Wirz monument, you are in error if you suppose that there is no public memorial to Booth. I do not say permanent, because I believe it will be removed when the man who erected it dies. Last year I was being driven about a Southern town that has many historical associations and was told that there was one thing of interest in the town that was actually unique. My friend told me that the only reason it remains is that it is on private property and the local laws are inadequate to compel its removal. It is a plain marble block about two feet high and ten inches square, with the following inscription on the side toward the street:

Erected by
Pink Perkins
in honour of
JOHN WILKES BOOTH
for killing
Old Abe Lincoln

I prefer not to name the town or even the State, as the people there are ashamed of the monument and are at some pains

to make clear that, so far as known, not a single person in town is in sympathy with Mr. Perkins. My recollection is that I was told that at one time an effort was made in the courts to have the monument removed. I was also told that it is the first thing asked about by every theatrical company and circus that visits the town.

This information is exceedingly curious. We should be greatly indebted to the writer of the letter if he would send us, not to be published, but for our own private information, the name of the town in which this extraordinary monument stands.

II

The lady in Pittsfield who has always been one of our most valued correspondents, must have had a sort of telepathic message to the effect that the Letter-Box was about to reopen. She has sent us a missive to know why the Letter-Box Banquet was not held on the tenth anniversary of THE BOOKMAN, although we had talked a good deal about it and had even made some definite plans for the celebration. We wish to answer with perfect seriousness that the omission was due to the death at that time of the gentleman who used to write to us over the signature of "Israel U. Sage." With him we had many a strenuous tug, and we had proposed giving him a conspicuous seat at the Banquet. He did not like us personally, and his letters were often very acrid—so much so that we sometimes had to tone them down for publication. He was, however, a good fighter, and we like that quality in any man; and somehow or other, his death led us to drop the subject of the Banquet altogether for the time. But when the fifteenth anniversary comes around, it is going to be celebrated hugely, and we hereby assign to the lady from Pittsfield a place next ours, if she will graciously consent to occupy it.

III

A correspondent in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, propounds a linguistic question:

Which is correct: "It approximates perfection," or, "It approximates to perfection"? Sometimes I find writers using "approximate" with the preposition after it, and sometimes without the preposition.

Either usage is correct; and perhaps "it approximates perfection" is the way in which the majority of persons would now express themselves. For our part, however, we prefer the other, which uses "approximate" as an intransitive verb and requires the preposition after it.

IV

The following letter really gave us a turn when we took it out and read it. Evidently the writer knows nothing of THE BOOKMAN'S traditions, much less of the Letter-Box. He is not aware that we have had brevet military rank conferred upon us, and that at least two of our correspondents have addressed us as "Excellency." Therefore, it rather jarred us to have him casually write to us as "Old Slatsides." Apart from its extreme familiarity, this term does not apply to us at all, as our sides are very far from slatty. The letter, however, is a masterpiece of slang, and there are other points about it which demand consideration:

I bought a copy of your last number and read it; and now, without charging you anything, without your assuming any responsibility or putting yourself under any obligation whatever, I am going to give you some real good, horse-sense advice. I am going to tell you how to boom your circulation and put yourself in the class of the ten-cent publications.

In the first place, cut out most of the gush about books. People don't care for books nowadays, or they wouldn't buy magazines. Books are out of date. The more of that stuff you cut out, the boomier your circulation will bounce. Books are too numbly and crumbly for this steam-whistle generation. We want something with a piston-rod in it. Four-funnelers have boosted three-masters off the earth. Catch on?

Tell us about money and about the guys that have made it. Money is the stuff to-day. Money is this generation, all right. We may not have such a cinch on heaven as the guys in the old days did, but we have a clip on this earth that would make theirs look like a washed-out shirt. Give us money articles, money talk, money sentiment. Wash your magazine in a solution of dough

and watch the circulation sky-root. We are the biggest generation that ever slid down the pike, and what has done it for us? Money, me boy, money. Money makes this old top of a world hum through space to-day, hearty lad. Money elects the "reform" presidents and governors. Money buys the dukes—and it buys the divorces, too. Where would my friend Harry Thaw be to-day if he didn't have a good fat wad of the grand old mazuma? None but kikes squeal about the corroding kiss of money to-day, and you won't want to be a kike, do you, old snob-belly? Give the readers money-talk. That's what they'll exchange money for.

Another thing. You don't appeal to the foreign element. The foreign element is the stuff to-day. Why, you couldn't find a real American to-day if you went hunting for him with a pick and shovel. Even the dead ones have disappeared. Stuff about Portland, Maine, the dear old homestead, mother mending socks, the dear old duck-pond, that sort of sentimental rot is no go, no go, old slatsides, let me tell you. Give us the East Side—sheeney stories, that's what. For the sheenies are it, to-day, all righty. Christmas in the public schools? Not for Ikey and Moe and Jake, and they're the candy kids to-day, slip cheese, see? And dago dialect, and a little Dutch talk and that sort of stuff, all circulation kerooters. Nobody speaks English here now; it's all cosmopolous United States chin.

And don't leave out the girls. The up-to-date girl as a bride, the up-to-date girl as a divorcée, the up-to-date girl as an engineer, the up-to-date girl as a motorman, the up-to-date girl as a burglar chaser, etc. Those are the winning magazine articles.

No, monterion, you're on the wrong tack-about. Give us the proper chin and you'll get the shekels.

Yours for biz,

A. C.

We are inclined to think that this highly cheerful letter was really intended as a satire on the cheap magazines. If so, it is a very good one. But a great many persons seriously think that magazines ought to be made according to the prescription which "A. C." has kindly compounded for us. Assuming that he thinks so too, let us remark that we are going to decline his advice with thanks. There are just a few considerations

which perhaps have not occurred to him.

(1) In the first place, it can hardly be true that "people don't care for books nowadays." There are several million books published every year in the United States; and they are not only published, but they are sold and read. Presumably, therefore, the people who buy and read them do not find them all "too mumbly and crumbly for this steam-whistle generation." Therefore, we shall not "cut out" our book reviews and our chat about books and about those who write them.

(2) Likewise, we are not going to "wash our magazine in a solution of dough" nor to publish "money talk, money sentiment." Love and money are two of the ruling factors in human life, but it may occur to our correspondent that this particular field has been rather overworked. He gives us his advice with the air of handing us out something that is new and strange and revolutionary. As a matter of fact, there are about five hundred "Sunday supplements" which already reek with money-talk. There are something like a hundred magazines which re-enforce the Sunday supplements and the daily newspapers with the same sort of pedlar-patter, which appeals wholly to the sentiment of hucksters, and which makes the reader feel as though it had been written by hucksters and for hucksters. Consequently, just as a matter of business, if we went into that sort of thing and could grease our pages with the ooze of money slime, we should, after all, only be lost in a mob. We believe that the supply already is far in excess of the demand, and that a good part of our countrymen and countrywomen are becoming thoroughly sickened of this perpetual talk about money. Money is a good thing; but it is not a good thing to be always thinking of it and reading about it and mulling over it. Love is a good thing, but not the sort of love which lends itself to sensational headlines and which finds its apotheosis in pie-girls and murder trials and the annals of degeneracy.

(3) Our correspondent says and perhaps believes that "you couldn't find a real American to-day if you went hunting for him with a pick and shovel." This,

we are glad to say, is very far from true. Our correspondent, with all his breeziness of language, seems to be living in a rather small and sordid corner of our country. Heaven be thanked, there are still a good many millions of Americans who are refined, intelligent, right-minded, and very glad to get away from the raucous yells of the money-grubbers and the exploiters of salaciousness. It is for such Americans that *THE BOOKMAN* is intended, and not for "candy kids" and hybrids who are "cosmopolous." So let us reply to our correspondent in his own language: Monterion, it is you who are on the wrong tack-about. We have our own field, and we are thankful that it is a broad field in the free, open, wholesome air where men and women can live right lives and have some aspirations

which are above those of the organ-grinder's monkey, whimpering and grabbing after pennies. We are pleased to say this, even though "A. C." should still regard us as "a kike."

* * * * *

We must apologise to our readers for answering so few letters in the present number. But the Junior Editor has been showing symptoms of acute impatience for the last fifteen minutes. He wants us to go out to luncheon in one of our old haunts, so that we may eat things and talk over his little deduction problems and (we fear) his cryptograms. This means all the rest of the day; and so we take our leave for the present, happy in the thought that we shall meet again before very long.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN AMERICAN PAINTING

THE ACADEMY—THE TEN IN PHILADELPHIA



O any sensitive and observant student of American conditions it must for some time have been apparent that radical changes were taking place regarding the status of native painting, sculpture, and architecture. The triumphs achieved by our men at Paris in 1900 have been supplemented by renewed activity at home and by splendid showings at the Buffalo and St. Louis expositions. Interest in art and in matters artistic has been rapidly spreading, rich endowments have poured in upon our museums and schools, and the standard of merit in the various yearly displays has steadily risen. Art in America, which was once practically non-existent, or which was confined to the hands of the few, is to-day the proud possession of the many, and throughout all its manifestations there can be felt the throb of a new spirit. Of no branch of art is this more true than it is of American painting in its many and complex phases. Although outstripped by the

taste and dignity of Philadelphia and the plutocratic impetus of Pittsburgh, even mundane and materialistic New York has finally been compelled to respond to a law of progress which has happily become almost uniformly operative. While it is obvious that the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which has lately held its one hundred and third annual exhibition, and the progressive Carnegie Institute, whose twelfth is now on view, have year after year surpassed anything New York has had to offer, local conditions have nevertheless shown visible improvement during the current season. An adequate building is still lacking and the tyranny of the dealer remains unbroken, but at last metropolitan artists have been aroused to a consciousness that something had to be done toward placing New York upon a level with rival cities.

Aside from certain external causes, there were two main reasons why visitors to the spring offering of the National Academy of Design were treated to a better and a more comprehensive exhibition than they had witnessed in many years. And

these reasons were that the assimilation of the Society of American Artists and the Academicians proper had, after a two years' probation, become practically complete, and that the policy of the institution had become broader and more generous toward outside endeavour. Realising the futility and the ignominy of repeating past mistakes, the Academy wisely secured the services of Mr. Harrison S. Morris as member of the council and general organiser of the exhibition, and no wiser selection could have been made. Although his task was arduous, and though such a torpid and hieratic organism cannot be vitalised in a single day, Mr. Morris literally accomplished wonders in the way of rehabilitation. Directly on entering the galleries one felt a new and discriminating hand in the choice and general arrangement of the pictures and the subsidiary bits of sculpture. With that decision tempered by diplomacy which is one of his chief characteristics, Mr. Morris resolutely skied inferior work and brought into prominence canvases which merited attention, irrespective of the artists' traditional or official standing. The walls were too crowded, a sense of space was almost invariably lacking, but the general effect was one of welcome variety and interest. Moreover, the exhibition was not confined to the customary output of the regulars, but included a number of subjects borrowed for the occasion from different public and private owners. That rigid and monotonous localism which has marked so many previous Academy shows was almost wholly eliminated. One felt on all sides the breath of new life, of widened horizons and reawakened sympathy.

To begin with the most novel and diverting, though not necessarily the most important, feature of the display, it was a pleasure to discover that judicious hospitality had been extended to a group of assertive enthusiasts, many of whom help to compose the much-discussed "Eight" who have lately exhibited with such success both in New York and Philadelphia. Though not admitted as a separate entity, certain members of the "Eight" and their allies were accorded a wall to themselves, jocosely christened the "freak wall."

While it can hardly be maintained that this particular area disclosed anything really bizarre or startling, it was in the semi-official recognition of their existence wherein lay the triumph for these youthful iconoclasts. It would not, however, be altogether fair to pass over without special mention Mr. George Bellows's "North River" with its snow-streaked stream and puffing tugs, which won the Second Hallgarten Prize, nor the skilful sketch of a "Little Girl Holding Her Hat," by Mr. Robert Henri, who, though rejoicing in the dignity of an N.A., here cast his lot with his presumably more congenial associates. Mr. Jerome Myers, too, showed his accustomed facility in rendering the variegated life of the East Side, and Mr. Jonas Lie was represented by two renderings of winter landscape, which, though a trifle hard, perhaps, were each instinct with the spirit of the scene depicted.

Taking the exhibition as a whole, it was, in fact, stronger in landscapes than in portraiture or genre, a number of really fine examples of this typical branch of American painting being on view. Apart from veterans such as Winslow Homer and Horatio Walker, both of whom so frequently combine figure with landscape, the honours in this field clearly fell to Mr. W. Elmer Schofield, whose "Old Mills on the Somme" and "Winter in Picardy" revealed an exceptional artist in his very best vein. A definite though not too formal sense of decorative pattern and a subdued though sufficiently rich use of colour made these two canvases among the most satisfying pictures in the exhibition. Occasionally overshadowed by Mr. Redfield's broader stroke and more positive palette, Mr. Schofield here more than held his own beside his fellow-Pennsylvanian. Next in order of merit came a still newer man, Mr. Ernest Lawson, whose single canvas, entitled "Ice on the Hudson," took high place among these temperamental translations of outdoor scene. Already Mr. Lawson ranks in the fore, and he will experience no difficulty in maintaining this position if he continues to employ a similar freedom of style and such daring yet subtle atmospheric effects as are now at his command. There were several



"THE BUTTERFLY"

By Robert Reid



"LYMAN'S LEDGE"

By Childe Hassam

other important landscapes, notably Mr. W. Granville-Smith's Innes Gold Medal picture, "Indian Summer"; Mr. Walter Nettleton's "Winter in the Woods," and Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman's delicate "Late October." Yet mere enumeration counts for little; it is sufficient to add that these and many more were touched by a true feeling for nature and an always essential technical felicity.

Apart from such work as Miss Genth and one or two others were able to produce, it were better not to discuss certain figure pieces and subject pictures, which a more rigorous choice would have promptly rejected, and the like of which will probably be excluded should Mr. Morris's hand grow firmer. Placing in a class quite by itself Mr. John La Farge's triumph of pictorial romanticism entitled "The Wolf Charmer," there remain a couple of portraits which exact detailed consideration, they being Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell's restrained and characterful pre-

sentment of "President Seelye of Smith College," and Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of Edward Robinson, Esq." Mr. Tarbell has never executed a better nor a more ambitious likeness, and, while the same cannot be said of Mr. Sargent, the Robinson portrait reveals a fine suggestion of taste and scholarship, and some truly magical handling, especially in the treatment of the head. Lastly, among those chance excursions into the realm of femininity in which the exhibition was none too strong, Mr. John W. Alexander's "Study in Black and Green" had no rival for grace, delicacy and a sure yet unconventional feeling for decorative effect. It is a pleasure to add that this exquisite canvas has been secured by the Metropolitan Museum, which institution all too infrequently recruits its manifestly heterogeneous contents from the virile and spirited ranks of contemporary native art. Taking the display as a whole, those in authority deserve sincere if not unquali-



"ELEANOR"

By Frank W. Benson

fied congratulations. The attendance was larger than ever, the sales were flattering, and the customary deficit less than is usual in such ventures. Above all, there was a distinct sense of progress and of liberality in the Academy's attitude toward the world without. While intrepid youth was not precisely received with open arms, he at least did not knock altogether in vain at the doors of an organisation which should rightfully wield the most beneficent influence of any body of its kind in the country.

It is just a decade since the gallant band now widely known as the "Ten American Painters" seceded from the Society of American Artists and held their first memorable exhibition as an independent body at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in New York City. Every season since that date they have regularly shown their annual output, having for the past few years come under the protecting

auspices of Mr. Montross. Possessing no formal organisation, and being in no sense subject to routine or precedent, each member has been free to send whatever he chose to these displays, which for novelty, vivacity and general merit have been unexcelled by anything of the kind in the history of American art. There has been but one change in the personnel of the "Ten," which was caused by the death of their brightest talent, the late John H. Twachtman, whose place has been somewhat ambiguously filled by Mr. William M. Chase. In fitting celebration of the "Ten's" decennial there was lately placed on view in the spacious galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts a contemporary as well as retrospective exhibition of the work of this brilliant handful of landscape, portrait, and figure painters. It was the intention of Mr. John E. D. Trask, who arranged the display, to preserve the appropriate numerical significance by having ten canvases



"STUDY IN BLACK AND GREEN"

By John W. Alexander



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

By Edward Simmons



"THE SNOW BEARERS"

By Willard L. Metcalf

from each member, and it may be said to his credit that the total fell but a very few short of the hundred mark. As the annual shows average in the neighbourhood of about thirty pictures only, and are of course composed of purely current work, no better opportunity for gauging the status of the "Ten" has ever been offered than this exhibition, which amply repaid a flying trip across spring-brightened field and meadow to Philadelphia and return.

There was something in the very fact

of rolling comfortably by carpets of flowers, blossoming fruit trees, and strips of blue water which was peculiarly in consonance with the aims and ideals of the "Ten," who persistently celebrate the coming of spring and the eternal freshness of artistic endeavour. The grey may be in their hair and they may at times grow amiably reminiscent, but one and all they stand for the youth, enthusiasm and vitality of American art. Although Messrs. Chase, Simmons and Weir are a



"PRESIDENT SEELYE OF SMITH COLLEGE"

By Edmund C. Tarbell

shade older, most of these men, including Messrs. Tarbell, Benson, Hassam, Metcalf and Reid, studied at Paris during the early eighties and absorbed that gospel of light which then radiated with such prismatic brilliancy from the French capital. In the face of some of Mr. Chase's sombre portraits and Mr. Simmons's homely and deeply poignant "Mother and

Child," it would be manifestly inaccurate to call all the "Ten" impressionists, pointillists, *plein-airists*, *vibratists* or whatever you will, yet bright shadows, broken colour, and the supple play of atmosphere are among the touchstones of their work as a whole. The creed of the younger men is clearly a transplanted, acclimatised impressionism. They were in



From a Montrass Print. Copyright, 1903, by N. E. Montrass

"THE WOOD CUTTERS"

By Horatio Walker

Paris at about the same period as the Glasgow Boys, and while they did not form themselves into a distinct body until relatively much later, they carried overseas, just as the Scotchmen did across the Channel, a new and fresh way of looking at the sky, the wood in spring-time, or the changing hues of autumn foliage. They did not, in fact, stop abroad as their great predecessors, Whistler, Sargent and Melchers, had done, but came courageously home to try the new thing amid new surroundings. According to their several temperaments, they either held fast to the early formula or drifted into a more individual expression. As is readily proved by each of his ten canvases on the walls of the Pennsylvania Academy, Mr. Hassam has continued the high priest of extreme impressionism, closely followed by Mr. Reid, who luxuriates in freely handled mauves, purples, and violets such as greet one in his engaging "The Butterfly," "Pond-Lilies" and kindred canvases.

Yet so pronounced are their artistic personalities and so diverse are their several styles that it would be perilous to establish a fixed relationship between any two of these men. With the exception of Mr. Metcalf, who usually confines himself to landscapes, and Mr. Dewing, whose specialty is amber-toned interiors with here and there an attenuated, highly finished female figure, the work of the "Ten" shows constant variety and a salutary effort to master new subjects, to conquer new realms of colour, light, and air. In each man's contribution, as seen in the beautifully hung and quietly rich galleries of the Philadelphia institution which has done over a century's service to American art, was observable that vigour of purpose which distinguishes all sincere artistic effort. Mr. Chase, Mr. Simmons and Mr. Weir, who properly belong to the period of transition, often paint alternately in the two manners, but their younger associates reveal more highly crystallised methods and bolder æsthetic convictions. It would, on the whole, be difficult to recall an exhibition which possessed the particular character of this display by the "Ten." As usual, each artist was represented by whatever

he was pleased to send, with, in this instance, no regard as to when or where a canvas might have been previously seen.

While an undue respect for gallery conventions prevented each man's work from being shown in a separate group, it was nevertheless a pleasure to pick out the clear-toned and exquisitely accurate landscapes of Mr. Metcalf, the free outdoor subjects of Mr. Benson, the solid, if somewhat forced figure studies by Mr. De Camp or the sane, crisp mastery of Mr. Tarbell. If the work of Messrs. Chase, Simmons and Weir seemed a trifle conflicting and unequal, the same cannot be said of Messrs. Metcalf and Tarbell, who each in a different way demonstrated the superiority of a restrained, consistent technique and a choice of subject which was always convincingly national. Just as "The Golden Hour," "The Trout-Brook," and "Snow-Bearers" celebrate in truthful accents the native quality of American landscape, so do a "New England Interior," "Girls Reading," and "Preparing for the Matinée" record with beauty, sincerity, and precision the finer spirit of American domestic life. It is comforting to know that art such as this does not fail of appreciation. Last season Mr. Metcalf was literally encumbered with awards and medals; this season it is Mr. Tarbell who wins the Academy Prize and generally increases his standing as never before.

Owing largely to the success of their Philadelphia show, there are already rumours that the "Ten" may shortly exhibit abroad. The move would be an admirable one, for Europe, aside from Paris, has never seen a collection of typically American pictures, and no better vindication of our freshness of theme and novelty of vision and treatment could be obtained than by gathering together a number of representative canvases by these particular artists. They were the first to free native painting from mediocrity and academism, and they still remain, despite the toll of years and the strident street cries of the oncoming "Eight," an enduring source of pride and of hope.

Christian Brinton.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER XIX



LISTEN, Mary! Will this do?" Daisy looked up from the flimsy little walnut escritoire that was her special pride, and smoothed out a sheet of pink notepaper that she had just covered with round, childish writing.

"Go on! What is it?" Mary was tucking a white muslin collar that was to adorn her linen dress at Kilmeaden, and the attention she gave to Daisy was divided.

"Can't you listen, then! 'Dear Isabel, I am writing to ask you to join us on Thursday evening at about eight. We are having a few people here, as it's our last night before going to Kilmeaden.'"

Daisy put down the note and looked across at her sister. "I must say that, you know. If I said it was a dance, half Waterford would be indignant because they weren't asked."

"Well, go on."

"Also I am very anxious to have you with us for a few days in the country. It will only be a sort of family party; but if you don't mind that, I wish you would arrange to come out for a week. We could fix about it on Thursday. With kind regards to Miss Costello, I am, Yours sincerely, Daisy Carey.' It sounds fearfully abrupt, doesn't it?"

Mary was threading her needle. "Not at all," she said conclusively. "It's too agreeable, if you ask me."

"Oh, Polly!"

"Yes, 'tis. And I think you're a great fool, Daisy, to be led into asking her at all."

Daisy folded the pink note and slowly put it into an envelope. "It's awfully hard always to do the right thing," she complained. "I'm sure I don't want her any more than you do, but I can't have

the Nevilles and the Cranes and all that crowd saying we ruined her chances; and you know they have said it!" Strengthened by her argument, she fastened the envelope and addressed it.

Mary pursed up her lips and began a fresh tuck.

"Well, I hope it's for the best!" Daisy looked at the envelope, weakening again.

Mary kept silent.

"Polly, why on earth can't you say something?"

"I never give advice where it isn't wanted. You can do what you like, of course; I'm sure, I only hope you won't regret it."

"Don't say things like that! They depress me."

"Don't be depressed without cause—you may have it some time."

"Mary, what on earth is the matter with you to-day?"

But Mary was not disposed to be communicative; and presently, having waited in vain for some sign, Daisy in common justification of herself, was compelled to ring for Julia and send her letter to the post.

"Well, it's gone now, anyway!" she said with relief, as the door closed upon the servant. "For goodness' sake, let us forget it, and talk about the dance!" She got up from her desk and came round to Mary's side.

"Polly, I wonder if 'twould be better, after all, to have a 'sit down' supper?"

"Supper? What on earth for? Aren't you telling them it's a 'Cinderella' dance?"

"Yes, but you know they won't go at twelve."

"I didn't say they would. But as long as they know it's 'Cinderella,' they know they'll get nothing to eat. Indeed, I'd be long sorry to give them anything but tea and coffee and ices."

"Stephen insists on chicken and ham at least."

"What nonsense! A lot Stephen knows about it."

"Well, I can't help it. He says men must have something to eat."

"Rubbish! If men have something to drink, it's much more to the purpose."

"Polly, how can you!" Daisy looked shocked.

Mary let her sewing lie idle in her lap. "'Pon my word, Daisy," she said, looking up at her sister, "you're like a girl at school! How on earth a married woman with three children can keep on being shocked at this, and shocked at that, like you do, is more than I can understand! Do you really think life is all visiting and dressing and fussing over babies?"

Daisy looked deeply offended. "I think you say very queer things sometimes, Mary. I don't think a nice woman ought to want to know anything outside her home—and I'm sure Stephen wouldn't wish me to."

Mary's lip curled. "Oh, that's quite likely! There's nothing so convenient to the ordinary man as an ignorant wife."

Daisy flushed. "I'm as well educated as you, Mary—though I may not read Tolstoy and Zola, and those horrible foreign writers."

Mary laughed. "Oh, I'm not talking of mathematics or Euclid; I know you passed your exams at school."

"What do you mean, then?"

"Never mind! Wasn't that a ring at the hall door?"

In a moment the little skirmish was forgotten. Mary rolled up her work and thrust it behind a vase; while Daisy flew to the glass over the mantelpiece, to arrange her hair.

"Who can it be?"

"How do I know? Sit down, for goodness' sake!"

As they made a rush for their respective chairs, the door opened.

"Why, it's only Father James!" Daisy cried in a tone of relief, and they both rose and went forward toward the door.

Father Baron came into the room with his usual deliberate slowness, and put out a hand to each of them.

"Well! Well! Well! A very dull visitor, I suppose!"

"Indeed, no!" Daisy cried. "We were

just dreading 'twas some woman. Come in, Father James! Were you down with Stephen?"

He allowed himself to be drawn into the room. "Indeed, I had lunch with him," he said; "and he told me he'd be on here after me. And how is Miss Mary?" He turned his small, dark, kindly eyes from Daisy's face to her sister's with a glance of absolute good-will.

Mary looked up at him frankly, for in the light of the old man's simplicity her sarcasm always lost point.

"As well as we can expect to be in this world, Father James."

"Oh, come, come, Mary!" he cried, "that's not the way to talk! It's for the like of me to be saying that, with my sixty-ninth birthday coming on next week, and my poor bones eaten up with the rheumatism! It's a shame for her now, Daisy, isn't it?"

"Oh, Daisy will agree with you! We were fighting when you came in."

He looked from one to the other with a smile. "And what harm if you were!" was his characteristic retort. "Sure, life wouldn't be worth anything at all if it wasn't for a fight now and again. Hard words break no bones!"

They both laughed at his unanswerable philosophy.

"You're awfully funny, Father James! I believe you'd find an excuse for Lucifer!"

"Well, child, and maybe I would," he said. "Daisy, am I going to see the sons at all?"

Daisy flushed with pleasure. "Oh, would you like to? I'll run up for them! I won't be a minute! They'd love to see you." She hurried across to the door, attractive at once in her spontaneous, natural pride in the thought of her children. "I won't be long! I won't be a minute!" she cried as she disappeared.

As the door closed upon her, Father Baron turned again to Mary. "Well, child," he said affectionately, "I don't think I saw you since that night of that dinner-party! Is Master Tom as busy as ever regenerating the country?"

"As silly as ever, you mean, Father James!"

"Ah, now! Ah, now!" he said gently. "We mustn't judge any one too quick,

Mary! And tell me what about that little gipsy that was there? I asked Stephen to-day if it's true what they're saying about her and Frank, but he didn't seem to like the question, so I didn't press it."

"Oh, Isabel Costello! I'm sick of her very name!"

Father James looked grave. "Mary! Mary! Mary! Is that the child that made her first confession to me!"

"Oh, well, I can't help it, Father James!"

"And what has the poor gipsy done?"

"I can't explain to you! She is different from the rest of us."

He smiled indulgently. "And perhaps a little change is no harm!"

"Or it may be great harm, Father James."

He glanced at her searchingly, but when he spoke again it was in the same gentle tone. "Ah, well!" he said; "it's not for us to judge her, Mary. The poor child will meet her own troubles."

It was Mary's turn to look shrewdly at him.

"What makes you say that, Father James?"

"Well, I only saw her the once, of course—and I'm open to make a mistake; but it struck me then that maybe life wouldn't be too easy for her. She's one, God help her, that'll be asking too much from it!"

Mary walked slowly across the room, and took her muslin collar from behind the vase.

"Father James," she said with apparent irrelevance, "how did you think Stephen Carey looking?"

Whatever may have been Father Baron's thought, his answer was non-committal. "Indeed, we had so much to talk about, Mary," he said, "that I didn't take any great notice. But here's Daisy with the children!"

As he spoke, the door opened and Daisy entered, smiling and unaffected, with one small boy walking close to her skirts and another, a couple of years younger, held in her arms.

"I'm so sorry, Father James, Baby is asleep! But I brought you Ted and Francis."

"Well! Well! Wasn't that bad man-

ners of Master James, now? To be asleep after his namesake coming all the way from Scarragh to see him! I don't think Ted would do a thing like that." In this round-about, tactful way he banished any shyness the elder boy might feel, and drew him into speech before he was aware.

"I think Baby is a silly fellow," he said, stepping from his mother's side, and looking up into the priest's face. "He's asleep half the day."

Father James put his hand on the small red head, with a touch as gentle as a woman's, and raised the intelligent, freckled little face.

"Is he, now, Ted?" he said thoughtfully. "Is he, now?" Then he shook off the momentary gravity that the child's presence had aroused, and turned toward the second boy, who was hiding a very fair head against his mother's shoulder.

"Well, young man," he said, making no attempt to frighten him by trying to touch him, "and what do you think about this brother of yours?"

The child raised his face an inch or two, and took a sidelong look at the priest.

"Come, now! Come, now, love! Speak to Father James! That's a good boy!" Very gently Daisy set him down on the ground, pushing him slowly forward. "Shake hands, now, and give him a kiss!"

Overpowered by the shyness that is the charm of many Irish children, Francis clung to her fingers, pressing close to her skirts for protection.

But the old priest understood the childish heart far too intimately to make any onslaught; so, quietly turning his back, he moved to a distant chair, from which he beckoned confidentially to Ted.

"All right! Very well!" he said. "But I think I know somebody that'll have a ride on Father James's horses. Come, Ted! We're going to take the horses out. Come, now! What are their names?"

"I know! I remember, Father James! 'Trample-the-Daisy' and 'Spatter-the-Dew'!" In high delight Ted rushed forward and placed himself between the old priest's knees, looking up excitedly into his face.

Father James smiled down at him in

as much pride as if he were his own son. "That's it, Ted! That's right! Come, now, they're wild to be off! Pick up the reins like a man." He began to move his feet to imitate an impatient horse.

Ted, flushed with excitement and earnestness, put his round little hand on the cheap black cord that served the priest as a watch-chain.

"Well, now! Which will you have?"

"'Trample-the-Daisy,' Father James."

"All right! Up you go!" He hoisted him triumphantly on to one knee, where he sat astride, with tightened legs and hands that gripped the watch-chain for life or death.

But a shriek of protest from the other end of the room stopped the game; as Francis, with outstretched arms and unsteady feet, lurched forward, followed by his mother. Reaching the priest's side, he put one fat hand on the vacant knee, and looked up into his face with bright, shy eyes.

"Me yide, too!" he said.

For an instant Father James looked down into the anxious little face; then with an infinitely gentle movement he lifted the child and held him close. "Why, then, indeed you will!" he said. "You'll ride the best horse in Father James's stable—the best horse vacant," he added, seeing Ted's face fall. "And that's 'Spatter-the-Dew'!"

There was uproar in the drawing-room for the next ten minutes; and while it was yet at its height, the door opened and Carey walked into the room.

Usually Carey's full favour was meted out to his sons. For years past, the sum of pride and of ambition had centred round their sturdy limbs, their bright faces, the promise of intelligence in their halting speech; and usually, coming upon such a scene as this, he would have flung his cares from him and, throwing himself into the tide of young life, have become young himself in his children's happiness. But to-day it was different; to-day he stood just inside the door, looking, but saying nothing.

"Oh, father, father! I'm winning! 'Trample-the-Daisy' is winning! Father, he's won! He's won!" Ted's voice rose shrill with excitement, as Father James allowed his legs to subside into well-

earned rest, and, taking his arm from round the younger boy, wiped his streaming forehead.

Then Carey came forward into the room. "Daisy," he said severely, "you oughtn't to allow them to play on Father James like that! It's disgraceful! He's perfectly exhausted."

Father Baron laughed. "I wish I was oftener exhausted, then. That's all I have to say! Now, Francis, are you fond of Father James?"

With a charming, shy grace the child looked up. "Iss!" he said simply, and put up his mouth to be kissed.

The old priest touched his lips almost reverently, and the two children slid to the ground and ran across to their father.

Stephen put a hand on either head; and to Mary and Father James, both watching closely, it almost seemed that impatience crossed the tenderness of the act.

"Take them upstairs, Daisy!" he said a moment after. "I have a splitting headache. Run off, now, like good boys!" He stooped quickly and kissed them both on the forehead.

Daisy and Mary went out, each leading one of the children, and as the door closed on them Carey threw himself into a chair.

"I'm good tired!" he said.

Father James, who had instructed him for the sacraments, married him, and baptized his children—knew him too well to proffer any sympathy. He sat quite still, fingering his watch-chain and waiting for the next outbreak.

It came before very long. "Good God, but I *am* tired!" Stephen sat forward, taking his head between his hands.

"You're overworked, Kilmeaden will put you right."

"Kilmeaden!" He laughed sarcastically; then his tone changed. "You'll come out to us, Father James—next month, anyway?"

Father James looked deprecating. "I don't know that I ought, Stephen! I oughtn't to be going there every year, taking up room. An old priest is a clog on young people."

"What nonsense! I'll be glad enough to have you, for one. The place will be infested with Norrises."

"Stephen! Stephen! You're in a black mood!"

Carey was silent for a while, then he lifted his face. "It's not me, Father James," he said; "it's the world that's out of joint."

CHAPTER XX

In the bedrooms at Lady Lane the curtains had been removed from the windows, the blinds pulled down, and the mattresses on the beds rolled up and covered with brown paper; while downstairs, in the breakfast room, the drawing-room furniture had been stacked away, chair on chair, and loomed forth, rigid and ghostly, under its holland shroud. With the exception of the dining-room, the drawing-room and Daisy's bedroom, the house spoke eloquently of immediate desertion; but in these three instances the contrast was marked. In the dining-room the big gasolier was fully lighted—a sure token of festivity—and the long table groaned under a weight of hams, chickens, creams and jellies; in Daisy's bedroom the dressing-table, brightly lighted with wax candles, was set out with the trays of pins and hairpins, the silver-backed brushes, even the box of crushed starch suitable to a night of entertainment; while in the drawing-room—the centre and pivot of the coming gaiety—a long stretch of waxed floor, a piano drawn into a remote corner, and a row of chairs standing like sentinels against the wall, proclaimed aloud that it was the hour before a dance.

It was eight o'clock, and the soft evening light was making a valiant attempt to struggle through the chinks of the Venetian blinds and offer a challenge to the flood of gaslight filling the room; by the white marble mantelpiece Daisy, in a pretty gauze dress, was dividing her attention between a bank of geraniums and maidenhair fern clustering on the mantelboard and her own image reflected in the mirror; while at the other end of the room Mary was sprinkling French chalk from a flour-dredger, while Tom Norris followed after, working it into the floor by long, sliding steps.

At last Mary stopped, shaking some of the chalk from her skirt. "That'll do

now! Nobody can walk across the room if it's slipperier than this."

Tom took a flying slide down the room. "It's grand!" he announced. "Have a turn, Polly! Daisy, play us a waltz!"

Daisy looked round. "Ah, no, Tom! I'm much too nervous! Supposing anybody came!"

"Well, and if they did, couldn't you stop? We'd hear the ring. Come on, don't be so disagreeable!"

She moved slowly toward the piano. "Isn't it frightful, Miss Maguire not being here yet! I think when you pay a person to play, the least they might do is to be punctual. What waltz do you want?"

"Anything at all, only hurry up!"

Still with reluctance, she began to play a musical-comedy tune, and Tom advanced upon Mary. "Come along, Poll! We'll have a fling before anybody comes."

But Mary pushed him off with considerable vigour. "Indeed, you'll put on your gloves, if you're going to dance with me!"

"What's the matter with my hands? I washed them before dinner."

"I'll stop, if you don't begin!" Daisy announced. "I'm not going to play all night, while you stand there fighting!"

Tom shrugged his shoulders, and grudgingly drew a pair of white gloves from his coat-tail pocket.

But notwithstanding her little triumph, Mary was never called upon to execute the preliminary dance; for while Tom was still fumbling with his glove buttons, the hall door bell pealed loudly and Daisy's waltz came to a confused end.

"Good Heavens! It's somebody!" she cried. "Miss Maguire would never attempt to ring like that. Mary, for goodness' sake, come and stand near me! I wonder where Stephen is?"

"Oh, Stephen has only just commenced to shave!"

"Hurry! Can't you hurry, Mary! I hear them coming upstairs. Tom, remember you must talk, whoever it is; and if it's any one at all *passée*, you must engage dances. Now, don't forget!"

"Don't be afraid! You won't give me a chance to. I'll never forget your pic-

nic last year. I spent the whole of a gorgeous afternoon opening soda-water bottles; and then, when it came to evening, and I might have had some fun, I was packed off to ride home with Mrs. Fisher, because she was so short-sighted she might run into something! Oh, no, Daisy, I know my place at your parties!"

"Be quiet, for goodness' sake!" whispered Daisy nervously, as the door was opened, and Julia's flushed face was thrust forward.

"Miss Costello, ma'am!" she announced.

Mary, whose back was to the door, made a wry face, but Daisy looked relieved.

"Oh, Isabel!" she said. "How are you?"

Isabel stepped forward into the room, then paused, disconcerted at finding herself the first guest.

"Oh, I'm too early!" she said. "Our clock must be wrong."

"Not at all, Miss Costello! Not at all!" Tom came forward good-naturedly. "It's only that Waterford people think it fashionable to be late. How are you?" He took her hand, smiling with involuntary admiration.

For Isabel was radiant to-night. For the first time since the Fair Hill dance she was wearing the white muslin dress that had honoured her *début*; and with the consciousness of her finery, some of the first pride had returned. To-night, too, she was carrying an old Spanish fan, and wearing a high tortoise-shell comb, that in a moment of generosity Miss Costello had unearthed from a chest of family relics; and as she stepped into the lighted room, she brought with her an air, a distinction that might have belonged to another generation—a charm beside which Daisy and Mary sank into insignificance.

They both looked at her, appraising her shrewdly from her high-heeled slippers to the tip of the beautiful old comb; then Daisy stepped forward. "How are you?" she said again, a little less eagerly.

Isabel took her hand. "I must thank you about Kilmeaden," she said at once. "It's very, very kind of you!"

"Not at all!" said Daisy a little awk-

wardly. "I hope you'll come. Any time next month will suit us; we'll be perfectly settled in a week or two."

Isabel's lips parted to reply, but before she could frame the words, Mary stepped forward, an aggravating little sneer on her lips. "I don't suppose Isabel will care much for Kilmeaden."

"Oh, why not, Polly?" Tom cried. "Kilmeaden isn't half bad, as the country goes."

"I wasn't thinking of Kilmeaden itself. I was only wondering how she'd like the party." She turned to Isabel. "Can you imagine yourself having a good time with only Daisy and me and Tom and Father Baron?"

Isabel coloured under the glance levelled at her, for Mary's sharp green eyes could convey a multitude of words that never found vent in speech. "I—I imagine 'twould be very nice," she said confusedly.

Mary laughed. "Oh, that's all right, then! And, of course, I didn't count the party quite rightly. There'll be Stephen as well." Her glance held the other's in a satirical, unfriendly stare.

Tom and Daisy saw nothing of the little duel of looks; but Isabel, swift of intuition, acknowledged the cut-and-thrust, and in a second pride surged up, ousting reason, expediency, even personal desire.

She caught her breath, and the first words that came to her lips poured out, one upon the other.

"You didn't let me finish," she said. "I was just going to say to Mrs. Carey that I'm sure 'twould be lovely at Kilmeaden, but that I'm afraid my aunt won't be able to let me go."

Amazement spread over Daisy's face. "But why not?" she said. "I thought it was settled."

"Oh, why, Miss Costello?" Tom cried.

But like the preliminary dance, Isabel's possible explanation was forgotten in the sound of the hall-door bell, and presently Daisy, Mary and Tom were submerged in a sea of arriving guests.

As they disappeared from her sight, Isabel drew back against the wall. Never until that moment had she realised how poignantly interesting the visit to Kilmeaden had been—how closely she had counted

suddenly revealed, rather than as a pleasant radiance to which the eyes have grown accustomed through many surreptitious liftings of the veil. Neither knew, neither understood, and, without doubt, fate smiled.

"Well?" Carey said again.

Isabel looked up — laughed — stammered.

Something alluring, something childish in her sudden shyness, changed his mood. He bent down quickly. "Come!" he said, "give me a dance! I feel young to-night!"

CHAPTER XXI

Three weeks had passed since the night of the dance at Lady Lane. To Isabel, they had been three weeks of ordinary provincial life; yet in her unconscious psychological development, the span of time might have been three months—even three years, for in that brief chain of days she had learned to breathe a new atmosphere, to survey her life from a changed standpoint. The past days, with their favours, their failures—their friendship with Carey, blowing now hot, now cold, had been as a kaleidoscope in which her excited senses had striven to follow the bewildering patterns, weaving and unweaving themselves under her gaze; but these three weeks with their sudden dulness, their unanticipated stagnation, their consciousness that the interest that had upheld and sustained her had been abruptly withdrawn, were as the merging of the colours into a definite pattern while the mechanism slowly ceased to work.

In those monotonous hours there had been no denying that it was Carey who had given point to the weeks just passed—Carey's antagonism and Carey's interest that had made her little battles and her little conquests seem worth while; and now that Carey no longer figured as a social quantity, social matters fell strangely flat. Tennis at the Powers' and croquet at the Nevilles' became wearisome when there was no longer the consoling thought that if the afternoon proved tedious there was still an evening at Fair Hill or elsewhere at which Stephen might unexpectedly appear; and realising

this, she admitted to herself the change and the reason of the change.

She admitted it, but made no effort to change the routine of her life, even shrinking with a new shyness from the possibility of a chance meeting with the object of her thoughts. Toward one point all her interests merged—the prospective visit to Kilmeaden. The anticipation of this she hoarded as a miser hoards his gold, bringing it forth from the recesses of her mind in the solitude of her room, dreaming of it, thrilled by the thought of it, living it over in anticipation hour by hour, moment by moment. There she would see Carey day after day, in the close intimacy of daily life, until every characteristic, every trick of voice and manner, would become as familiar as household things; and in this realm of imagination she moved, spinning the scenes from her brain, weaving of them a bridge that spanned the dull monotony that separated her from the day she craved.

Of those about her, no one marked the change, no one suspected. Had Miss Costello been questioned upon the passage of those three weeks, she would first of all have repudiated the idea of any alteration in her niece; and then, pressed upon the point, she would have grudgingly admitted that perhaps Isabel had spent more time in her own room, had walked oftener into the country, and had generally made life less turbulent since their acquaintances had begun to go out of town and Waterford gaieties had diminished.

So the circle of the weeks wore round with a little gossip, a little shopping, a little tennis and a formal visit or two; then the great day dawned.

Isabel was up at five, to scan the first pearly sky tints that presaged brilliant weather, though if the heavens had opened upon that particular morning it would not have counted one black mark against the day's favour. She came down to breakfast the incarnation of joy, and never had Miss Costello been allowed to enjoy a meal under circumstances so serene. She talked of the weather, of her journey, of the country; she questioned and requestioned her aunt upon the subject of Kilmeaden; she burned to

know what the house was like—whether the grounds were large—if there were stables? Everything interested her, she took everything in good part.

Then came the last touches to the packing, practically completed days ago; and to participation in this most sacred act she invited Miss Costello, laughing, and talking incessantly as she folded away the last handkerchief, the last tulle bow.

Everything was ready a full hour too soon, for it was not until eleven that the Skerrybeg carriage was to call at New Town on its way to Kilmeaden, from whence it was to bear Mrs. Power back to Waterford after a week's visit to the Careys.

Isabel had helped Lizzie to carry the trunk downstairs, and was now sitting on it in the hall, as she drew on her gloves.

"Well, and when will you be back?" Mrs. Costello asked.

"I don't know, auntie. She said a week."

"Very well so! I'll be looking out for you next Monday."

"Unless I write."

"Oh, of course, unless you write. If they ask you to stay on, don't refuse. 'Twill be the only outing you'll get this summer, and you're looking a little pale."

"Pale, auntie? Am I?" She put her hand apprehensively to her cheek.

"Well, not to-day. You have colour enough to-day. I'm thinking of lately; you looked a little washy lately."

"Washty? How horrible!" She jumped up and walked out into the garden. The small grass plot was beginning to turn yellow in the summer heat, and in the long bed where the russet wall-flowers had once raised sturdy heads the earth was brown and parched, and the blue of the lobelias and the red of the geraniums were marred by city dust.

"You ought to water the poor flowers, auntie."

"I ought," said Miss Costello helplessly.

"But will you?"

"I will. I'll get Lizzie to do it when she's washed up after tea this evening."

Isabel shook her head; then she looked up at the hot, white sky. "How heavenly the country will be! Is it eleven yet?"

"Just."

"Then the car will be here in a minute. Oh, auntie, just imagine!"

"You're very excited about it."

Isabel turned away from her aunt's scrutiny, only to see Lizzie peering at her from behind the curtain of the parlour window, and at the same moment the Powers' fat bay horse came ambling up the hill, and the roomy brougham drew up, entirely dwarfing the little gate.

At the visible symbol of social rank, Isabel gave a gasp. "Oh, auntie, if we only had a man to bring out the trunk. Lizzie looks so fearful!"

"Sure, I'll ask the coachman." Miss Costello stepped forward across the garden.

"Auntie! don't! Oh, don't!"

"What nonsense, child! Why wouldn't I? Your grandfather kept a footman and a coachman. Good-morning!" she added in a louder voice to the lethargic-looking individual on the box-seat of the brougham. "Good-morning! There's a little portmanteau inside in the hall, would you mind coming in for it?"

Silently, and with obvious reluctance, the fat coachman fastened up his reins. A long and lazy life in Mrs. Power's service had left him unwieldy both of mind and body, and Isabel held her breath as she saw him descend laboriously from his seat.

"We'd better call Lizzie, auntie," she whispered.

"Not at all, child! Not at all!" Miss Costello was enjoying the unwonted position of director in any affair.

"But how will he ever lift the trunk!"

"Be quiet, can't you!" Miss Costello ran forward fussily and opened the little gate as Roger, the coachman, stepped to the ground. "Yes! yes! Up here!" she explained, guiding her unwilling henchman up the strip of garden. "It looks a little big, but it's really no weight at all. I'd think nothing of lifting it myself, and the girl—" She faltered as she caught Isabel's eye. "One—one of the maids brought it downstairs by herself."

Under this fire of words Roger advanced, breathing heavily, and paused before Isabel's big black school trunk.

"'Tis a fine bit of a portmanteau," he said with sarcasm; and disdaining fur-

ther comment, he stooped and lifted it ponderously to his shoulders.

There was a strained moment of uncertainty as he tottered under the weight and swayed down the path; then Isabel clasped her hands in an agony of apprehension. "Oh, auntie, why did you? Why did you? He'll get apoplexy or something; and Mrs. Power thinks more of him than of any of the family. Look, he'll never get it up on the box-seat! Quick, auntie! Quick!" Even as she spoke she saw Roger's great bulk yield under its burden; and rushing forward, she was barely in time to scramble to the box-seat, seize a strap, and drag the trunk into place.

Having saved the situation, she jumped to the ground again, flushed but triumphant. "I've torn my glove, but it's up!" she announced. "Now, I suppose, we're ready!"

With his dignity too much ruffled to permit of speech, Roger climbed slowly to his seat and untied his reins.

"Such nonsense!" Miss Costello muttered. "Sure, I could lift it myself!"

"Well, it's all right now, auntie; and the great thing is Lizzie wasn't seen. Good-bye!" With sudden enthusiasm, she threw her arms about her aunt's neck.

"Good-bye! Get in now." On pretext of opening the door, Miss Costello peered curiously into the recesses of the brougham. "It's a nice, roomy carriage," she said, enjoying the mere use of the word.

"I wish you were coming, auntie."

"Well, sure we can't have everything! Have you your purse safe?"

"I have; but, auntie, are you sure two shillings will be enough to give the parlour maid?"

"Too much, if anything."

"And, auntie"—Isabel lowered her voice fearfully—"do you think *he'll* expect anything for bringing down the trunk?"

She nodded toward the broad back looming against the front window.

"Indeed, then, let him expect! Good-bye, child!"

"Good-bye, auntie!"

The door of the brougham was closed, the signal for departure given, and the

fat bay horse started off at a cautious trot.

As long as the little house was in sight, Isabel leant out of the window, waving to the gaunt figure of Miss Costello; but as both house and figure were gradually merged in the suburban picture she drew back into the cushioned seat and gave herself up to the pleasure of the moment.

At any time this drive would have been a delight, for all her nature yearned toward the pleasantness of life; but to-day the delight was subtly enhanced, being the mere preface to all that was to come. The road from Waterford to Kilmeaden has no particular beauty: it is a wide, level road, now open to the sweep of the winds, again arched over and shadowed by thick clumps of trees; but the way made little difference, it was all an enchanted pathway leading to the unknown.

Lover of speed though she was, she felt no impatience at the ambling trot of the over-fed horse; if anything, she would have prolonged the drive, and regret was mingled with her excitement when at last the handful of houses dignified by the name of Kilmeaden came into view, the carriage turned off into a side road, and she realised that it was a matter of minutes until her destination was reached and her curiosity satisfied for good and all.

Turning out of the high road, they made their way down a narrow lane, skirted a stream in which a band of ducks were splashing and quacking, and lurched across a small stone bridge; then for a few hundred yards they passed between high hawthorn hedges that enclosed them in a bower of scent and blossom, which in turn gave place to a low fence that girded a stretch of cornfield, and beyond the waving grain Isabel caught her first glimpse of the Careys' house.

To know this house, one should know Ireland. Companion houses to it are to be found by the dozen in every one of the counties, though the date of their building and the style of their architecture are alike impossible to place. The similarity lies in the whitewashed exterior, in the solitariness of position, in the air of homely dilapidation so racy of

the soil. There is something sad, perhaps, to alien eyes, in these neglected, isolated dwellings; but to one who has ever called such a place home there is a thrill in the white walls looming out of the neutral-tinted landscape, a memory in the very cracks and blisters on the painted door, in the very rattle of the sashes in the high window frames.

A five-barred iron gate gave access to the avenue, which was more a narrow roadway than a drive, and ran in a straight line across the green and marshy fields to the doorway of the house. In winter these fields were wont to degenerate into bogland, but now in the heat of summer they were a shimmering carpet gold with buttercups, on which a dozen cows browsed peacefully. As a vague background to the picture, Isabel acknowledged this haze of gold; but her glance, her burning interest, centred on the house itself—the white house, with its shabby door standing ajar, its many windows looking out like kindly eyes over the calm green country.

A thrill of pleasure and hope passed through her, and she rose from her seat almost before the carriage stopped.

At the same moment, seemingly from nowhere, Daisy appeared at the open door, looking healthy and sunburned, an suggestive of country life.

"Ah, there you are, Isabel! I was in the garden with Mrs. Power picking strawberries when I heard the car. How are you? Let me help you out! Julia!" she turned, calling back into the house, "get some one to carry up Miss Costello's trunk!"

Then again she turned back to Isabel. "Will you come into the garden first," she asked, "and see Mrs. Power? We're all by ourselves; Father James is reading his office somewhere, and Mary went up to town this morning to do some shopping. Roger, you can take the horse round to the stable! Mrs. Power won't be going till two."

"Very well, ma'am!" said Roger, still upon his dignity; "an' indade, 'tis a rest the poor baste'll want!"

Still chatting and inconsequent, Daisy led her visitor through the square, airy hall, whose only furniture was a stand crowded with straw hats of every age

and shape, and a large deal table, on which were ranged a row of cleanly red flower-pots filled with musk.

From the hall they passed into the drawing-room; and here again was the sense of air and space. The room was high; a flood of light poured into it from two long windows that looked upon the fields, and a mellow greenness flooded in from the garden through a glass door at the farther end. There were some good old pieces of furniture here, relics of the former owner, and a feeling of homeliness and use pervaded the place; there were flowers in the vases, an open work-basket stood on the centre table, a novel of Tolstoy's lay on the top of the piano.

But these things came subconsciously to Isabel, for Daisy hurried forward, giving no time for close observation, and presently the two had passed through the glass door and were walking down the old garden path overgrown by moss and weeds. The garden itself accorded with the house: it was an acre of ground run wild with vegetation; gnarled apple-trees ranged side by side with black-branched pear-trees and immense, luxuriant gooseberry bushes, while about their roots a riotous undergrowth of rhubarb, strawberries, lavender and thyme flourished untended and unchecked. It was a bewildering tangle of greenness, scent and country freshness, and Isabel paused, enchanted.

"I don't wonder you come here!" she said. "I love this place."

Daisy looked gratified. "Oh, I don't know! 'Tisn't a bad old house, but the garden is a terrible wilderness. I'm always at Stephen to get it put into some sort of order, for I'm really ashamed when people like Mrs. Power and Mrs. Burke, who have such lovely gardens of their own, come out here. But he's so queer; he likes it as it is."

"Indeed, I agree with him. I'd a thousand times rather have it than Skerrybeg or Fair Hill."

"Would you, really? I wouldn't. But here's Mrs. Power!"

Mrs. Power, in an old black cashmere dress, with an alarmingly unbecoming garden-hat tied under her chin, emerged from a side path; her skirt was tucked

up under one arm and she was carrying a cabbage leaf full of strawberries.

"And so here's the visitor!" she cried. "How are you, Isabel, dear! Did Roger bring you down safely? And what's the news in Waterford?"

Without waiting for an answer she kissed Isabel warmly and broke into another flow of words.

"Let me look at you, now! Indeed, you have quite a colour after your drive down. I suppose they're roasted to death up in town with all this dry weather? Josephine tells me that the lawn at home is more like tow than grass for the want of a drop of rain."

"Indeed, yes," agreed Isabel. "Every place is parched with the heat and the dust."

"We're near a change, though!" Daisy looked up at the sky, where some copper-coloured clouds were gathering in the west.

"Well, indeed, please God, we are! The country will be destroyed if this goes on much longer. Though, to be sure, the heat is good for the strawberries. Have one, Isabel?"

Isabel was about to comply, but Daisy put her hand over the cabbage leaf.

"Ah, no, Mrs. Power! You'll spoil her appetite for lunch, and we have a nice roast chicken. Would you like to go up to your room, Isabel, before the bell rings?"

"Of course, she would!" Mrs. Power broke in. "I'll take her up; I have to wash my own hands before lunch."

"All right, Mrs. Power! The back room over the drawing-room. That'll be your window, Isabel!" She indicated one of the windows overlooking the garden.

"How lovely! I'll adore the view!" Isabel smiled in involuntary pleasure, and, with a still further lifting of the heart, followed Mrs. Power through the drawing-room and hall and up the wide, clean staircase, where again she was assailed by the delicious, old-fashioned scent of musk.

Without ceremony, Mrs. Power opened the bedroom door and walked in.

"I suppose I may wash my hands here?"

"Of course, Mrs. Power! Let me

pour out the water for you?" With her all-pervading sense of pleasure and anticipation, Isabel hurried forward and filled up the quaint basin with its wonderful design of castles and birds and trees, while Mrs. Power laid down the leaf of strawberries and began to draw off her rings.

"Thanks, dear! And I suppose you're delighted to be in the country?"

"Indeed I am. Indeed, yes."

"That's right! And now tell me, did you see much of them at Skerrybeg while I was away?"

"I saw Maurice and Eddy and Walter on Saturday, Mrs. Power, and I saw Josephine yesterday."

Mrs. Power walked to the washstand and buried her hands in the water. "And did you see Owen at all?" she asked in a tone that was carefully diplomatic.

Isabel looked round quickly, but there was nothing to be read from the ample back in its cashmere draperies. "No, Mrs. Power," she said honestly, "I didn't."

Mrs. Power picked up the soap, and there was the swiftness of relief in the gesture. "Didn't you, now?" she said. "Didn't you, now? Owen is a funny boy, Isabel. I won't be sorry when he takes it into his head to settle down. You know, I used to have great hopes once that he and Mary Norris would take a fancy to one another."

There was a pause. "And why didn't they?" Isabel said at last with elaborate indifference.

Mrs. Power shook the water from her hands and took up the towel. "Well, Isabel," she said, still keeping her back turned, "between you and me, I believe they did. But lately a little bird has whispered to me that somebody has come between them. Could you guess at all who the somebody is?"

To her intense annoyance, Isabel felt her face grow red. "I, Mrs. Power? How could I?"

Then at last Mrs. Power turned round. "Ah, now, Isabel," she said with a change of tone, "don't be pretending! You know very well that you're a good deal a more attractive girl than Mary, and that any man in the world may lose his head over a pretty face!"



Isabel's flush deepened, deepened painfully. With the quickness of her race, she saw Mrs. Power's intentions as plainly as we see the wares through the glass of a shop window. It was a case of Frank Carey over again, smoothed this time by kindness and placid dislike of a scene, but fundamentally the same.

"Oh, Mrs. Power," she cried, "if you think that I want to spoil Owen's chances—to come between him and Marv Norris, you make a great, great mistake!"

Mrs. Power was alarmed. "My dear, my dear, I never said——"

"I know you didn't. But, all the same, I see—I understand. Owen has a future before him, and Mary Norris has position and a fortune."

Horror and pain crossed Mrs. Power's face. "My dear, my dear," she cried in distress, "what are you saying? You don't surely think that I'd have Owen—or any son of mine—marry for money or position or any such thing as that? It's only that Mary is a nice, sensible girl—and the Norrises are such old friends—and that Owen bicycled out three evenings since I've been here, and so I half thought——"

Isabel laughed—laughed suddenly and almost rudely. "Oh, don't try to explain, Mrs. Power! Please, please don't! I understand so very well."

For a moment Mrs. Power hung upon the brink of dire offence; then tact and the consciousness of a difficult deed accomplished soothed her hurt pride, and she came forward with her motherly arms extended.

"Ah, now, Isabel, you're not to take it in bad part! Don't see offence where there's no offence meant. Girls are thoughtless things, and I just made up my mind this morning to give you a hint of how the land lies. But it's all over now, and I must run and take my hat off."

With all the old motherly warmth she kissed Isabel's averted cheek and hurried from the room; but long after the door had closed Isabel stood where she had left her in the centre of the room, oddly conscious that something had chilled the warmth of the day—that, looking truly into the heart of things,

she stood alone in this circle of the prosperous and worldly-wise.

CHAPTER XXII

Bitterness reigned in Isabel's mind, rebellion surged in her blood, and her cheeks were hot as she brushed her thick black hair and set her dress in order for the coming meal; and justification lay at the bottom of the rebellion, making its goad the keener. Isabel was one of those whom Nature has moulded for life's easy ways. As the child of a rich man, her qualities would have shone as jewels in a fine setting; her exaggerated pride would have passed for dignity, her reckless independence for strength of character, her passionate impulsiveness for feminine charm; and lapped in security, hedged round by the impregnable barriers of position, her nature would have expanded, softened, matured until at last she glided into womanhood; but heredity had shaped the mould, and fate had disposed of the modelled clay. In the fairy tale, Cinderella has but to await the Prince, but upon the stage of middle-class Irish life the godmother's wand has lost its cunning, the rags remain merely rags, and the lean mice gnaw the pumpkin. To girls such as Isabel, the future is cruelly stereotyped: a year or two of social success, while the face and personality are new to the limited circle, then the slow decline of that ardent popularity, the imperceptible drawing out of the years, until eighteen merges into twenty-eight, and the girl wakes up with alarm to find that a newer band of pleasure-seekers is pouring back from the convent schools, ousting her from her supremacy. And then? The question is very poignant. In no country in the world does the feminine mind shrink more sensitively from the stigma of old maid than in Ireland, where the woman-worker—the woman of broad interest—exists only as a rare type. There is, of course, the convent always looming, a large possibility in the Catholic mind, and many are the lives that find abiding peace in its placid grey monotony; but it is not the woman of Isabel's stamp who girds herself in the habit of religion; neither

is it the woman of this stamp who can subdue her pride to the petty difficulties, the slow drudgery that in Ireland spells self-support. Such women either marry or they do not marry; and in that simple statement is comprised the tragedy of existence.

Some glimmering of this immense question was shadowing her youth, as she twisted up her splendid hair, and the sombre fear of it was darkening her eyes as she slowly descended the clean, bare staircase in answer to the summoning lunch-bell.

In the hall Daisy was waiting for her. "Ah, there you are!" she began at once. "Come in to the dining-room! There's only Father James and Mrs. Power. Ted generally has his dinner at our lunch-time, but he has a cold these last few days and the doctor is keeping him in bed."

The dining-room, like the rest of the house, was clean and scantily furnished, and to Isabel's eyes it instantly suggested the refectory of a monastery in its simple severity. The two other guests were already seated when she entered, and an appetising smell was coming from the uncovered dishes of chicken and ham.

"Ah, there you are, Daisy, dear!" cried Mrs. Power. "Come on at once, I'm simply starving. I tried to tempt Father James to begin carving, but he was altogether too punctilious."

Daisy laughed. "What nonsense! He knows I wouldn't mind. Here's Isabel Costello, Father James!" She led Isabel round the table and then took her own place. "And now, who's going to cut up the things?" she added. "Mrs. Power, will you?"

"Ah, no, Daisy, dear! You carve beautifully," objected Mrs. Power, who was incorrigibly lazy.

"Sure, I'll do the two, child!" said Father James. "Bring the dishes down here to me, Julia! And how are you, Miss Isabel! 'Tis a long time since we met—and then 'twas only once—but I have a good remembrance of you all the same, and I hope you haven't forgotten me." He took Isabel's hand with all the kindly warmth in which his soul abounded; and as ice inevitably thaws in

strong sunshine, the bitterness in Isabel's heart softened.

She looked up at him and smiled.

"No, I haven't forgotten you."

"That's right, child! That's right! We'll be great friends yet. Now, Daisy, what'll you have? A bit of the wing?"

And so on, consulting everybody's taste, unceasingly cheerful and kindly, he carved the chicken, supplementing each portion with a piece of ham that would have fed a ploughman.

"Well," said Daisy, when the meal was in progress, "so you went to read your office before lunch? I saw you starting off when we were in the garden."

Father James laughed and then shook his head guiltily. "Peccavi! Peccavi!" he said. "I did start off with my breviary and the best of intentions; but as luck would have it, I took a look up at the nursery window, and I going down the path——"

Daisy laughed as well. "Oh, Father James, I guess——"

"Indeed, I suppose you do! Faith, they're great young tempters, those sons of yours. Up I went, telling myself 'twould only be for a minute; but between playing horses and playing bear, I only got off in time to wash my hands!"

In this manner, in homely talk and homely laughter, the lunch drew to a close; and presently the chime of the old gilt clock in the drawing-room floated across the hall, announcing two o'clock.

Mrs. Power started—if so alert a word could be applied to her round and comfortable person. "Good gracious, Daisy, is that two o'clock? And I haven't a bit of my packing done. Come up with me, like an angel, and help me to fold my things!"

Daisy rose. "And what'll you do, Father James? Make another attempt at your office?"

"Well, no," said Father James, rising slowly. "I'll read it later on when you're all at tea. Now I think I'll take Miss Isabel for a walk, if she has nothing better to do."

Whether he divined that Isabel might feel neglected when the other two retired, it is impossible to say, but his eyes

were even more than usually kind as they rested on her face.

She sprang up in ready response. "Oh, thanks, Father Baron! I'd love to go with you."

"That's right! That's right!" he said. "But remember I'm Father James to everybody in this house. Run on now, like a good child, and get your hat, so we won't be wasting any time. The day is calling out for somebody to come and enjoy it."

Again Isabel smiled at him. "But I don't want a hat; I love the sun on my face."

"Ah, that's right! I like to hear you say that! We can't have too much of anything that Almighty gives us. I often go out myself, when 'tis pouring rain, and walk up my bit of a mountain at Scarragh till I'm drenched through and through. Come on now, and I'll show you the path to the wood that they all put so much pass on! Good-bye for the present, Mrs. Power! I'll see you before you start; and maybe, you'd do a little message for me up in town?"

"Indeed, I will, Father James! A hundred, if you like. Come along, Daisy! You know how impatient Roger is, and I'm sure he has the horse tackled."

The two women departed, and Isabel and Father James passed out into the hall and through the open door.

The sun was brilliant, though the copper clouds were still banked in the west, and the fields and buttercups shimmered pure gold. Isabel paused involuntarily to drink in the beauty of the scene.

"How splendid it is!" she said. "How free it is!"

A serious look came over the old priest's face. "You may well say that, child!" he said. "'Tis what I say to myself every day out on the side of my mountain, when I watch every little plant filling its own place, and see every change and season working its own end. Indeed, I'd pity no man that had eyes to see—and the country to live in."

He said it so simply, with such infinite earnestness, that again Isabel felt her heart go out to him in sudden sympathy. In the same way—by this same selflessness—he had won his way with many a

sinner in the dim confessional, hearing the old, human tale of temptation and of fall from lips that would have remained closed to pleading or to reason. The man showed himself so naively, that his very confidence drew kindred revelation; and in the silence that followed, while they walked together over the flower-covered grass, Isabel felt for the first time what it might be to know the intimate love of father and mother; and something of loss—of dim, vague longing—surged up within her.

As though he divined her thought, his next words were intimate and personal.

"Well, child," he said gently, as they neared the fir wood that bordered the fields, "and what sort of a place do you find the world?"

Isabel started. "The world?" she said quickly.

He smiled, a wise, indulgent smile. "You haven't made up your mind yet, perhaps? Well, you're young. You're young."

"How made up my mind?"

"Well, about your future—about what you'll be doing with yourself. You'll have to be making up your mind to that some day, you know. None of us are let off that penalty."

She glanced up quickly, almost fearfully. "My future? How do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that you'll have to be choosing your state in life. You'll have to be getting married or going into a convent one of these fine days—I won't say the word 'old maid.'"

Isabel laughed, but her laugh was tremulous. "I could never be a nun."

"And I'm not so sure that I'd be asking you, child. 'Tis a grand life, no doubt—a grand calling—but, after all, a wife is a grander calling still. Look at Daisy, now!" He paused to let the words sink in; but Isabel kept silent, her eyes fixed upon the fir trees.

"Look at Daisy, now!" he said again. "She's not a clever girl; she's not a remarkable girl; she'd make only a very ordinary sort of a nun—but she's a good mother to those three boys of hers; and in time to come there'll be three men at least that'll think her the finest woman in the world. Now, if that

isn't something, I don't know what to say."

Isabel flushed. "I'd hate to be like Daisy!"

The old priest showed no perturbation at the violence of the tone. "You needn't trouble yourself about that," he said gently, "because you couldn't be, even if you tried. We're all as God made us."

"For one thing, I'll never marry a Waterford man!"

"And why is that?"

"Because I know too well what they're like."

"And what's that, child?"

"Oh, dull and narrow-minded and stupid."

They were close to the fir wood now, and Father James paused and looked at her with new seriousness. "Isabel, child," he said, "you must never say a thing like that. There are men as good and as fine and as clever, too, in these towns of ours as ever you'd find in the big cities. Maybe they don't show up like the other people; but, take my word for it, they're there. Look at Stephen Carey, for instance!"

He may have said it innocently, he may have said it with meaning; but whatever his intention, the result was instant and definite. The blood mounted to Isabel's face, words flew to her lips.

"Oh, but Mr. Carey! How can you compare Mr. Carey to the others? If he had never settled down in Ireland—if only he was in England or America, what a great man he might have been!"

Surprise crossed the old priest's eyes. He had scarcely expected such an outburst as this; it was deeper water than he had looked to plumb. But he continued to walk on, encouraging her by his calm.

"And so you think Stephen might be a great man?"

"Indeed, yes. Indeed, I do."

"And I'm not so sure, child, that I don't agree with you. Stephen has the stuff in him."

Isabel threw up her head with one of her swift impulses, and her steps quickened to her quickening enthusiasm.

"Yes; he could rise to anything, if he had the chance."

Father James did not reply at once,

but with a very thoughtful gesture, he rubbed his shaven chin.

"Yes, yes, yes, child!" he said at last. "Maybe you're right! Most likely you're right! But I have queer notions myself about things like that. I'm an old man now, and within measuring distance of the grave, and do you know what my life has taught me?"

She glanced at him in quick interrogation.

"It has taught me this, child, that it's a false thing ever to be saying that if this man had his chance and if that man had his chance, they'd have done this thing and done that thing, for 'tis a bigger mind than yours or mine that put them where they are—and they're working out bigger things than you or I could ever put our tongue to." They had reached the end of the path, and instead of climbing the stile that led into the wood, Father James seated himself on the lowest step, and with great deliberation stooped down and drew into light a tiny fern growing in the interstices of the stone.

"Look here, Isabel!" he said. "The Almighty set this fern between these stones, and if He thought 'twould thrive better between the paving stones of a street, do you think He'd be waiting for you or me to tell Him He ought to have put it there?"

Isabel turned her flushed face to the sun. "Oh, but that's exaggerated. I don't think God ever meant us to be satisfied with things as they are. If we all sat down and did nothing, how would the world move on?"

Again Father James rubbed his chin. Then he smiled, his shrewd, kind, lenient smile.

"Child," he said, "did you ever hear of a man called Æsop?"

"I heard of Æsop's fables," she said, a little impatiently.

"Well, then, did you ever hear the story about the fly on the wheel?"

"No, I did not."

"Very well, then, I'll tell it to you." And settling himself in his seat, he began the homely story as he might a fairy tale to a little child.

"Well, now, to begin at the beginning, there was a fly one fine day long ago sat

himself down on the axle of a chariot wheel: and after a while he took it into his head that the chariot wasn't going fast enough, so what did he do but speak to the mule that was drawing it. 'How slow you are, my fine mule!' said he. 'Take care that you won't find me giving you a sting to hurry you on!' But, faith, Isabel, the mule knew too much for him! 'Tis very little I care for your sting,' said he, 'I only care about him that sits above you, and that hurries me on with the whip or keeps me back with the reins. So bother me no more, for I can go fast or go slow without your ordering.'"

When he had finished, Isabel made another movement of quick impatience. "What a silly story," she said. "I don't see the point at all."

"Don't you?"

"I don't."

"Don't you see that life is the chariot and that we are the flies—all of us, the

clever ones like Stephen, and the stupid ones like me—and that the chariot is driven by some great big power that knows what we don't know. I agree with you, child, that Stephen is a fine man, and I'm telling you the plain truth when I say that I'd give my life's blood to save him from harm. But, by the grace of God, he can be as fine a man in Waterford as ever he could be in London or New York—and I'd be sorry to believe otherwise."

A curious, defiant look passed over Isabel's face.

"I don't think that. I'll never think it!"

Very slowly Father James rose to his feet. "Very well, child, have it your own way!" he said. "But life is long, and we change our opinions many a time before we travel the whole road. There's the carriage coming round from the yard, and we must say good-bye to Mrs. Power; but take my advice and don't forget about the fly on the wheel."

(To be continued)

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING

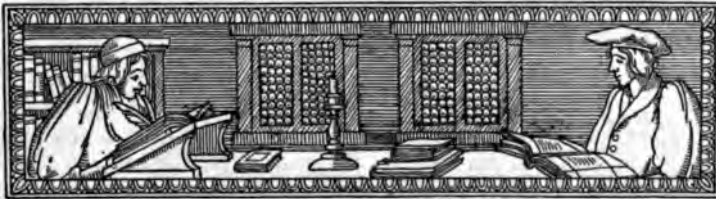
Peace was here yesterday,
Joy comes to-morrow;
Why wilt thou, heart of mine,
Dark bodings borrow?

Shrilly the tempest shrieks,
Fierce roar the waves,
High roll the curling crests,
Deep the black graves:

Now the cold midnight falls,
Clouds overwhelm . . .
Memory lights the seas!
Hope holds the helm!

Peace was here yesterday,
Joy comes to-morrow,
Why wilt thou, heart of mine,
Dark bodings borrow?

Charlotte W. Thurston.



IF THE PRESIDENT SHOULD COMMIT MURDER—?



SINCE the year 1789, the American people have been living under a Constitution which has seldom been amended. It has endured long periods of intense political strain. It seemed almost to have been wrenched asunder in the convulsions of the Civil War. Yet to-day, when one reads it over, he reads a written instrument which has been modified only three times since 1804.

In that long stretch of one hundred and four years, nearly every word of our national charter has been subjected to microscopic examination. Amendments have been very few. Interpretations by the Supreme Court have been very many. Any mistiness about the meaning of the greater part of it has thus been cleared away. There remain, however, some points regarding which one may still speculate, for the reason that they have never yet received judicial interpretation. That part of the Constitution which relates to the powers of the President, is the part which still remains largely unexplored. The drift has been steadily toward giving to the President more power. At the present time, the Chief Executive, instead of being a mere figurehead like the President of the French Republic, or the President of the Swiss Republic, is in many respects an autocrat. Only the other day, President Roosevelt wrote to Senator Stewart of Vermont saying in effect that if Congress were to pass a certain law, he (the President) would not only veto it, but that if it were passed over his veto, he would refuse absolutely to be bound by it. After all, this attitude is not so very different from that of President Jackson after the Supreme Court of the United States had pronounced its famous decision regarding the Cherokee Indians in Georgia. When Jackson heard of the opinion which was delivered

by Chief Justice Marshall himself, the old warrior-President smiled grimly and said:

"John Marshall has made his decision. Now let him enforce it."

And, as a matter of fact, it never was enforced.

Let us, however, now take an extreme case and, just as a matter of interest, consider what would probably occur if it should arise. Suppose, for example, that the President of the United States should actually commit a murder. What would happen, first of all in the courts, and second in Congress? The President is amenable to every court in the land precisely as any other citizen is amenable. He could be haled before a police magistrate by due process of law, and theoretically he can be subjected to any penalty, whether fine or imprisonment, which the courts may see fit to impose. In this respect, although he is the ruler of one of the greatest nations in the world, he has no immunity, and is technically worse off than the pettiest member of the pettiest legation of the pettiest country. No foreign diplomat, even though he be merely an attaché from a small Central American Republic, can be touched by any court in the United States. He is technically beyond our jurisdiction all the time and in the case of any offence whatever. A Costa Rican secretary of legation, for instance, might walk down Pennsylvania Avenue and shoot the first ten men he met, and he could not even be arrested.

Of course, in such a case, his own government would ask to have him turned over to it. He would be deported to Costa Rica, and hanged or shot by order of the Costa Rican courts. But no official of the United States, from a policeman up, could touch him. The Revised Statutes guarantee immunity to every foreign diplomat, and whoever molests such a one becomes himself liable to a heavy fine and a long imprisonment.

Most readers will remember the incident of the British attaché who was brought before a country justice of the peace in Western Massachusetts about two years ago for violating local regulations as to the speed-limit. The attaché was afflicted with stammering and stuttering, and he was also in a state of considerable excitement at being placed under arrest. He could merely blurt out that he was a member of the British Embassy. Whereupon the country justice delivered a stump speech to the effect that he cared nothing about embassies or the British, but that every man in this country was subject to the law of the land; after which, he proceeded to impose a fine. This is where he made his little mistake. Immediately, the wires between Washington and Boston got busy. The Secretary of State roused up the Governor of Massachusetts, and the Governor of Massachusetts went after the country justice, and the country justice found to his horror that by the Revised Statutes of the United States he had committed an act which would land him in prison in about six hours. Whereupon, he very promptly remitted the fine, and wrote a very humble letter of apology to the young attaché, who was probably much more disturbed by the row which he had created than was even the country justice himself.

The person of a diplomat, therefore, is sacrosanct, whereas the person of the President, from a strictly legal point of view, is not sacrosanct at all. When it was thought that President McKinley would live, after the attack made upon him at Buffalo in 1901, the American people were enraged to find that no greater punishment could be inflicted upon Czolgosz than if he had assaulted some heeler in a beer-saloon. But so it was. An attack of any kind upon the President is the same as an attack upon anybody else; and within the last month Mr. Roosevelt has had to go to law in an attempt to punish a person who had grossly libelled him. The suit, moreover, was thrown out of court. Conversely, any act which would be illegal in a private individual is illegal when committed by the President.

Let us suppose now that a President

of the United States should kill one of his fellow citizens. It is interesting to speculate upon what would happen. Of course, the place and the circumstances would make an enormous difference. If, for instance, when Lieutenant Randolph, an ex-officer of the Navy, suddenly fell upon President Jackson and pulled his nose, if the President had possessed a weapon close at hand and had slain his assailant on the spot, a coroner's jury would doubtless have rendered a verdict to the effect that the lieutenant met his death while engaged in the commission of a crime, and nothing further would have been done about it. Suppose, however, an instance less clear than this. It will be remembered that in 1902, President Roosevelt, while driving in a carriage in the western part of Massachusetts, was subjected to considerable danger. The motorman of a trolley-car, in his anxiety to keep near the presidential carriage, ran into it with much force, shattered it, seriously injured one of the occupants, and inflicted a painful wound upon the President himself. When Mr. Roosevelt, smarting with pain and indignation, sharply rebuked the offender, the motorman looked at him with an expression of hard insolence and replied: "Well, I guess I've got as much right here as you."

Had the President then given way to a very natural burst of temper, struck the man to the ground, and possibly caused his death, what would have happened? He would have been amenable to the laws of the State of Massachusetts. Nevertheless, though legally a homicide, he could not possibly be regarded as a private person. He is the representative of the entire nation; and any interference with his personal liberty would also interfere with the discharge of the presidential functions. Therefore, it is likely that, if indicted, he would simply have been requested to appear at his convenience before a court; that he would have pleaded not guilty to the charge against him, and that the judge would immediately have admitted him to bail. In cases of presumptive murder the defendant is not customarily admitted to bail. But this matter lies wholly within the discretion of the judge; and no doubt in the case of the President very mod-

erate bail would have been required and instantly furnished. Then the President would have returned to Washington. In the course of time, a brief trial would have been held; and there is little question that after a mere deposition as to the facts, the President would have been acquitted by any jury that could be got together.

Let us take, however, an extreme case. Let us assume that some President of the United States should kill a citizen either from private hatred, or, at any rate, from motives which in the case of an ordinary person would have no weight at all with an intelligent jury. Even then it is difficult to conceive of a conviction. Bail would still be accepted on grounds of public policy. All the machinery of delay, with which we are so familiar in the case of ordinary murderers, would be set in motion; and by the time when the trial actually came off, the President would either be acquitted, or, because some of the jury would be of his political party, there would be a disagreement. If the murder were committed in the District of Columbia, of which the President is practically an absolute ruler, it is very doubtful whether anything would be done at all, in the most indefensible case. There is the curious circumstance that even if a jury in the District of Columbia should find the President guilty of murder in the first degree, and that the judge should sentence the President to be hanged, the President would have the legal right to issue a full and free pardon to himself.

Here comes in a second and very interesting phase of the subject. Assuming that a President should commit murder in the District of Columbia, that he should be convicted, and that he should pardon himself, and that, moreover, every human being was thoroughly convinced of his turpitude, and suppose also that both Houses of Congress were controlled by his political opponents, could he be impeached and removed from office? This is a question which has never been definitely settled. We need not confine the question to one of murder. Let us imagine a President who, after his election, developed the most detestable traits. Let us suppose him to live in the most fla-

grant and open immorality, appearing in a state of drunkenness on public occasions, disgracing alike himself, his office, and his country. Even then could he be impeached and deposed?

The fourth section of the second article of the Constitution reads as follows:

The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanours.

It will be noted that the only two offences which are clearly specified are treason and bribery. "Other high crimes and misdemeanours" is a phrase which needs interpretation. What other high crimes and misdemeanours? And did the founders of the Constitution mean simply "misdemeanours," or "high misdemeanours"? If the latter, what are "high misdemeanours"? This subject was pretty thoroughly discussed in the Congressional debates which preceded the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson in 1868. The radical members of Congress, headed by General B. F. Butler, held the view that after the House had impeached the President, the Senate was bound simply to consider the general question as to whether the President was a fit person to hold office. A more moderate group held that he could be removed for any high crimes and misdemeanours of which the Senate, sitting as a trial body, must be the judge. The best legal minds, however, favoured the opinion that he could be removed only for treason or bribery until such time as Congress by law should define precisely what the "other high crimes and misdemeanours" actually were.

Nevertheless, in 1868, Mr. J. M. Ashley of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, stated the gist of the impeachment charges in the following words:

"I impeach Andrew Johnson, Vice-President and acting President of the United States, of *high crimes and misdemeanours*.

"I charge him with a usurpation of power and violation of law;

"In that he has corruptly used the appointing power;

"In that he has corruptly used the pardoning power;

IF THE PRESIDENT SHOULD COMMIT MURDER—? 383

"In that he has corruptly used the veto power;

"In that he has corruptly disposed of public property of the United States;

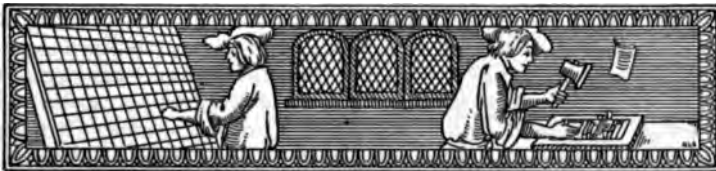
"In that he has corruptly interfered in elections, and committed acts which, in contemplation of the Constitution, are *high crimes and misdemeanours*."

When the formal charges were made before the Senate, they were eleven in number. They show that there was no attempt in them to make out that the President had been guilty of treason, even though they accused him of performing "acts which are designed or calculated to overthrow, subvert, or corrupt, the Government of the United States, or some department or office thereof." These acts could not be construed as treason, since the Constitution itself (Article III, § 3) very strictly declares treason to consist only in levying war against the United States, or in adhering to its enemies and giving them aid and comfort. Thus, it will be seen that, after all, the impeachment charges hinged upon the question as to whether the President had been guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanours." These consisted in the President's having violated the Tenure of Office Act which had been passed by Congress to retain Mr. Stanton in the office of Secretary of War. The President had ignored this law for the specific purpose of testing its constitutionality; but in doing so, of course, he had defied an act of Congress precisely as President Roosevelt proposes to do, in case Senator Foraker's bill for

the reinstatement of the Brownsville coloured soldiers should become a law. President Johnson held that Congress had no right to prevent him from dismissing a Cabinet officer at will. President Roosevelt holds that Congress has no right to interfere with his constitutional prerogatives as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It will be remembered that the impeachment of President Johnson on the most important of the eleven charges failed by one vote. It is not so well known that, if necessary, two other votes would have been cast in the President's favour. The vital point of the whole matter is that, after all, the proceedings really turned upon a charge of "high crimes and misdemeanours," and that they failed in consequence.

It is fairly obvious, then, that to-day the President could be impeached and removed from office only if plainly convicted of treason or of bribery; that he might commit any other possible offence with legal impunity so far as Congress is concerned. It is also, one may say, a certainty that he would be immune from the ordinary processes of common and statute law. This is really as it should be; for, although theoretically the President is merely one of eighty million citizens, he is actually a sovereign; and with the two exceptions of treason and bribery, the British doctrine that "the King can do no wrong" is a doctrine which in practice is the American doctrine also, and will remain such until Congress shall define just what the Constitution means by "high crimes and misdemeanours."

Richard W. Kemp.



AMERICANS OF THE LEGION

BY ADOLPHE COHN

Despite the scandals that were aired during the administration of President Grévy, the French Legion of Honour remains the most vital and democratic order in the world. Founded by the great Napoleon, it attained at once a significance absolutely unique in history. After the Restoration the Bourbons tried in vain to discredit it. Apart from what it means to Frenchmen, it has a genuinely international significance. For example, there are to-day about two hundred Americans possessing the right to wear in their buttonholes the thin strip of red ribbon of the Order. Who these Americans are, and what particular service in art, or literature, or engineering, or finance, or war won them this right, is the basis of this article.



HERE was a time when the French kings considered it one of their privileges to reward with pensions distinguished men who lived in foreign countries and whom they did not number among their subjects. It was a not unfrequent occurrence for Louis XIV. to inform a foreign scientist or man of letters that he had "deigned" to put him on the roll of his pensioners for an annual sum of several hundred livres. Modern governments are not permitted to indulge in similar liberalities with the money that is raised by taxation upon the populations which they have to rule. They have a hard enough task to perform in providing for the needs of their respective countries, and *Chacun pour soi* has long ago become their motto, with God left to provide for all. But decorations are not as costly as pensions. The expenditure they involve consists at most in the cost of a diploma and a gilt or enamelled silver cross, and for such expenditure the good they do in securing the good will and gratitude of the recipients is considered ample repayment. Care has to be taken, moreover, that the governments under which these recipients live should take no offence at these assumptions of a foreign power to pass upon the merits of their citizens, and the Government of the United States notably has not been slow in resenting such an encroachment upon the national prerog-

atives when not justified by services rendered to the nation itself by which the distinction is conferred. It may be considered an established fact, therefore, that every one of the few hundred Americans who are to-day wearers of the red ribbon have become so in consequence of services rendered by them to the French nation or to its government, and their increasing number is only an additional proof of the ever-growing disposition to international co-operation, which has become one of the great factors in preserving the blessings of international peace and of friendship between the two great republics of the Old and the New Continents.

But though hardly any expense is incurred by the French Government in choosing among Americans some men whom it sees fit to honour in making them members of the French National Order, it must be remembered that in France the Legion of Honour is not so inexpensive an institution as in the United States. A large majority of the French wearers of the red ribbon, to be sure, derive no tangible emoluments from the distinction, often long coveted, which has been bestowed upon them. But there is a class of *légionnaires* whom their rank in the Order entitles to a regular salary. They are the military members of the Order. When first established by the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1802, the Legion was to be a strictly military order. As a military order it has



PERRY BELMONT

Who received the rank of commander in appreciation of his services to the Paris Exhibition of 1889

a special and very useful object. It enables the heads of the French Army to reward acts of bravery which do not in themselves demonstrate the presence in those that have performed them of the qualities required by the larger responsibilities of a higher rank in the military hierarchy. The very moderate amount added by the "cross" to the salary received by the officer on account of his rank is in no way begrudged to him by his non-salaried fellow-*légionnaire*, who is satisfied to wear the badge of distinction in his walk of life awarded him by the French Government, to have soldiers on duty carry arms to him as to a military man of higher rank, and to know that his funeral pageant, modest as it may be, will receive additional dignity from the presence of a detail of infantry under command of an officer.

The distinction, moreover, is not always an altogether empty honour. To-day it spells mainly success, and there are professions in which to have had success stamped upon you by the government of the nation is of a decided advantage in

the further development of a man's career. To a literary man it means but little in addition to the honour; not so for the medical man. Families in search of a general practitioner are more apt to go to a chevalier than to one who has not yet risen to the ranks of the Legion; and why should manufacturers, who are business men, never fail to mention their membership in the Legion together with the medals awarded them in exhibitions if they did not from such a mention expect results in their balance sheets?

And there are other advantages. A little story which carries the writer of these lines back more than forty years, to the period of his happy childhood, may possibly help the reader to realise what they consist in. I happened in the year 1867 to spend a few weeks in Havre, together with my parents and some other members of our family. Electric light-houses were not then as numerous as they are to-day, and the electric light-house of La Hève, just above Havre, then perhaps



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Who received the ribbon for his services in behalf of International Copyright



GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

Decorated for his services in the cause of International Copyright

the largest of its kind in Europe, was considered one of the great curiosities of the place. A permit was necessary in order to visit it. My father had no difficulty in procuring one, but did not take the trouble to read it. We had been told by friends to be sure not to go up until after sundown, so as to see the beacons lighted. One evening, therefore, immediately after supper, we rode up to the top of the promontory so well known by all the passengers that cross the ocean on the steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. On reaching the lighthouse we were doomed to the bitter disappointment of discovering that our permit was good only for a visit during the daytime. Visits after nightfall had been suspended. We were about sadly to return to our carriage when, raising his lantern, the keeper saw the well-known red ribbon in my father's buttonhole. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "Monsieur est Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur! That makes all the difference!" And he let us

in and explained with the greatest patience and courtesy all the workings of the powerful light. I will not claim that the expectation of a liberal tip had nothing to do with his conduct, but the fact that he had to deal with a "monsieur décoré" made him feel that he could justify himself in case his disobedience to orders were discovered.

So the French like the Legion of Honour. No other proof of this is needed than the manner in which every member of the Cabinet is besieged by applicants and their friends on the approach of the dates selected for the announcements of appointments and promotions in the Order, viz., New Year's day and the National Holiday of the Fourteenth of July. In this, as well as in so many other things, Napoleon Bonaparte showed himself a good judge of human nature and of the French character.

The Legion of Honour, moreover, was one of the institutions which he devised in order to bridge over the abyss created by the French Revolution between Modern France and the France of the Ancient Régime. Everything had been destroyed, but a good many of the old things could be refurbished and made to do service again under the new dispensation. The red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in some respects was the old blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost in a new garb. Of the Order of the Holy Ghost nothing remains but the appellation of "cordon bleu" applied to the experts in that great art known as French cuisine. But its successor has reached a degree of popularity never possessed by the great order of the old Monarchy.

Does this popularity prove, as Mr. Courtney Bodley would have us believe, that the French are really not fond of equality? Far from it. The Order will reward the humblest as well as the highest, a foreman who has saved his gang in a mining disaster as well as the titled ambassador who has successfully carried on negotiations resulting in a treaty of alliance or of commerce, the old village schoolmaster who has to live on a paltry \$300 a year or the multimillionaire who has helped the Finance Minister successfully to float a loan of \$400,000,000. The Conseil Supérieur of the Legion

does not go into questions of birth or social standing, but merely in questions of honour and patriotism. "Honneur et Patrie," such is the motto engraved upon the cross so highly prized by all légionnaires and would-be légionnaires. Need we say this is not a pun—that their name is Legion?

The Order has a Grand Master, the President of the Republic. More than once it has happened that the newly-elected President had reached only one of the lowest ranks in the Legion, or even had never been appointed a légionnaire. When this has happened the Conseil Supérieur has always at once conferred upon him the distinction of Grand Cross, the highest in the Order. This is the only instance in which membership in the Order can be bestowed otherwise than by decree of the President of the Republic.

The President, moreover, is only the figurehead. The real chief of the Legion is the Grand Chancellor, whose official residence is a charming little palace on the left bank of the Seine, not far from the Chamber of Deputies and almost opposite the Louvre. The dignity of Grand Chancellor is considered one of the highest in the State. It was held not unworthy, during the incumbency of President Carnot, to be offered to an ex-President of the Republic, Marshal MacMahon, and though declined by him, the offer had touched him as the highest proof of regard he could receive from the public men who had victoriously antagonised his political plans. The position is always given to a military man. The present incumbent is General Florentin, formerly military governor of Paris. Assisted by a Council consisting of men of the highest distinction in all the walks of life—soldiers, diplomats, artists, literary men, educators, etc., he scrutinises every nomination proposed by the members of the Cabinet and does not hesitate to reject them when considered unfit. The Council also possesses the right to expel an unworthy member. Membership is also lost, it need hardly be said, by virtue of conviction of a crime or felony, and the right of wearing the red ribbon



GENERAL SICKLES

Who offered his sword to France in 1870

is suspended in the case of a bankrupt until he has secured full discharge from every one of his creditors.

This last provision of the law of the Order led, some thirty-five years ago, to a curious incident. The editor of a rather worldly society newspaper had just transformed his sheet into a political organ, and cast his lot with the enemies of the Republic. He performed yeoman's work for them, and when, on May 24, 1873, they succeeded in driving President Thiers from power, everybody expected his services to be rewarded with the red ribbon. It then happened that some one in the Republican Party heard of his having been declared a bankrupt in some other business a number of years before. His creditors had never been paid in full. Search was made for them, and succeeded; their claims were purchased for a paltry amount, and the editor was informed that they could be cancelled only by payment of their face value, the amount so paid to be used in furthering the Republican propaganda. This was

NOTE.—Perhaps Professor Cohn refers here to H. de Villemessant, the famous editor of the *Figaro*.
—EDITORS.



GEORGE EASTMAN

gall and wormwood to the pugnacious journalist. He would not bend to these terms, much as he desired the red ribbon, and he died without ever getting it.

In such a well-guarded order it would be surprising that the claims of foreigners to recognition should not be thoroughly scrutinised. Otherwise the political opponents of the government would not be slow in accusing it of undue partiality to outsiders. This will be conspicuously demonstrated to any one who will take the trouble of going through the list of American légionnaires. It will be found by him that the list worthily represents the brainiest and most public-spirited part of the community. This is a result not primarily aimed at by the French Government, the sole purpose of which was to recognise services rendered to France. But it is none the less significant, as it demonstrates what has been often proclaimed, viz., that the nearest thing to a good Frenchman is a good American and the nearest thing to a good American is a good Frenchman.

The educational interests, for instance, are represented there first by Presidents Eliot, of Harvard, and Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia. The numerous LL.D.'s possessed by each of them—and after all an LL.D. is something very much of the same kind as a decoration—sufficiently demonstrate that if there was in the United States an order similar to the Order of the Legion of Honour each of them would hold a very high rank in it. But their rank of officer in the Legion is not due to their general services to the cause of education: it is due to the efforts made by them toward bringing France and the United States in closer intellectual touch. And maybe it is also to a certain extent the cause of more being done by them in the same line. Did not President Eliot remember his French title when he recently insisted that the new thoroughfare leading to the Harvard Medical School should be called Avenue Louis Pasteur, not only perpetuating in the American Athens the name of the world-renowned father of the germ theory of disease, but also reminding the passer-by,



DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH



H. E. KREHBIEL



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



A. FORTIER

Decorated for his services to France in the United States



THOMAS A. EDISON

The American inventor is one of the Legion



THOMAS HASTINGS

through the mere order of the words, of the fact that Pasteur was a Frenchman?

The public-spirited capitalist whose munificence enabled Harvard University to erect its new Medical School is also an officer of the Legion of Honour. But it is not for services of this kind, great as they are, that the French Government could think of rewarding Mr. John Pierpont Morgan. It paid tribute to the liberality of a great patron of French art, but it also wished to honour a name closely connected with one of the most dramatic moments in French history. During the darkest hours of the war of 1870-71 the great banking concern then directed by Mr. J. S. Morgan was the only one that sufficiently trusted the fortunes of the French Republic in order to ask the public to loan it several millions of francs. This was the famous Morgan loan, negotiated with the American bankers by Léon Gambetta, then *de facto* dictator of France. How bitterly did the royalist and imperialist enemies of the great Republican patriot

assail him on account of this loan! How loudly they peddled about the slander of millions made by him out of the transaction! How triumphantly he came out of the most searching investigation, conducted entirely by his political opponents! The father is gone; but the victorious Republicans of France were glad of the opportunity to show to the son that they were not oblivious of services rendered to their fatherland in its hour of need.

Let us take the publishing interest. What firm in this line is more respected than that of G. P. Putnam's Sons? It is not, however, as head of that concern that Mr. George Haven Putnam saw his name inscribed in the roll of légionnaires. But to no one in the United States are French men of letters more strongly indebted than to George Haven Putnam, the indefatigable worker first for the International Copyright Law of 1891 and since its enactment for the various improvements introduced in the international



CYRUS H. M'CORMICK

copyright legislation of the United States. The red ribbon of the associate editor of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, was richly earned by services rendered to the same cause.

Among public men we find Mr. Perry Belmont a commander in the Order. What services have justified such a high distinction in the eyes of the French people? It is no secret to-day that the success of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 was a bitter pill for Prince Bismarck. The great German statesman worked with the European governments, and successfully so, in order to make them decline an invitation officially to participate in an exhibition held in commemoration of a revolution, the great French Revolution of 1789. Mr. Perry Belmont was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives when the French invitation was referred to Congress; and to his efforts more than to any one else's it was due that the invitation was promptly accepted by the



BENJAMIN DURVEA WOODWARD



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REAR-ADMIRAL WILLARD H. BROWNSON
An American naval officer who has the red ribbon

United States. All the other republics followed, then the monarchical governments skulkingly allowed unofficial committees to be formed among their subjects and soon Germany was left alone in her disdainful attitude. Mr. Belmont had deserved well of France.

In the army we find the familiar figure of General Daniel E. Sickles. He also is a commander in the Order, and so is his brother in arms, General Schofield. The French Government could not do less for an American officer who had offered his sword to France when she was fighting the already victorious hosts of Germany and trying to turn the curse of foreign domination away from her Alsatian and Lorraine provinces.

As to the clergy, well, Rome, whether President Roosevelt interfered in his favour or not matters but little to us, Rome would not make Archbishop Ireland a cardinal; but France, Republican France, the same France that we hear accused of persecuting Catholicism because she declines to continue using public money for the support of a religious

establishment considered necessary by only a part of the population, France made him a commander of the Legion of Honour, for his share in the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette offered to France by the United States. And when the American légionnaires met in Washington under the auspices of the French Ambassador, Jules Cambon, he it was that delivered in their name the chief address, responded to by the official representative of the French Republic.

The world of letters is represented by Professor Brander Matthews, certainly the chief exponent to-day of French influence in American literature, and by Mr. H. Chatfield Taylor, whose best-known work is an admirable biography of Molière, reviewed in these columns at the time of its appearance.

Like all the nations of the earth, France is heavily indebted to the inventive genius of the sons of the United States. This indebtedness is cheerfully acknowledged, or rather proclaimed, by the presence among American légionnaires of Thomas Alva Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, George Westinghouse and others.

You cannot to-day travel long among the rich wheat fields of France without recognising the American mowers, reapers and binders, and you need not therefore be surprised if you find the name of Mr. Cyrus McCormick on the rolls of the Legion. But Mr. McCormick is not simply providing France with American agricultural machinery, he is also working for the diffusion of the French lan-

guage in the United States, and the red ribbon was given no less to the indefatigable member of the French Alliance of Chicago than to the great manufacturer.

Science proper, unconnected with university activities, presents but few names, but with one so great as that of Simon Newcomb quality easily takes the place of quantity.

As for art, we should say that when rewarding American artists France seems to reward only her own children. Nowhere does the gifted American study so joyfully as at the École des Beaux Arts, nowhere does the American artist feel so completely at home as in Paris. All American artists are exhibitors at the Paris Salon, and the red ribbon is the highest reward given to exhibitors. This explains how we happen to find such a large number of painters, sculptors and architects among American légionnaires. What a superb American Academy of Fine Arts would be



MRS. POTTER PALMER

One of the three American *Chevalières* of the Legion of Honour

formed with Edwin Austin Abbey, John White Alexander, William T. Dannat, Walter Gay, William Henry Howe, Daniel Ridgeway Knight, John La Farge, Walter McEwen, J. G. Melchers, Henry Mosler, Charles Sprague Pearce, John Sargent, Julius I. Stewart, Louis Tiffany, Edwin Lord Weeks, as painters; Thomas Hastings and George Brown Post as architects; Paul Wayland Bartlett, Daniel Chester French and Frederick MacMonnies as sculptors! Alas! alas! that Augustus St. Gaudens, grandson of France, son of

America, so beautifully eulogised but a short while ago by the mayor of New York, was so prematurely snatched by death from a group in which more than any one else he represented the most poetic ideals of art!

All the légionnaires we have mentioned thus far are men of eminence in their respective callings who once or twice in their life, in the regular development of their activity, were brought in contact with French interests and who so benefited these interests that for the French rulers to disregard their claims would have been tantamount to erecting a Chinese wall around France. We find among the légionnaires another class, and a numerous one it is, of men who by virtue of a delegation of the United States Government had at some time to work for a longer or shorter period in collaboration with French authorities and whom the government of the Republic rewarded in the same way as it is wont to reward the faithful services of the French official class itself. *Facile princeps* at the head of this class we find the man who unquestionably enjoys the distinction of having been since Benjamin Franklin the most popular representative the United States has had in France, viz.: General Horace Porter. His rank of officer in the Legion but feebly tells in what esteem he is held in France. Every artist, every man of letters, every great representative of the dramatic profession that had come from France to the United States during a good many years had had an opportunity to admire his geniality and to test the love he felt for France as well as the French quality of his quaint and brilliant wit. In Paris he was not simply a Frenchman, he was a Parisian, and he remains a Parisian in New York.

Other légionnaires represented the United States in other and not quite so important capacities. Some were military or naval attachés to the American mission, or were sent by their government to attend and report upon the great manœuvres of the French Army, such as Major James Chester. Others, in somewhat large number, figured in the various commissions, committees and juries of the International Exhibitions of 1889 and of 1900. At their head we find two

grand officers in the Legion, General William Buel Franklin, the Commissioner General of 1889, and Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago, the Commissioner General of 1900. Side by side with the latter we find his right-hand man, an American whom the French would call a *bibac*, because he holds the two French degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Sciences, Professor Benjamin Duryea Woodward. Another professor who did sterling work at the same time and received his well-earned reward is Professor James Howard Gore, of George Washington University. Louis Stern, the great merchant, walks side by side among the légionnaires with Mr. William Howe Tolman, the head of the Institute of Social Service, which is the American counterpart of the celebrated Musée Social of Paris.

Then we have the representatives of the American colony in Paris, the venerable David W. Seligman, the dean of the American bankers in the French capital; the two Henrys, as they are called, Henry Peartree and Henry Cachard, two lawyers in whose persons the French Government honoured the American Chamber of Commerce of Paris, of which both were presidents at various times. Though not a continuous resident in Paris, Mr. James Stokes, the benefactor, we had almost said the founder, of the French Y. M. C. A., ought to be numbered in the same class.

If there are Americans working continuously for France in France, there are others, some of them adopted citizens of this country, who work continuously for France in the United States, we mean those who take an active interest in the French institutions here, especially the Alliance Française, which has for its object the propagation of the French language outside of the French boundaries. Mr. J. Le Roy White, of Baltimore, who so ably directs the Federation of the French Alliances of the United States, is quite naturally a Chevalier of the Legion. So is Professor Alcée Fortier, of Tulane University of Louisiana, whom two centuries of American ancestry have not weaned from his forefathers' love of France; the banker Eugène Meyer, so long at the head of the French banking

house of Lazard Frères in San Francisco and New York, and years ago the first French consular agent France had in Los Angeles; Mr. Henry J. Furber, Jr., of Chicago, to whose efforts the first exchange of services between French and American universities was originally due; Mr. Henry Maillard, the indefatigable president of the French Benevolent Society of New York, which sees to it that the French colony should take care of its poor and not let them become a charge upon the community at large.

The press is not forgotten; it is represented by F. Cunliffe Owen of the *New York Tribune*, and George S. Ochs, the editor in Paris of the *New York Times* during the Exhibition of 1900.

No feast is complete without a toast to the ladies. Here it is: To the three American *Chevalières de la Légion d'Honneur*! Cécile de Wentworth, an artist residing in Paris, Mrs. Potter Palmer, the great Chicago philanthropist, and Mrs. Daniel Manning, the president and the life of the Alliance Française in Albany.

To have named all the American légionnaires would have made this article read like a directory, as they number several hundred. But enough has been stated here to show that the selections made by the French Government have created in the French Légion d'Honneur of the United States an admirable representation of everything that is best in American society.

THE NOVELIST'S MESSAGE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



It is one of the platitudes of criticism to say that the simplest practical test of good fiction is its power to interest us on a second reading. Yet it is a test that is seldom consciously applied, because the great majority of people read novels for the sake of the story only, and assume that when they have once reached the closing page and paired off the lovers and unmasked the villain, there is no further entertainment left in the book for them. And when at intervals they do happen to run across a novel that gives them pleasure to read again, they may be mildly surprised, but they do not attempt to analyse either the book or themselves. And yet it is surely worth while to ask why some books exert this power of sustained appeal and others do not, because no work of fiction has ever enjoyed a long life unless it contains something more vital and enduring than the mere suspense of its narrative interest.

Now, just what may be the nature of the quality that enables us to read some stories a second, a third, perhaps a dozen times, seems at first somewhat difficult to define; and as we run over a number of favourites in our mind, the task of reconciling the apparent reasons seems to grow rather than diminish. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—is it the novel with a purpose that survives the novel without one? Then how about *Les Trois Mousquetaires*? There certainly is a story to which we revert again and again, for the story's sake. Is it a question of the author's personal charm that lures us back to a second reading and is that the special appeal of *Vanity Fair* and *The New-comers*? Not at all, because one goes back just as readily to *Une Vie* and *Bel-Ami*—and Maupassant was probably the most consistently impersonal of all novelists. No, emphatically, the quality that makes us come back again and again to certain books is not inherent either in an author's style or a special school of fiction, but it is dependent upon just one thing:

whether the writer has had a message to convey and has conveyed it in a worthy manner.

Let us recall, for example, any one of a dozen ephemeral stories we read last month; they were probably average stories, and fairly entertaining at the time, or we should not have read them to a finish. But the chances are that, on turning the final page, we felt, even if we did not put the feeling into words, "He hasn't succeeded in saying anything." It is this ability to say something, not necessarily a big thing, but at least something new and worth the saying, that makes all the difference between the novel that is worth while and the novel that is not. Yet the term Message must not be misunderstood to mean purpose; because a novelist may go on writing purpose novels all his life, and never once succeed in conveying a message of any kind; while another writer may convey the biggest sort of message without ever having consciously had any other purpose than that of picturing reality with simple truth. It may of course happen that a novelist's purpose and the message of his book are identical—this was true of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it was true of *Robert Elsmere*, it was true in a measure of Tolstoy's earlier stories, but much less so of his later ones, because the world at large listened rather to Tolstoy the novelist than to Tolstoy the apostle of a new creed.

But the chief difference between the novelist's purpose and the message which his book happens to convey is largely one of scope. A deliberate, conscious purpose is more or less didactic; an effort to reform, to preach, to proselyte. It is quite as likely to mar as to make a good story. It may stand out flagrantly, overshadowing the action of the narrative and the personality of the characters; or on the other hand, it may be so effectually hidden that the reader never once guesses that the author had any so-called purpose at all. But the message which a really strong book conveys is a far harder thing to define and classify. It need not have anything to do with ethical problems, philosophies of life, schemes for renovating the universe. It may be nothing more than the presentment of a single

new phase of character, a new situation worthy of taking its place among the world's immortal love stories. It was an important thing to say to the world, as Mrs. Stowe succeeded in saying, "Here is a series of events which show the gigantic crime of slavery in all its hideousness"; but to enrich the world with just one character as true as Miss Bates or Mr. Elton, in *Emma*, is also a message worthy of being recorded. The great point, after all, is that the book's one central utterance shall be new—a new thought, a new character, a new situation. And if a novelist builds with old material, he must at least show such bigness of treatment that the world will forget that what he is doing has ever been done before, and will think of his utterance as they think of Shakespeare's—as something now said for the first time. But the fault of nine-tenths of the novels published to-day is that their message has already been conveyed by some other and better book.

If one takes the great novelists one by one—Balzac and Zola and Tolstoy, Thackeray and Meredith and Henry James—and seeks to give a sincere answer to the question, After all, what have they really said? It is rather surprising to find how comparatively brief the total reckoning becomes. Even the greatest of them have at some time or other written pages, chapters, even volumes, in which they have come very near to saying nothing at all. And if this is true of the great leaders, what are we to expect from the host of minor authors, struggling for a hearing in the crowds below? To succeed to-day in picturing a new type of character, a new situation, a new phase of some serious human problem, in such a way as to force the reader to exclaim, "How original, and how very true!" is in itself an achievement worthy of recognition. Whenever, in a single book, a novelist shows such hopeful signs, his name is one to register in the memory, and his work henceforth is to be carefully watched for further developments. And yet this sort of promise is rarely fulfilled. A score of times in the past ten years a novel by some new writer has gripped our attention and roused our hopes by its double quality of careful

workmanship and intelligent interpretation—a novel that unquestionably had succeeded in saying something quite new, and saying it frankly and strongly. Here was one more name to note mentally, one more author to keep future watch over. But almost always the later volumes proved, one by one, to be disappointments; the style might remain just as clear, the structure just as careful; but the author seemingly had nothing further to say, his one message had been given the first time.

One of the few American novelists who stand out as conspicuous exceptions to this rule of unfulfilled promise is, of course, Mr. Marion Crawford, who after having unmistakably said something well worth the saying in *Mr. Isaacs*, went steadily onward, year after year, with his long series of strong, clear-cut, always readable tales, of a sustained uniformity of merit probably unequalled by any other contemporary writer of similarly prolific production. And yet it would be quite foolish to claim that even Mr. Crawford has always had a message of some importance to give us in every one of the volumes that have come so punctually, twice a year, from the press. It is easy to pick out the really significant stories from those of merely average worth—*A Roman Singer*, *Marzio's Crucifix*, the Saracinesca trilogy, *Pietro Ghisleri*, *The Three Fates*, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, on the one hand, from *Tarquisara*, *Katharine Lauderdale*, *Adam Johnson's Son*, *A Witch of Prague*, *Marietta*—the second list might be stretched to a considerably greater length. And there can be no question that Mr. Crawford's latest volume, *The Primadonna*, belongs in the second rather than the first group. Not that it is dull, for Mr. Crawford has reduced the technique of story-telling to such a system that he probably could not write a really dull book if he should deliberately attempt it. But having finished

"The
Primadonna"

The Primadonna, it will be difficult for any reader to discover any good and sufficient reason for wanting to read it a second time. Its ostensible excuse for existence is to serve as a sequel

to *Fair Margaret*—a far better book, by the way, and one worth remembering, if only for its inimitable portraiture of the veteran operatic singer and teacher, Mme. Bonanni—but although the erstwhile Margaret Donne, now become Margarita da Cordova and a world-famous soprano, is supposably the heroine she really plays quite a subordinate rôle, while the centre of interest is the mysterious death of a young New York heiress, the growing suspicion that she was murdered, the gradual centring of all the clues upon the wrong man, and his final vindication. In short, the book at best does not rise above the Wilkie Collins type; and while the trick of suspense is used with effect, the solution of the different parts of the puzzle does not in every case seem quite adequate. For a time it looks as though the book were going to say something well worth the saying—namely, that even under the best of circumstances a woman cannot achieve great triumph on the stage without undergoing certain subtle changes in temperament and in character. This, at least, seems to have been the thought in Mr. Crawford's mind, and it is obviously upon this ground that he justifies Margaret's alienation from the fastidious Lushington, whom she had almost accepted two years earlier, and her final acceptance of the impetuous and somewhat vulgar Greek Logotheti, whom she had formerly despised. Such is the message that *The Primadonna* might have conveyed, had the point not dropped out of sight under the tangled threads of the murder mystery. As it stands, this undeniably readable story must be recognised as representing Mr. Crawford at his worst, which, after all, is really an indirect form of high praise.

The chief fault with Constance Smedley's vigorous and carefully written book, *The Daughter*, is not the lack of a message, but rather an obscurity in its scope and purport. Considered in

the first place as a human story, it commends itself for its originality of plot, its forceful portrayal of character, its subtle presentment of the little practical details of life, which often constitute the



chief difficulty in putting ambitious theories of living into actual practice. Delia Willett, a young woman of considerable breadth of character and a fund of pent-up energy, finds herself mentally and morally stifled in the deadening atmosphere of a conventional English town and an ultra-conservative home. To the shocked indignation of her father and the tearful grief of her mother, she at last breaks away from her family, goes to London and throws herself, with all the impetuosity of youth and ignorance, into socialism, emancipation of woman and various other popular movements of a radical type. A wealthy young Englishman, representing not only all that an ambitious family could ask as a husband for Delia, but also all that a sensible young woman could hope for in the man she might love, hears her speak at a socialist meeting; is impressed, not by her economic theories, but by the charm of true womanhood which he discerns behind them, and determines to win her. He knows that, at her present stage of development, a direct attempt to gain her hand would necessarily fail; the mere facts of his fortune, his position, his political tenets, are all serious obstacles. But he reads accurately her feverish zeal, her passionate desire to sacrifice herself in the interest of the cause, and he determines to turn this desire to his own advantage. Knowing that her society is in urgent need of funds, he writes to her offering to donate £10,000, provided that she will convince him of the sincerity of her devotion to the work by consenting to certain strange and unpleasant conditions: she must marry, in name only, an ordinary working man of his choosing, and must live with this man for one year keeping house for him, doing the daily sweeping, washing and cooking, all on the man's scanty wages of £2 per week, and in every way, by practical experience, learning what is the actual life of the working class in which she takes such an ardent theoretical interest. With full realisation of the dangers into which such a step will plunge her, Delia accepts without hesitation, glorying in the opportunity for self-immolation; but she little suspects that the unnaturally neat and over-civil young mechanic who in

due time meets her and goes through the form of marriage is in reality the millionaire himself in masquerade. The chronicle of the days that follow, the awakening of the girl's better self through her contact with a strong, generous, manly nature, and the final inevitable transition from a sham marriage to a marriage in real earnest all forms a modern idyl of real simplicity and charm. The fact that the author has called her book *The Daughter* justifies the inference that she meant the book to be chiefly an argument in favour of emancipation from parental control. What she has actually succeeded in saying is that the carefully formed theories of life which even the most intelligent type of young woman formulates in the careful shelter of her father's house melt away like snow when exposed to the test of elemental human emotions.

The Vigil, by Harold Begbie, is one of those novels whose message coincides closely with the author's purpose, for Mr. Begbie has the gift of saying clearly and carefully just what he wants to say, in just the manner he wants to say it. And the fact that he somewhat limits his audience by dealing with the problems of conscience which confront a young English clergyman does not in the least detract from the merits of his achievement. Stated concisely, the message of *The Vigil* is that no minister of the gospel can give to others greater faith than he himself possesses; he cannot comfort the dying, save the sinner, convert the disbeliever by the mere force of intellectual reasoning; he can make no more fundamental error than that of feeling himself self-sufficient. This, in its essence, is scarcely a new message; the force and value of it lies in the way that Mr. Begbie presents it, showing how easily a certain type of zealous young clergymen may mistake the emotional appeal of a persuasive personality, a vibrant voice, a skilful argument, for something worthier and more sincere; and how they may continue in their delusion until one day they find themselves called upon to minister to a soul in agony, and realise that they are powerless to give the needed

"The
Vigil"

help. Richard Rodwell is the name of the young man whom Mr. Begbie has chosen to represent the type. He believes himself to be all that a minister of the gospel should be: he is indefatigable in his work as preacher, pastor, organiser, reformer; he renews annually his vow of celibacy, because he believes that the cornerstone of religion is self-denial. And all the while the one thing that he really believes in is the infallibility of his own judgment. There is a young woman, Beatrice Haly, beautiful, wealthy, well-born, who is content to waste her years, her opportunities, her fortune in aiding him with his parish work—and the most thankless sort of parish work it is, too, because fate has seen fit to send Rodwell to a desolate village on the coast of England that has become a byword for the ignorance, the drunkenness and general degeneracy of its inhabitants. Here Rodwell is quite content that Beatrice shall bury herself alive, although he knows that she loves him and that he loves her; but he is so complacent in his self-sufficiency that he refuses even to entertain the idea that his vow of celibacy might more wisely be discontinued. It takes a great calamity, an accident involving a grim tribute of life and limb, a widespread shadow of sorrow and of suffering, to teach him his own personal impotence, to make him begin life anew on a humbler and sounder basis, and with the conviction that next to a more intimate and personal faith, there is no more priceless asset than the love of a good woman. There is a good deal of sound theology as well as genuine human nature in *The Vigil*.

His First Leave, by L. Allen Harker, possesses the initial merit of a genuine charm of style. The

**"His
First
Leave"**

author makes us acquainted, in a most attractive manner, with a number of persons whom we feel it something of a privilege to know. But, on the other hand, the construction of the story is distinctly loose; there are a number of different threads that are taken up, dropped, and taken up again, without conveying to the reader a clear idea which of them the author means to weave into his central design.

At the opening page, Montagu Wycherly is on the eve of departing for India, where he has an appointment in the civil service; and in a railway carriage he encounters a distant cousin, a little girl of ten, who possesses the odd name of Herrick Wycherly, and relieves him of his chief difficulty by suggesting that his extensive collection of books might find safe storage in her father's house. The story then passes over six years, during which Montagu has risen in importance in the official world of India, and has very nearly succumbed to the attractions of Cynthia Reeves, the beautiful and wayward wife of his superior, the Commissioner of Khafadia. Now it happens that Cynthia Reeves is obliged to take her little son back to England at the same time of the same year that Montagu secures his first leave of absence; and by a further whim of chance they are all thrown together in the immediate neighbourhood of Herrick Wycherly's home. Herrick is now a young girl, verging upon womanhood, and for a chapter or two it looks as though a triangular situation of real interest might develop; but instead, this is one of the threads which the author hastily drops. From this point on the book settles down to a quiet little love story, interspersed with still quieter studies of local English types. And in spite of some natural remonstrance on the part of Herrick's father to having his only child carried off to India at a moment's notice, the volume closes with the conventional "Bless you, my children," that is one of the stock-in-trades of the happy ending. Apparently the only message of *His First Leave* is that a sensible young man, even after the more highly spiced experience of Anglo-Indian society, will prefer an unspoiled girl of sixteen to a married lady with a bad temper and a tarnished reputation.

The Grey Knight, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is another book that depends for

its interest on delineation of character rather than on construction of plot. If we disregard the human interest of the very real men and women whom she has drawn with many a felicitous touch, and the equally careful workmanship of the

**"The
Grey
Knight"**

background of restful Welsh uplands, the bare epitome of the story gives little hint of the book's rather unusual quality. It concerns a woman, still young in years and in feelings, in spite of having wasted her first youth as wife, nurse and general drudge to a hopeless wreck of a man, whose death was the first kindness he had ever shown her. Thankful though she is for freedom, the habit of nursing is strong within her; and when, in the midst of her rest cure among the hills, she is called upon to tend a fine, great-hearted old man of sixty through a critical illness, she performs her task with such tender devotion that his recovery, his gratitude and his offer of marriage follow as a matter of course. And the course of the placid little romance would have run quite smoothly had not the Grey Knight's family strongly opposed it and so far aroused her fears of losing him that in a moment of impulsive anger she destroys a momentous letter and then lies to him about it. Now, in spite of his sixty years the Grey Knight is still youthful enough to idealise those whom he loves; and when he learns of her deception he feels for the time that she has done the one unpardonable deed, and that his faith and his love are both shattered. Of course, in time he realises that true love is not shattered quite so easily, and the story ends appropriately with the promise of tranquil, middle-aged happiness. But, as already said, the very genuine charm of the story cannot be conveyed by mere epitomising. Mrs. de la Pasture shows in this volume, as she did in *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*, and other earlier stories, the ability which is none too common of making us feel poignantly the various griefs and joys of the people of whom she writes, not because these griefs and joys are in themselves momentous, but because she inspires in us a personal affection for them that gives importance even to the minor happenings of their daily lives.

There is probably ground for considerable difference of opinion whether in her latest story, *The Golden Ladder*, Margaret Potter has succeeded in saying anything of real significance or not. What she intended to say is set forth with sufficient clearness in her

preface: that the American of to-day is the slave of his lust for gold as gold;

"The
Golden
Ladder"

and that the best uses of wealth remain unknown to him. What she has actually given us is a big canvas covered over

with strongly drawn figures of eager, pushing, struggling men and women, full of feverish hopes and passions; some of them are drawn with the strength that comes from real insight, others suggest caricature rather than literal truth; but throughout them all there is a suggestion of something a little too flamboyant to be quite convincing. The opening chapters in the Chicago boarding-house, with its atmosphere of stuffy respectability, its opportunities for dangerous propinquity between penniless John Kildare and Kitty Clephane, the landlady's daughter, whose prettiness is her one asset, are admirable in their way—taken altogether, probably the best portion of the book. Kitty's inevitable downfall, her foolish rejection of Kildare's offers of reparation, her varied fortunes before the footlights of New York, her final desperation that tempts her to blackmail—all this is a curious blending of painful realism and cheap sentimentality. And on the other side we have Kildare's amazing rise into prominence as a controlling factor in Wall Street; and, while it is quite true that some of the world's greatest financial geniuses have sprung from obscurity, it may be fairly objected that John Kildare reveals no such inborn qualities as to convince us that he could ever have risen to the eminence which the author, for the purposes of her story, makes him attain. The volume undoubtedly has good material in it; Margaret Potter sees life on a rather big scale, and she uses verbal colour in a way that forces the reader to see what she wants him to see. Nevertheless, the whole impression of *The Golden Ladder* is a lack of unity; it is an assemblage of incidents rather than a closely knit sequence of inevitable cause and effect. The characters are individuals rather than types. As individuals they show themselves "slaves to their lust for gold"; but unless we can think of them as representative types rather than individuals, they prove no general thesis

regarding the American of to-day, and to just that extent Mrs. Potter's message remains ineffective.

Santa Lucia, by Mary Austin, is constructed upon more modest lines, and is a proportionately better and more symmetrical book. It does not purport to be a representative American story, but merely a chronicle of a few isolated lives in a small town in southern California, working out their own individual problems, making their own several mistakes and sustaining according to their various natures the joys and sorrows that fate allots them. And yet the story is written

"Santa
Lucia"

so temperately and with such evident sympathetic understanding that the little world of Santa Lucia may well stand as a symbol of the country at large. It is one of those stories, none too common, that are peculiarly local and at the same time as broad as humanity. It is full of characters as well worth knowing for what they are as for what they do; and best of all, it says a number of things that are well worth the saying, and says them worthily. It is a substantial advance upon *Isidro, the Land of Little Rain*, and points to the author as one whose future work deserves watchful attention.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

DR. RILEY'S "AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY"*

This volume is a notable contribution to American scholarship. It will prove also a most interesting and informing book, not merely to the specialist in philosophy, but to every intelligent reader. Dr. Riley excuses himself for his choice of subject in the following words:

Although it may be objected that the study of early American philosophy affords but a scanty contribution to knowledge, still its restoration furnishes a true opportunity for reconstruction from actual material. To piece together, bit by bit, the most casual intellectual remains, is to discover that even in a mosaic of small minds there is a pattern common to the rest of the world.

The author's theme, however, needs no excuse. The book was well worth the doing, and it has been superlatively well done. Neither his subject nor his method of treatment requires any *apologia*. The book is a monument of painstaking research and logical arrangement of material. Its style is eminently lucid, with

*American Philosophy. The Early Schools. By I. Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

the lucidity of a Frenchman, and sometimes, by its phrasal power, it may be said to possess actual charm.

In his Introduction, which, by the way, is one of the most commendable features of the work, since it gives in a concise and helpful form the leading topics which are to be discussed, Dr. Riley divides the philosophical movements as they came into being and were developed along the Atlantic seaboard, into five.

The first was Puritanism as it sprang from English sources; the second Deism, or Free-thinking, as it began in reaction against a narrow Calvinism and ended with the revolutionary French skepticism; the third, Idealism, as it arose spontaneously with Jonathan Edwards and was fostered by the Irish Bishop Berkeley, through his adherent, Samuel Johnson; the fourth, Anglo-French Materialism, as it came over with Joseph Priestley and developed in Philadelphia and the South; the fifth, Realism or the Philosophy of Common Sense, as it was imported directly from Scotland and came to dominate the country until the advent of the German Transcendentalism. These five movements, extending over the two hundred years between 1620 and 1820, constitute the early schools.

Each of these movements was associated with one of the colonial colleges as a radiating centre. So Harvard stood for deism, Yale for idealism, and Princeton for realism. Each, moreover, had its political corollary. The Puritan of the seventeenth century held fast to a belief in one supreme God, the absolute ruler of the universe, and in one sovereign lord, the King. In the following century, just as the power of the Deity was conceived to be limited by the law of Nature, so political sovereignty was thought of as divided between King and people. The nineteenth century viewed the Deity as immanent in Nature and sovereignty as vested in the body politic.

Following the Introduction, the body of the work is divided into five books, one for each of the philosophical movements that have just been noted. In the first book, it is shown that, according to Puritanism, the light of Nature simply left men helpless and inexcusable, swayed by a rigid determinism. Man's actions were directly in accordance with the controlling power of the Deity. A few especially favoured souls formed the body of the Elect, while all the rest of mankind were indiscriminately damned. But, this "mixture of ink and ice water which coursed slowly through the veins of the New England school," was not long in arousing the bitterest opposition. Ethan Allen, in his *Oracles of Reason* (1784), attacked the system with all the homely wit and pungent colloquialism of which he was a master. He confessed that the Bible and the dictionary were his only authorities; and Dr. Riley succinctly remarks that "he might have made a better use of both." In spite, however, of his crudeness and intellectual presumption, he really blazed the way for Emerson, who, struggling, as Allen had, with the apparent dualism of God and Nature, "had the boldness to announce that the Absolute is one with the ordering and creative power of the universe."

In the second book it is held that early American Idealism had only two representatives. Yet both of these were men of note. One was Samuel Johnson (1696-1772), the distinguished follower of Berkeley. The other was Jonathan Edwards (1703-58), the ablest meta-

physician between Leibnitz and Kant. When Johnson entered the Freshman class at Yale, the metaphysics taught there were such as have been described as "not fit for worms." Both as a tutor in his own college and later as President of King's College (now Columbia University), his especial task seems to have been to get more and better books into the hands of students. His works—and he wrote voluminously—have been neglected by his countrymen; yet his distinction between pure intellect and sensation, and his theory of intuitive knowledge, were both genuine contributions to the psychology of the eighteenth century.

Jonathan Edwards, entering Yale when not yet quite thirteen, began to arrange his reflections in a series of notebooks under the titles of *Mind*, *Natural Science*, *The Scriptures*, and *Miscellanies*. It is in these remarkable essays that the germ of his idealism is to be sought. But whether in the idealism of his student days, or the determinism of his middle period, or the tentative pantheism of his maturity, Edwards was first and last a mystic. Only by noting this underlying current of mysticism can we reconcile the pitiless logic of his sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," where "you hang by a slender thread with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it," and the sweetness and light of his *Diary*. "Outwardly he was an advocate of cold ratiocination, inwardly a philosopher of the feelings, a fervent exponent of the dialectic of the heart"—just as his portrait depicts him as hard and uncompromising in features save for the lines of the sensitive mouth.

The mysticism of Edwards may perhaps be best understood from a remarkable passage in the *Diary*. There he says:

After this, my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything. God's excellency, His wisdom, His purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon and stars; in the clouds,

and the blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. . . . Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and rapture to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low, and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrant; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature-holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this—to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL.

In the third book Dr. Riley says: "Deism was more a mode of thinking than a system of thought; and as such affected the minds of idealists, materialists, and realists alike." John Adams defined it as "allegiance to the Creator and Governor of the Milky Way and the Nebulæ, and benevolence to all His creatures." It embraced systems as far apart as the "scoundrel philosophy" of Franklin with its clinging odour of greasy pennies, and the Franco-American ideology of Jefferson. Deism had its advocates not only at Harvard, in Cotton Mather and Charles Chauncy, but at King's College in William Livingston and William Smith, and also at Princeton in Jonathan Dickinson. Transferred to the College of Philadelphia, William Smith carried with him those views of moderate deism which he had promulgated in New York. But "Philadelphia was the home of conservatism;

not in a practical way, for here medical materialism had its stronghold, yet withal in a philosophical way, since thought for thought's sake was anything but welcome." Moreover, Franklin had a great deal to do with keeping Philadelphia from extreme views, guiding it as he did, along his chosen path of crass utility. "What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use?" asks this "Socrates in small-clothes." Dr. Riley ascribes to Franklin's utilitarianism his exposure of Mesmer and of Mesmerism as practised so meretriciously in France. He holds it to have been unfortunate that Franklin failed to grasp the principle of therapeutic suggestion which lay concealed amid the more obvious folly and fraud of Mesmerism. But this principle was understood and cautiously employed by Rush, Beasley, Buchanan, and other Philadelphians, though their work was long neglected. Perhaps, after all, the result of Franklin's lack of imagination was to save his city from back-door philosophers like the Quimbys and the Eddys, who have since devastated New England.

As Philadelphia was dominated by Benjamin Franklin, so was Virginia by Thomas Jefferson. Yet whereas the former cared only for "results," the latter advocated liberty of thinking as truly as did Emerson some decades afterward. "In general, Jefferson's philosophy was an eclecticism of a pronounced deistic type, since it was the very peculiarity of the deists to wear a patchwork philosopher's cloak, yet to wear it in the fashion of the day." "I am an Epicurean," says Jefferson in one of his innumerable letters; in another, "I am a materialist"; in still another, "I am a sect by myself." Moreover, Jefferson through all his life was deep in politics; and the Federalists charged him with wishing to repeat in America the excesses of the French Revolution, throwing in, as a sort of controversial *lagniappe*, the charge of atheism. Jefferson's effort to introduce into the United States the philosophical culture of France met with defeat; yet it is no small thing to have founded the University of Virginia, and to have bequeathed to it an inalienable legacy of free thought.

The foremost of early American materialists was Cadwallader Colden, to whose school our author devotes the fourth and longest division of his book (1688-1776), and concerning whose political activity an elaborate monograph has lately been published by Dr. A. M. Keys, though this treatise is not mentioned by Dr. Riley. Colden's career was as varied as his accomplishments. The son of an Irish clergyman, graduated in medicine from the University of Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, he was the friend of scholars all over the world and himself a man of genuine erudition. His philosophic system bears a close resemblance to Franklin's, and yet in some degree suggests the transcendentalism of Emerson. "A materialist, however, with an irresistible tendency to eliminate matter," is a good deal of a philosophical paradox. Colden failed to think things through. He compromised, he jumbled together hints from various sources, and broke off abruptly when he seemed to be upon the verge of reaching a conclusion. Dr. Riley thinks, however, that "by resolving matter into the mechanics of force, Colden has left himself on record as one of the pioneers in the development of the latest phase of scientific materialism."

Passing over Joseph Buchanan of Kentucky, "the earliest native physiological psychologist," and Joseph Priestly, Franklin's "honest heretic," we come to Dr. Benjamin Rush (1745-1813), and the medical materialists. Rush was another human paradox, a sort of *enfant terrible* of medicine, but withal a very interesting one.

In politics he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, yet a malinger of the military genius of Washington; in education an agent in bringing President Witherspoon to Princeton and President Nisbet to Dickinson, yet a Philistine as regards the study of the classics; in philanthropy an opponent of capital punishment and of slavery, yet a believer in the most drastic measures to stamp out the yellow fever; in medicine a pioneer in psychiatry, yet the originator of a special phrenology. The dual nature of the man is outwardly shown

in his portrait, which represents him in a pensive yet self-conscious attitude, his head in his hands, but one eye cocked on the observer.

In the *Three Lectures upon Animal Life*, Rush enlarged upon the opinion—though he did not claim to have originated it—"that every part of the human body is endowed with sensibility; that it is a unit, a simple and indivisible quality of substance; and finally that life is the effect of certain stimuli acting upon the sensibility and excitability which are extended in different degrees over every external and internal part of the body." "Should it be asked," he says further on, "what is the peculiar organisation of matter which enables it to emit life when acted upon by stimuli, I answer 'I do not know.'" In the *Diseases of the Mind*, a work fruitful in suggestion, he throws out the hint that crime is often the result of disease. Cure the disease and you have reformed the criminal. And, in the same work, he comes very close to the modern notion of a dual personality by setting forth, as it were in anticipation, a new theory of the nerve-tract. Rush was freakish, superficial, and sometimes self-contradictory, yet none the less he has genuine achievement to his credit. His influence was very great, especially in the South, the last stronghold of materialism, whence it was expelled by realism.

In the fifth and final book Dr. Riley treats of realism, which, as he says, had the distinction of being considered by many as pre-eminently the American philosophy. Just as deism was a revolt against the cold and gloom of Puritan thought, so realism shook the dry bones of materialism and swept them ignominiously away. Realism, the doctrine of the objective reality of the external world, the philosophy of common sense, "was in harmony with the practical note of the country; it was also an aid to faith, a safeguard to morality as against the skepticism of Hume and the atheism of the Voltairians." Scotch in origin, it moved like a "kind of intellectual glacier" through the Middle States and into the South, grinding out all opposition. The source of its strength was Presbyterian-

ism, and its *cor cordium* was at Princeton. Realism, however, was unprogressive, "rationalistic only within the fixed limits of respectability," and intolerant of other systems. John Witherspoon, who became president of Princeton in 1768, was a typical realist, a minister of the Church of Scotland, a fierce controversialist, "a man of reasoning make," as President Stiles of Yale shrewdly remarked, "but of no great philosophical learning."

At the end of all there came transcendentalism, of which only a mention is made by Dr. Riley, since it lies beyond the period of the early schools. In sharp contrast to its predecessor, transcendentalism was "essentially a native growth." It was progressive and was tolerant of other systems, so much so that even with some of its best-known advocates, like Bronson Alcott, it became the most *bizarre* of philosophic patchwork. "Thus, it took from the Puritans their individualism, from the deists their arguments for design, from the idealists their phenomenalism, from the materialists their dynamic conception of the universe, from the realists their doctrine of immediate intuitions." So, whether we consider transcendentalism as the coming American philosophy or not, it furnishes at least a convenient epitome with which to close the history of the early schools.

We may note in passing a few slips in proof-reading, especially of Latin words, such as *naturale* (p. 28), *vis inertia* (p. 435), and a fondness for somewhat unusual compound forms, as for example, "explicated" (frequently), "convincements" (p. 8), and "independency" (p. 296). Dr. Riley's acuteness, and perhaps we may say cleverness, make him yield at times to the temptation to assume a somewhat superior air and to become an exponent of what Mr. Howells has called "the principle which sniffs." On the other hand, we could scarcely say too much of the untiring industry, the clear thought, and the felicity of presentation which together make the whole book so very admirable and even memorable a treatise.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

A VOLUME OF ESSAYS*

American critical essays are pervaded by a conscientious determination to set the reader right. Their secret ideal is a man cornered and compelled to learn, learn. Between the lines one reads, "You are mistaken, sir, in most of your opinions. What I am saying will improve your mind. So stop that whittling and look me in the eye." The essay craft has advanced recently in many ways. The general level is higher than it was. They say the general level of almost everything is higher. Novels are on the whole better written; average wages are higher; \$3 will buy a better pair of trousers. The general level seems to be getting much the best of it as time goes on. Our essays are models of generality and levelness and we should welcome even a disagreeable surprise. It would be pleasant to know that now and then an American essay-writer went mad, as a sign of present activity and a promise of future results. A mad and perhaps dangerous American essayist who forgot the English classics in his frenzy, forgot to call people to their literary duty, didn't mention culture or deplore mobs, an untamed deviating creature that thought for himself and looked through his eyes instead of his memory, might be an awful, but would certainly be an interesting, object, and in the long run might tend to enlarge the circle of sanity, which is one of the purposes of literature. But if our essays are too far on the safe side of everything, there is little else to be said against them. They are neat and trim, well-educated, hard, bright, dutiful little forms of admonition. They are part of our literary heritage coming by way of Boston from ancestral British reviews, which to this day abound in the same benevolent but somewhat obtrusive instructiveness.

This teaching quality is to be found in one of the best of these recent volumes, *The New American Type and Other Essays*, by Henry D. Sedgwick,

*The New American Type and Other Essays. By Henry D. Sedgwick. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1908. Pp. 343.

but in widely varying degrees. The essay on "American Colleges," for example, is positively college-presidential with its roll of vague, smooth sentences about "high ideals" and "low ideals" and cannot be read without a sense of frock-coat, sing-song, throat-clearing, water-sipping and "Gentlemen of the Alumni, we are gathered here." It begins with the definition of a college. Then comes the relation of the college to life. This brings us to the question, What are the worthy things in life? There are seven of these ideals, such as being holy, being heroic, being wise, and so forth. Then each of the seven ideals, under its respective heading, is complimented in the most general terms imaginable. "A high personality is the first requisite in a teacher." "It is, I admit, difficult to say where the practical should end and the ideal begin. Perhaps the two ought to be more interpenetrated with each other than they commonly appear to be." "Honour is taught by the companionship, the standards, the ideals, the talk, the actions of honourable men." The paper is a tissue of just such sentences and ought not to have been printed—ought not even to have been spoken, unless preceded by a long and fearful dinner with classmates. Having over-eaten, over-drunk, in a fallen state of gregarious animalism, we may look up to mere bald praise of goodness as opposed to badness, but in moments of sober isolation we know it for the common cant of American education, the counterpart on the "higher plane" to what on the lower is known as buncombe. If concrete facts cannot be mentioned, there must at least be concrete images. To serve any purpose whatever such a defence of "idealism" in education should either cause libel suits or be set to music. Curious illusion of American moral advisers that man is a beast for the lack of generalities sounding in his ear; and it seems the more strange in the writer of the following passage, which is taken from the essay on "Certain Aspects of America," printed in this same volume:

Let us consider matters which concern the emotions, religion, or poetry; matters which, in order to attain the highest excel-

lence, require passion. Now, passion is only possible when vital energy is thrown into emotion, and, as we have other uses for our vital energy, we find ourselves face to face with a dilemma: either to make up our minds to let our religion and our poetry—and all our emotional life—be without passion, or else to use a makeshift in its stead. What course have we chosen? Look at our religion; read our poetry; witness our national joy expressed in *papier mâché* arches and Dewey celebrations, our national grief vented in proclamations and exaggeration. We have not boldness enough to throw overboard our inherited respect for passion, and to proclaim it unnecessary in religion and poetry, in grief and joy; and so we cast about for a makeshift, and adopt a conventional sentimentality, we mimic the expressions of passion (as in tableaux an actor poses for Laocoön), and combine a sincere desire to ape accurately with an honest enjoyment in the occupation. Our conventional sentimentality is the consequence of economy of vital energy in our emotional life in order that we may concentrate all our powers in our industrial life.

This indicates quite clearly the spirit of his essay on "American Colleges," although when he wrote the latter paper he had not the excuse of being mainly interested in manufactures.

On the other hand, in his paper on Mrs. Wharton, as in previous essays on literary subjects, he moves far more freely and cares much less for pedagogical results, and such pedagogy as there is is all for Mrs. Wharton, whom he greatly admires and would like to improve, and not at all for us and for our children. He is a hard task-master for Mrs. Wharton, however, and she may think he asks too much. It will discourage her to learn what she has to go through before she writes again about gardens:

One may talk with landscape gardeners by the hour about prospects, middle distances, reaches, effects, about lines of box, parallels of sweet peas, clumps of viburnum, about the values of an axis and of straight lines, about the etiquette of gravelled paths and the massing of afternoon shadows; but

the trowel and a broken back, the pruning hook and dazzled eyes, the vendetta with the slug, the rich, creative fragrance of manure, the heat and sweat of noon, dirty hands—with these indispensables to the love and knowledge of gardens Mrs. Wharton betrays no acquaintance.

Would not the imagination do for some of this? Might not one write justly of the broken back without having it? And, after all, this active garden course might in no wise improve her style. The present reviewer dug potatoes once, dug them with earnestness and perspiration, clave several of them with his flashing hoe, and who shall say they were not nobly won? But never yet has he been eloquent about them, and his literary style is as you see it now.

Taking the volume as a whole, it is typical of the better class of American essay writers. Taking the literary essays alone, they are on the same level as his previous writings in this field—that is to say, they are well conceived and well expressed, unmistakably genuine in their appreciation, and discerning. They are agreeably above the general level.

F. M. Colby.

III

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG'S "ON THE WITNESS STAND"*

The scientist who undertakes to put the result of his investigations into popular form essays a difficult, ungrateful and dangerous task. Difficult because he must be entertaining as well as instructive; ungrateful because no matter how painstaking he may be, he is almost certain to be misquoted and misunderstood; and dangerous because careless readers are apt to jump to ill-founded and injurious conclusions. This is especially true of any work of a psychological character, which demands an immense amount of explanation, invites misinterpretation at every turn and inclines untrained minds to unhealthy introspections. Thus

*On the Witness Stand. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: The McClure Company.

it is not at all surprising that Professor Münsterberg's guarded expositions of his laboratory experiments with witnesses have been distorted into scare-headline statements that he has solved the secrets of the soul and that he has evolved a process by which the truth or falsity of all testimony can be determined with scientific accuracy. Of course, this is sensational nonsense, and equally of course the distinguished author has made no such preposterous claim. Nevertheless his work has suffered at the hands of vulgar and ignorant exaggerators, and this has undoubtedly prejudiced the more intelligent part of the community and deterred it from giving to his interesting experiments and theories the attention which they unquestionably deserve.

In the main Professor Münsterberg's message is for the legal fraternity, but it must be confessed that his attitude toward the members of that profession is not calculated to inspire his audience with confidence. His opening chapters are devoted to demonstrating that very few men can correctly report what they see or hear, and he details numerous experiments which show that practically no two people see or hear precisely alike. The learned author, however, falls into a strange error when he states that the subjects of his experiments were "highly trained, careful observers," for he himself tells us that they were college students. It is extremely doubtful if half a dozen trained observers could be found among all the students of a great university. It is utterly impossible that he could have assembled "several hundred" possessing the qualifications he claims for them. Such men are rare in any walk of life, and if the truth of the writer's initial proposition depended upon his assumption in regard to his witnesses his experiments would be worthless. But the fact that human memory and observation are extremely fallible does not demand any such test. It is a matter of common knowledge. Indeed, after encumbering fifty-eight pages with cumulative evidence of this universally recognised fact, he states that "*Every one knows the almost unlimited individual differences in the*

power of correct observation and judgment." This being so, his preceding pages seem superfluous. But Professor Münsterberg apparently believes that those having business with the courts are not so well informed as the rest of the world, and it is evidently for their benefit that he multiplies examples. "*The confidence in the reliability of memory is so general,*" he says, referring presumably to this benighted class, "*that the suspicion of memory illusions evidently plays a small rôle in the mind of the jurymen, and even the cross-examining lawyer is mostly dominated by the idea that a false statement is the product of intentional falsehood.*"

It is rather severe on the legal profession to deny its members even a slight familiarity with facts which every child should know, but the author is remorseless. "*Still another phenomenon is fairly familiar to every one, and only the courts have not yet discovered it,*" he asserts. This is the phenomenon that there are different types of memory. "*But no one,*" he says, "*on the witness stand is to-day examined to ascertain in what directions his memory is probably trustworthy.*"

With these statements before him any one at all familiar with trial work in the courts will readily credit the author's confession that he himself is not a trained observer, for examinations to test the memory of witnesses are daily occurrences in every court in this country. Surely the professor must have seen the "watch test" in the court room, or at least have heard of it. If not he would do well to add it to his repertoire. The witness subjected to this test is usually some cock-sure, positive fellow who boasts that it is impossible for him to have made a mistake in his testimony or to have unwittingly falsified. The cross-examiner having thus given the victim plenty of rope, proceeds to ask him how long he has owned the watch he is carrying, makes him state about how many times a day he looks at it, and establishes the fact that he sees it perhaps more often than any other object. Then he asks to look at the time-piece, and exhibiting it to the jury, questions the owner as to its face. What sort of hands and numerals has it? What words appear on it?

Where is the second hand located? Will he indicate on a piece of paper the hour marks exactly as they appear on the watch? etc. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the witness goes absolutely to pieces under this test, and any one who believes he can respond to it has only to try the experiment on himself.

This is merely one of many similar memory tests known to all lawyers and it is almost incredible that a writer on this subject should be ignorant of such familiar court-room tactics and be wholly unaware of the important part which a knowledge of psychology plays in the equipment of even the tyro advocate. Even if he has not had time to inform himself at first hand, the most superficial study of *The Art of Cross-Examination* would have saved him from blundering in this way, and it is unfortunate that his work should be marred by such lack of preparation.

These unsatisfactory initial chapters are, however, largely redeemed by the remaining portion of the book. In this he develops *The Detection of Crime*, *Untrue Confessions*, *Suggestions in Court*, and *Hypnotism and Crime*, and on every page there is much to interest the general public and the legal world. Most helpful and suggestive of all is the concluding chapter on *The Prevention of Crime*, and here the writer's high purpose and scholarly attainments appeal to the respect and admiration of all who are interested in criminology, and especially those who believe that our prison system is a reproach to our civilisation and a menace to the whole commonwealth. The day cannot be far distant when American juries will refuse to credit confessions extorted by the "third degree" methods of the police—at least one acquittal has already been recorded in this country in the face of such testimony—and sooner or later society will surely protect itself against crime much as it does against disease. For the advancement of that reform the investigations of such scientists as Professor Münsterberg are invaluable, and his humane suggestions merit the consideration of all thoughtful men.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

IV

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY'S "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"*

When an idea, after having been thoroughly threshed out elsewhere, makes its appearance on the stage, it is very likely to be regarded as startling in its novelty. This has been particularly the case with Charles Rann Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*, which was first played at the Savoy Theatre in New York on the afternoon of March 23d last, before an invited audience that was almost semi-professional and which has since caused so much discussion that it has been thought worth while to bring it out in book form. The great majority of those who have seen it have taken no offence at the play. There are others, it must be said, who found it somewhat irreverent as a whole, who, from the purely critical standpoint, considered an entire act utterly superfluous, and who regarded the speech of the drain digger in the last act as unnecessarily unpleasant. The one point upon which every one seems to be of the same mind is that the much-discussed allusion to a certain "giver of libraries" is entirely out of keeping with the allegorical nature of the main idea.

The action of the play takes place in the vicarage of the Rev. William Smythe. The vicar is awaiting the arrival of two visitors, the famous Bishop of Benares, his own brother, and the Most Rev. James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, the Lord Bishop of Lancashire, a brother of the vicar's wife. Manson, a butler, has just arrived from India and has begun service. He wears the costume of the East and bears a striking resemblance to Christ. He is, of course, the awaited brother, the Bishop of Benares, although the characters in the play are not supposed to know that until the last act. There comes to the vicar the news that he is to receive the visit of another brother, an outcast, a drain digger, who has come to clean the church drains. This brother arrives a short time before the Bishop of Lancashire, and the shortsightedness of the latter leads him to mistake the

labourer for the vicar, and Manson, the butler, for the Bishop of Benares. This is the most striking and vigorous scene of the play, and in the stage presentation it is admirably acted.

Rogers, the "buttons," ushers in James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, D.D., the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lancashire. He looks his name, his goggles and ear-trumpet lending a beautiful perfection to the resemblance.

Manson has risen. Bob, imperturbable, discusses sossingers. Rogers, with a last excruciation of his ailment, vanishes.

The Most Reverend Father in God stands blinking for recognition. Pained at the non-fulfillment of this worthy expectation, he moves—a little blindly—towards the table. Here he encounters the oppugnant back of the voracious Robert, who grows quite annoyed. Indeed, he as good as says so.

BOB: 'Ere, where ye comin' to?

BISHOP (*peering closely into his face, the other edging away*): Ah! Mr. Smythe, or I am mistaken.

BOB: Smith's my name! Don't you call me Smythe!

BISHOP: My dear sir, don't mention it; my sister has explained everything. I bear you no grudge—none whatever!

BOB: What's the silly ole josses jawin' abaht now?

BISHOP: But I perceive that I have—er—(*sniffing*) disturbed you at your morning meal.

BOB (*with conviction*): You 'av' that!

BISHOP: Eh?

BOB (*louder*): I say, you 'av'!

BISHOP (*fixing his ear-trumpet*): Just once more.

BOB: Oh, Moses! (*Roaring, and indicating his breakfast.*) You 'av', blarst you!

BISHOP (*mistaking the gesticulation*): Thank you, you are very kind, I think I will. I could get nothing on the journey but a cup of coffee and a bun.

(*He sits at the table without ever having perceived Manson, who has nevertheless been serving him.*)

BOB: Yus, you look as if you fed on buns!

Throughout the play, the audience will understand where the Bishop does, and when he does not, hear, by his use or non-use of the ear-trumpet. Perhaps the reader will be good enough to imagine these occasions for himself, as he may have observed a reluctance on the part of the author to encumber the text with stage directions.

*The Servant in the House. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

BISHOP (*cating—and at the same time addressing the be-cassocked Robert*): And you must not think on account of the little coolness between us, that I have not followed your career with great interest—very great interest! Your scholastic achievements have been most praiseworthy—especially under the unfortunate circumstances. Although, by the way, I cannot at all agree with your gloss on Romans fourteen, twenty-three. *Katakckritai* either means *damned* or nothing at all.

BOB (*gesticulating*): It was 'im as said *damned*!

BISHOP: No, no, sir; it is perfectly indefensible!

BOB: I'll use what langwidge I like!

BISHOP (*warming*): You said *katakckritai*.

BOB: I never did, I tek my oath!

BISHOP: My dear sir, I learned my Greek at Shrewsbury, before you were born! Don't argue, sir!

BOB: Oo is argufying? Talking to me about yer Katama-what-d'you-call-it!

BISHOP: We had better drop the subject! Boeotian! After all, it is not precisely the matter which has brought us together. And that reminds me (*trumpet*), has he come yet?

BOB: Oo?

BISHOP: Your brother, of course.

BOB: My brother! Oh, you'll see 'im soon enough!

BISHOP: I gather from your remark that he has not arrived yet. Good! The fact is, I should like a preliminary discussion with yourself, before meeting your illustrious brother.

BOB: Then you'd better look slippy!

BISHOP: I beg your pardon?

BOB: Go on, you 'eard.

BISHOP: Of course, the *financial* undertaking is considerable. It's not like an *investment*, where there is some reasonable hope of a return; it's merely a matter of charity! The money's—gone, so to speak.

BOB: Yus, I've noticed that about money, myself.

BISHOP: At the same time, I should like my *name* to be associated with your brother's, in so worthy an enterprise.

BOB (*midly sarcastic*): You don't say!

BISHOP: And then again, I *trust*—I say I *trust*—I am not impervious to the more sacred obligations involved; but—

BOB: I allus notice that sort of 'igh talk ends with a "but."

BISHOP: Naturally, I should like to learn a little, beforehand, of your brother's *views*.

From what I gather, they are not altogether likely to coincide with my own. Of course, he is an idealist, a dreamer. Now, under these circumstances, perhaps—

Eh, what—Oh! Bless my soul!

(*Manson has been offering him bread for some time. He has just tumbled to the fact of his presence. They rise.*)

My—my brother from Benares, I presume?

BOB: What, my pal, 'is brother! Oh, Je-'oshaphat!

BISHOP: Ten thousand pardons! Really, my eyesight is deplorable! Delighted to meet you! I was just observing to our charming host that—er—humph—

Bless me! Now what *was* I—

MANSON: Something about your sacred obligations, I believe.

BISHOP: May I trouble you again?

(*Manson gravely fixes the ear-trumpet in his car.*)

BOB: That's right; stick the damned thing in 'is ear-'ole, comride!

MANSON (*through the trumpet*): Your sacred obligations.

BISHOP: Precisely, precisely! Er—shall we sit?

(*They do so. The Bishop looks to Manson to begin. Manson failing him, the spirit begins to work within himself.*)

Well—er—speaking of that, of course, my dearly beloved brother, I feel very seriously on the matter, *very* seriously—as I am sure you do. The restoration of a church is a tremendous, an overwhelming responsibility. To begin with, it—it costs quite a lot. Doesn't it?

MANSON: It does—quite a lot.

BISHOP: H'm, yes—yes! You mentioned *sacred obligations* just now, and I think that on the whole I am inclined to agree with you. It is an admirable way of putting it. We must awaken people to a sense of their *sacred obligations*. This is a work in which everybody can do something: the rich man can give of the abundance with which it has pleased Providence specially to favour him. The poor man, with his slender savings, need have no fear for the poverty of his gift—let him give all, it will be accepted. Those of us, who, like yourself, my dear brother—and I say it in all modesty, perhaps *myself*—are in possession of the endowments of learning, of influence, of authority—we can lend our *names* to the good work. As you say so very beautifully: *sacred obligations*. By the way, I don't think I quite

caught your views as to the probable cost. Eh, what do you think?

MANSON: I think that should depend upon the obligations, and then, of course, the sacredness might count for something.

BISHOP: Yes, yes, we've discussed all that. But bringing it down to a *practical* basis: how much could we manage with?

MANSON: What do you say to—everything you have?

BISHOP: My dear sir, I'm not talking about myself!

MANSON: Well—everything the others have?

BISHOP: My dear sir, they're not fools! Do discuss the matter like a man of the world!

MANSON: *God's not watching, let's give as little, and grab as much as we can!*

BISHOP: S-sh! My dear brother! Remember who's present! (*He glances toward Bob.*) However (*coughs*), we will return to this later. I begin to understand you.

BOB: Yus. You *think* you do!

BISHOP: At the same time, I do think we ought to come to some general understanding; we must count the cost. Now, from all accounts, *you* have had some experience in church-building out in India—not that I think the extravagance for which you are credited would be either possible or desirable in this country—oh, no! Thank God, we know how to worship in spirit and in truth, without the aid of expensive buildings! However, I should like to hear your views. How did you manage it?

MANSON: Sacrifice.

BISHOP: Of course, of course; but *practically*. They say it's an enormous concern!

MANSON: So it is.

BISHOP: Well, what would such an establishment as that represent? In round numbers, now?

MANSON (*calmly*): Numberless millions.

BISHOP: Numberless mil—! (*He drops his fork.*) My dear sir, absurd! Why the place must be a palace—fit for a king!

MANSON: It is.

BISHOP: Do you mean to tell me that one man alone, on his own naked credit, could obtain numberless millions for such an object as that? How could he possibly get them together?

MANSON: They came freely from every quarter of the world.

BISHOP: On the security of your own name alone?

MANSON: No other, I assure you.

BISHOP: For heaven's sake, tell me all about it. What sort of a place is it?

MANSON (*seriously*): Are you quite sure you can hear?

BISHOP: Perhaps your voice is *not* quite so clear as it was. However (*he wipes the inside of the ear-trumpet, and fixes it afresh*), now! Tell me about your church.

(*During the following speech, the Bishop is occupied with his own thoughts; after the first few words, he makes no attempt at listening; indeed, the trumpet goes down to the table again in no time. On the other hand, Bob, at first apathetic, gradually awakens to the keenest interest in what Manson says.*)

MANSON (*very simply*): I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never *see* it at all. You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. *It is a living thing.*

BISHOP (*in a hoarse whisper, self-engrossed*): Numberless millions!

MANSON: When you enter it, you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder!

BISHOP (*trumpet down*): On the security of one man's name!

MANSON: The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes: the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone: the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces, there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness: sometimes in blinding light: now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish: now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. (*Softer.*) Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead.

(*There is a short silence, broken only by th.*)

champing jaws of the Bishop, who has resumed his sausages. Bob speaks first.)

BOB (*slowly*): I think I begin to understand you, comride, especially that bit abaht— (*his eyes stray upward.*) Humph! I'm only an 'og! S'pose there's no drain-'ands wanted in that there church o' yours?

MANSON: Drains are a very important question there at present.

BOB: Why, I'd be cussing over every stinkin' pipe I laid.

MANSON: I should make that a condition, comrade.

BOB (*rising, he pulls off the cassock; goes to fire for his coat; returns; drags it on*): I don't know! Things 'av' got in a bit of a muck with me! I'm rather like a drain-pipe myself. (*With sudden inspiration*) There's one thing I can do!

MANSON: What's that?

BOB: Renahnce ole Beelzebub an' all 'is bloomin' wirks! And us that brarss-band! (*He alludes to the car-trumpet. Manson obeying, Bob jabs it into the ear of the Bishop, who seems quite surprised.*) 'Ere! 'Av' you ever 'eard of 'ell?

BISHOP: Of what?

BOB: 'Ell. (*Spelling*); H, E, double L.

BISHOP: Well, my dear sir, I ought to!

BOB: Then go there! Aymen. No, I'll go an' 'av' a look at our Bill's drains, damn 'is eyes!

(*He goes out through the main door.*)

BISHOP: The scoundrell! Did you hear what he said? I shall certainly report him to his Bishop!

MANSON: I don't think I should. *His* Bishop doesn't mind a little plain speech now and again.

BISHOP: A little plain speech! Do you think it's right for a clergyman to—to direct me to perdition?

MANSON: I think you are making a mistake; the man who gave you your direction is not a clergyman. He's a scavenger.

BISHOP: A scavenger!

MANSON: Yes—looks after drains.

BISHOP: Do you mean to tell me that I've been sitting down to breakfast with a common working-man?

MANSON: Yes; have you never done that before?

BISHOP: My dear sir, whatever do you take me for?

MANSON: A Bishop of God's church.

BISHOP: Precisely! Is it your custom to breakfast with working-men?

MANSON: Every morning. You sec, I'm not prejudiced; I was one myself once.

BISHOP: You?

MANSON: Yes—a long time ago, though; people have forgotten.

BISHOP: But my dear brother, I am perfectly sure you never told people to go to—

MANSON: Oh yes, quite frequently; it would shock you to learn the language I really did use. Perhaps under the circumstances, it might be advisable to drop the subject at this point.

BISHOP (*emphatically*): I most certainly agree with you there! After all, it is a digression from the purpose for which we are here! Let me see, then; where were we? Oh, yes, I remember—although, by the way, it was very ill-advised of you to speak your mind so openly in that man's presence! However, to resume our—how shall I call it?—our—little misunderstanding, eh?

MANSON: That describes it most accurately.

BISHOP: Now, you said, *Let's give as little and grab as much as we can*. Of course, that is a playful way of putting it; but between ourselves, it expresses my sentiments exactly.

MANSON: I knew that when I said it.

BISHOP (*delighted*): My dear brother, your comprehension makes my heart warm. I trust our relations may always remain as warm.

MANSON: Oh, warmer, warmer.

BISHOP: Very well then, to business! I tell you candidly, I agree with you, that there is no necessity for sinking anything of our own in the concern; nothing ever comes of that sort of reckless generosity! If people want a church, let them make some sacrifice for it! Why should *we* do anything? I am sure you will appreciate my candour?

MANSON: At its full value. Go on.

BISHOP: At the same time, there is no reason why we should throw cold water upon the subject. On the contrary, we might promote it, encourage it, even lend it the influence of our patronage and our names. *But on one understanding!*

MANSON: And that?

BISHOP: That it is extended—imperialised, so to speak; that it is made the vehicle of a much vaster, of a much more momentous project behind it.

MANSON: You interest me intensely. Explain.

BISHOP: I will. (*He looks around to as-*

sure himself that they are alone.) There is in existence a society—a very influential society, in which I happen to have an interest—very great interest. H'm! I am one of the directors. I may say that it is already very well established financially; but it is always open to consider the—extension of its influence in that way.

MANSON: And the name of the society?

BISHOP: Rather long; but I trust explicit. It is called *The Society for the Promotion and Preservation of Emoluments for the Higher Clergy*.

MANSON: I do not seem to have heard it named before.

BISHOP: Well, no; its movements have always been characterised by a certain modesty. It is an invisible society, so to speak; but I can assure you its principles are very clearly understood—among the parties most concerned.

MANSON: And your project?

BISHOP: Affiliate the subsidiary question of the building of the church with the larger interests of the society.

MANSON: Yes, but since people have already refused to subscribe to the more trivial project—

BISHOP: They have not been properly approached. My dear sir, in order to awaken public generosity, it is necessary to act like men of the world; *we must have names*. People will subscribe to any amount if you can only get the right names. That is where *you* come in.

MANSON: I! Do you propose to place *my* name at the head of your prospectus?

BISHOP: My dear sir, invaluable! Didn't you say yourself that you brought in numberless millions, on your own credit, out there in India? Why shouldn't you do the same in England? Think of your reputation, your achievements, your name for sanctity—not a word, sir, I mean it! Why, there's no end to the amount it would bring in: it would mean billions! Well, what do you say?

MANSON (*slowly*): Let us clearly understand one another. I am to lend you my name—just my name—and you are to do all the rest.

BISHOP (*quickly*): Oh, yes; I'd rather you kept out of the business negotiations!

MANSON: It is rather a dangerous name to play with!

BISHOP: I take that responsibility entirely upon myself!

MANSON: And when all's over and done

with, what are we going to gain out of the transaction?

BISHOP: We shall have to come to some private settlement between ourselves.

MANSON: When?

BISHOP: Oh, hereafter.

MANSON: Hereafter, then.

(*Enter Auntie and Vicar by door to right.*)

AUNT (*off*): Leave him to me, William! I'll soon settle the matter! (*Entering.*) The man must be possessed of some evil spirit! Why—it's my brother James!

(*Manson has risen, and is now the butler once more. He speaks into the ear-trumpet.*)

MANSON: Your sister and the Vicar, my lord.

BISHOP (*behind table, rising*): Ah! Well, Martha! No, no, no, if you please. (*He restrains her approach.*) Observe the retribution of an unchastened will—you have never seen my face for sixteen years! However, like a cloud, I blot out your transgressions from this hour! And, so this is your husband? Not a word, sir; not a single word!—the sausages were delicious, and your place has been most agreeably occupied by your brother!

VICAR: My brother! Then you— What do you mean?

BISHOP (*testily*): I mean what I say, sir! Your brother, *my* brother, *our* good brother here of course, our Oriental brother.

AUNT: James, you are making a mistake; this is our new butler—our Indian butler.

BISHOP: Your Indian—WHIAT?

(*He stands cogitating horribly until the end of the act, facing towards Manson.*)

AUNT: What has made him like this? He seems possessed!

MANSON: He is! I have just been having some trouble with *another devil*, Ma'am.

AUNT: Meaning, of course— What has become of him?

MANSON (*with his eye*): He is cast out forever.

AUNT: Where is he now?

MANSON: He walks through dry places seeking—(*he probes her soul*)—other habitations.

AUNT: Manson! This is your doing! Oh, you have saved us!

MANSON: I am trying to, Ma'am; but God knows, you make it rather difficult!

(*A change comes over her face as the curtain slowly falls.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT

Beverly Stark.

V

MISS RIVES'S. "THE GOLDEN ROSE"*

It must be hard for an author who has begun his career with one freakishly successful work to have all his subsequent writings judged by reference to that single effort. The phenomenon is not, however, uncommon. Mr. Hichens has but lately purged himself of the recollection of *The Green Carnation*; Mr. Hope and Mr. Davis have suffered in the same way. The lady whose name still appears, on the title-page of her latest book, as Amélie Rives, might pour out books as fast as the presses could print them; she would still be known as the author of *The Quick and the Dead*. Perhaps it is unjust, but it is inevitable.

Unjust, because that first book was chiefly remarkable for its unrestraint—the appalling frankness of ignorance, it seemed to many readers, even at the time. At least there was no blinking the frankness. Miss Rives blurted out things that we do not ordinarily discuss in polite literature. Otherwise it was but a mediocre work, with some signs of promise and little achievement.

Since then Miss Rives has written more stories, and some verse. Doubtless she has learned something of life, and her frankness no longer bears the stamp of inexperience. But her distinguishing mark as a writer is still her extravagance. One can easily imagine that twenty years ago the unbridled emotionalism of *The Golden Rose* might have caused little less stir than did *The Quick and the Dead*. But in the time that has elapsed much water has flowed into New York Bay. We have learned the ways of the tribe of MarymacLane. We have enjoyed the spectacle of an Englishwoman of reputed respectability founding an ephemeral school of cheap pornography, and crossing the ocean to advertise her wares in person. No, we are not so easily shocked as we once were.

The Golden Rose is the story of a woman who, having been married, does not believe in marriage. She is surpassingly beautiful, and radiantly happy

after her release from her brute of a husband. "I am the king's daughter, all glorious within. It shines through," she says modestly on page one. Naturally, when the proper personable young man happens along, she falls as violently in love with him as he with her. From the first they "understand each other." Thus:

All at once it seemed to him that they had ridden so before, through woods like these, through just such wandering, aromatic airs. He saw the slim, white-clad figure at his side as something strangely familiar; even the knot of white phlox in her belt was part of it all—had bloomed there before.

"Do you ever feel," she said, turning suddenly to him, "as though something had happened before—just the same thing, in just the same way?"

Perhaps you have heard something like that before. Miss Rives sets it forth as though it were utterly new and strange. No one ever loved before as her lovers love. Meraud (the name echoes Maeterlinck) proclaims that her love is too holy, too ethereal, to be soiled by marriage. Hers is a love untouched by passion—to use the jargon of the code. The man, being likewise a fool—that is, an idealist—accepts the situation with ecstatic self-sacrifice. He leaves her for some months. When they meet again his love is dead. It has been unequal to the strain. The motto of the book is also its moral. "What the wind is to a bonfire and a match, absence is to love; it kindles a great passion and extinguishes a small one."

Miss Rives commands a lush and poetic diction. The book is keyed a good third above concert pitch. The lovers are afflicted with the fatal habit of easy quotation. Half their remarks require a double set of inverted commas. They quote the *Bhagavad Gita* and William Watson, Rémy de Gourmont and Walt Whitman—not always with the happiest results, as when Job is taxed with the saying: "All that a man hath will he give for his skin (*sic*)."^{*} There is talk of the celestial loves of Peter Ibbetsen and the Brushwood Boy, and more than a hint of mysticism. Hysteria is everywhere.

*The Golden Rose. By Amélie Rives. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The strange part of the whole performance is that there is downright ability in it. The first half or two-thirds is a concoction of fantastic nonsense. But there are occasional flashes of intelligence, and real insight is shown in the study of Trafford's state when he knows that his love is gone. And then there are some delicious representations of Negro character and manners—for the scene is laid in Virginia. Unmistakably, Miss Rives has lived in Virginia. By all odds the best, truest character in this story of exalted love is a little pickaninny. Such is the irony of fate.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VI

HARRISON RHODES'S "THE ADVENTURES OF CHARLES EDWARD"*

"How to be happy though married" would be a good descriptive sub-title for this little book. Those readers who have made the acquaintance of Charles Edward in the magazines will welcome his reappearance in a book devoted entirely to his delightful exploits. Charles Edward is as pleasing a person as one could meet in many a day. He has a most unusual sense of humour, and a delight in the ludicrous and the unexpected which some of our younger artists and writers are fond of arrogating to themselves as a characteristic peculiar to genius. Charles Edward however, strange to relate, is neither a poet nor a painter, but a young man with plenty of money and nothing to do but amuse himself. He does this in a manner that is as amusing to the reader as it probably is to himself. He is absolutely unconventional in his choice of pleasure, but we have an agreeable feeling all the while that his unconventionality is quite spontaneous . . . and that it does not include carelessness or extravagance of attire. Also, Charles Edward's agreeable position in the matter of money enables him to play the fairy prince at times and thus give an added zest to the delicious adventures that come his way.

*The Adventures of Charles Edward. By Harrison Rhodes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Our suggestion for a sub-title is due to the fact that in the very first chapter of the book the engaging hero has the good fortune to find a wife who shares absolutely his point of view toward life and the chance for adventure. Charles Edward is very plausible and possible; Lady Angela is equally delightful and the author has made her appear very plausible. This is a sign of power on his part, for it certainly requires a considerable stretch of imagination to believe that the daughter of an English earl could really possess the sense of humour with which Lady Angela is so richly endowed. She is as unconventional as her husband and their partnership in the adventures makes the most delightful feature of them. Lady Angela, also, finds it possible to be unconventional despite clothing designed by leading sartorial artists, and only once . . . after a prolonged indulgence in the reading of manuscripts by unknown authors, . . . did Charles Edward begin to fear that he "might soon see her clad in a loose 'artistic' gown and heavily hung with bead chains."

This danger looms up in the chapter entitled "The Truth about Stephen Locke," one of the most amusing adventures in the book. In this chapter the literary mental bent of the author leaks out, and while it is far and away the best thing in the book for the literary critic who enjoys a satire on his own business, it might not therefore be enjoyed any more by the general public than a half a dozen other bits.

The escapade on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, by which Charles Edward and Lady Angela, working this time in opposition to one another, hold up the War Department, is very delightful. And the winning of an engagement from the noted actor Henry Trevelyan is also a little masterpiece.

The chapters are each complete stories in themselves, something that makes the book particularly attractive for summer reading. But the arrangement of them is as excellent in its way as are the contents. We are led up from light amusing frivolity, through a deepening touch of sentiment, to the closing chapter "The Adventure, Junior," which contains an appeal that will be hard for man or

woman to resist. In this last chapter, as in other isolated moments through the book, the author shows himself endowed

not only with wit, but with true humour, the humour that draws the tear as well as the laugh.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Aspects of George Meredith. By Richard H. P. Curle.

After a general introduction to the study of George Meredith as novelist and poet, the author considers such subjects as "Meredith's Personality Explained by Atmosphere and Style," "Philosophy of Nature," "Lyrical View of Nature," "Philosophic Conception of Social Problems," "Insight into Character," "The Eloquence of Meredith," etc.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Leaf and Tendril. By John Burroughs.

A volume of nature essays including among others "The Art of Seeing Things," "The Coming of Summer," "A Breath of April," "A Walk in the Fields," "Straight Seeing and Straight Thinking," and "All's Right with the World."

Moffat, Yard and Company:

A Teacher of Dante and Other Studies in Italian Literature. By Nathan Haskell Dole.

The book takes its title from the first essay, which relates to Brunetto Latini, who greatly influenced Dante's composition of "The Inferno." The other essays in the volume are "Dante and the Picturesque," "Lyric Poetry and Petrarca," "Boccaccio and the Novella," "The Rise of the Italian Drama," "GOLDONI and Italian Comedy" and "Alfieri and Tragedy."

L. C. Page and Company:

The Making of Personality. By Bliss Carman.

A volume of essays on the general theme of self-culture and relating to the problem of making the most and best of life. Mr. Carman points out the most valuable attributes of personality and

how they may be cultivated. The opening chapter is devoted to "The Meaning of Personality."

VERSE

The Century Company:

Lyrics and Landscapes. By Harrison S. Morris.

A collection of this author's latest poetical writings.

W. B. Conkey Company:

Cowboy Lyrics. By Robert V. Carr.

Short poems grouped under such headings as "Ranch and Range," "On the Trail of Love," "Where the Chinook Blows" and "On the Trail of Yesterday."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Hannele. A Dream Poem. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Rendered into English Verse and Prose by Charles Henry Meltzer.

This version of *Hannele* was used when the play was performed at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in the spring of 1894.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor. By Wallace Irwin.

Consisting of twenty-two sonnets, a prologue and epilogue, and with a "harmless and instructive" introduction by Wolfgang Copernicus Addeburger, Professor of Literary By-Products, University of Monte Carlo.

John Marone:

XXXIII Love Sonnets. By Florence Brooks.

Many of which have been reprinted from various American periodicals.

John P. Morton and Company:

An Ode. By Madison Cawein.

Read August 15, 1907, at the dedication of the monument erected at Gloucester, Mass., in commemoration of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-three.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, Ltd.:

Lays of Hellas. By Charles Arthur Kelly, M.A.

The six ballads and the majority of the sonnets comprised in this volume were first published in the *Calcutta Review*, and many of the other sonnets have previously appeared in various English magazines. The opening ballad is "The Story of Marathon," as told by an Athenian veteran, B. C. 427.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Narcissus and Other Poems. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

Besides the long narrative poem from which the book takes its title, there are about fifteen short poems.

ART, DRAMA

Harper and Brothers:

The Duke of Gandia. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

A two-act drama framed about the persons of the Cæsare Borgias.

The McClure Company:

Yolanda of Cyprus. By Cale Young Rice.

A sixteenth-century drama in four acts. The scene is laid in the Island of Cyprus.

Frederick Warne and Company:

Sir Thomas Lawrence. By R. S. Clouston.

Containing a short sketch of the artist's life and work together with nearly fifty full-page reproductions of his paintings.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

D. Appleton and Company:

Victoria, the Woman. By Frank Hird.

The author's aim has been, not to embody the complete life of Queen Victoria in this volume, but to give some impression of the influences that affected her early environment and some suggestion of the circumstances that affected her later years. The story of the careers of her father and mother is related. The author then sketches the young girl's daily life and gives many of her girlish letters to her friends. He gives an account of the surprising days when she first became Queen and later tells the story of her love and marriage.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Authorized Translation from the German, by William A. Cooper, A.M. Volume III.

This third volume completes Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe." It covers

the period from the Congress of Vienna to the poet's death, 1815-1832. In his preface Prof. Cooper says, "To know Goethe well is an education in itself. An intimate acquaintance with his inner life and his conception of the mission of the poet in the world cannot fail to broaden and deepen the spiritual life of the serious-minded man of to-day. This biography, with its rare insight into the poet's true nature, is accordingly sent forth in this new form with the hope that it may bear to an otherwise inaccessible public its story of a genius devoted to the high ideal of human culture."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Life and Letters of George Bancroft. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Two Volumes.

This book contains the account of Mr. Bancroft's life as a student at Göttingen, and of his travels in Germany and in Italy, when he visited Goethe, Wolff, Humboldt and Lord Byron and met Lafayette and Thorwaldsen. It also gives his experiences as minister to England in 1846, with the account of his visits to Paris at that time and the many distinguished people, like Guizot, Lamartine, Benjamin Constant, whom he met there, and as minister to Germany from 1867 to 1874.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Grafton Press:

Joshua Davidson, Christian. The Story of the Life of One who, in the Nineteenth Century, was "Like Unto Christ;" as Told by his Body-Servant. A Parable. By Jesse H. Jones.

Joshua Davidson is purely a fictitious character, who has been made to utter the teachings to which Mr. Jones devoted his life. The book is an attempt to set forth the sphere of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, as Jesus proclaimed it, giving the life, the ideal, the historical unfolding, and the present status of that Kingdom.

Harper and Brothers:

Astronomy with the Naked Eye. A New Geography of the Heavens. With Descriptions and Charts of Constellations, Stars and Planets. By Garrett P. Serviss.

The plan is to enable the casual observer of the night skies to appreciate the scheme of the constellations and to enjoy the knowledge gained by this vision. First comes the discussion of two constellations visible in the meridian in January, their characteristic appearance, and some of the history and mythology that attach to them. Then a similar treatment of each constellation's brightest stars. There is a list of tele-

scopic bodies, double stars, nebulae, etc., giving their relative positions, and also charts showing stars visible to the naked eye.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Studies in Judaism. Second Series. By S. Schechter, M.A., Litt.D.

A series of essays and articles written at long intervals and called forth by various occasions. Some of the titles are "A Hoard of Hebrew Manuscripts," "The Study of the Bible," "A Glimpse of the Social Life of the Jews in the Age of Jesus the Son of Sirach," "On the Study of the Talmud" and "Saints and Saintliness."

The Knickerbocker Press:

Emancipation. An Introduction to the System of Progressive Government. By Norbet Lafayette-Savay.

The author gives his ideas as to a method of remedying our social, political and economic ills. He believes that if this method was put into practice it would be the means of promoting efficient government and the general welfare.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Principles of Psychic Philosophy. By Charles B. Newcomb.

A rational explanation and a practical application of psychic or soul science. The subjects treated are God, Nature, Man, Psychism, Suffering, Selfishness, Responsibility, Adjustment, Power, Freedom, Healing, and Fulfilment.

The Macmillan Company:

The Philosophy of Loyalty. By Josiah Royce.

The present book grew out of the author's academic work in connection with Harvard University, in lecturing to teachers upon certain ethical aspects of their profession. Later the ideas were further formulated into a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. Professor Royce speaks of his work as "simply an appeal to any reader who may be fond of ideals, and who may also be willing to review his own ideals in a somewhat new light and in a philosophical spirit."

The Pilgrim Press:

The Church of To-Day. A Plea. By Joseph Henry Crocker.

The subject is discussed under the following chapter headings: "The Problem," "Religion Grows, but the Church Declines," "Obstacles in the Way of the Church," "The Present Situation," "Religion as a Corporate Life," "What Creates the Church," "What the Church

Contributes," "Illustrations of Value," "More Needed Than Ever," "Sinners Inside and Saints Outside," and "Jesus and the Church."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Mind in the Making. A Study in Mental Development. By Edgar James Swift.

A volume based on the results of modern investigation in the fields of Psychology, Sociology, and Pedagogy. Prof. Swift has gathered together a mass of data concerning the various phases of the child's growth, both physical and mental. He treats such subjects as "Standards of Human Power," "Criminal Tendencies of Boys: Their Cause and Function," "The School and the Individual," "Some Nervous Disturbances of Development," "The Psychology of Learning," "The Racial Brain and Education," "Experimental Pedagogy," etc.

The Young Churchman Company:

The Love Test and Other Sermons Long and Short. By Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D.

In Part I are grouped sermons of a general character such as "The Love Test," "The Glory and Function of the Religion of Christ" and "The Cross and the Street;" and in Part II will be found sermons on particular occasions, among which are "The Proof of the Resurrection," an Easter sermon, "Under the Rod," a Thanksgiving Day sermon, and "The Brook's Sermon," a little allegory on giving.

The Calls of the Conqueror. By Edward Allan Larrabee, S.T.B.

Being Good Friday addresses on the seven words from the cross.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

W. B. Conkey Company:

To Panama and Back. By Henry T. Byford, M.D.

Dr. Byford recently made a trip to the Panama Canal Zone and in this volume gives an account of his experiences, his impressions of the country, its possibilities, etc. On this trip he also visited a number of islands and ports in the little known regions of the Caribbean Sea and gives information regarding these.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Mother of California. By Arthur Walbridge North. With an Introduction by Cyrus C. Adams of the American Geographical Society.

An historical sketch of the little-known land of Baja California, from the days of Cortez to the present time, de-

picting the ancient missions therein established, the mines there found, and the physical, social and political aspects of the country; together with an extensive bibliography relative to the same.

The Grafton Press:

Egypt and Its Betrayal. An Account of the Country During the Periods of Ismail and Tewfik Pashas, and of how England Acquired a New Empire. By Elbert E. Farman, LL.D.

A large part of the work relates to the author's personal experiences as an American official, first as Consul General in the years 1876-81, and then until 1884 as Judge of mixed tribunals in Egypt. From these experiences the reader may obtain a general knowledge of the country, its inhabitants, their occupations, modes of life, religion and character.

Harper and Brothers:

Motley's Dutch Nation. Being "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" by John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D. Condensed, with Introduction, Notes, and a Brief History of the Dutch People to 1908, by William Elliot Griffiths, D.D., L.H.D.

Consisting of two parts—an abridgment of the late John Lothrop Motley's three volumes entitled *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* and an independent sketch of Dutch history down to the present day, showing the social, political and economic situations and problems of the Dutch nation.

John and Sebastian Cabot. By Frederick A. Ober.

In the "Heroes of American History" series. A narrative of the famous voyages of these fearless explorers. The author pictures the excitement and stir in England, Venice and Spain when the New World and its riches were the talk and dream of king and peasant alike.

The Macmillan Company:

Foundations of Modern Europe. Twelve Lectures. Delivered in the University of London by Enil Reich.

The author states that in this series of lectures his object was to give a short sketch of the main facts and tendencies of European history that, from the year 1756, contributed to the making of the present state of politics and civilisation. Among the subjects dealing with the history of modern Europe he discusses the War of American Independence, the French Revolution, the Life of Napoleon, and the Franco-German War.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. By John S. Mosby.

Presenting the whole story of the

Gettysburg campaign in a new light. It contains a sketch of the battle of Chancellorsville, in which Stuart succeeded Jackson in command after the latter fell, and of the cavalry combat between Stuart and Pleasanton, which was the first act in the drama of the Gettysburg campaign.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The True Story of Andersonville Prison. A Defense of Major Henry Wirz. By James Madison Page.

The work is divided into two parts. In Part I, "Andersonville: The Prison and the Keeper," the author tells the story of the daily prison life, shows Wirz's attitude toward the prisoners, and his efforts to do all he could to alleviate their sufferings and condition. Part II, "Major Wirz: The Man and His Trial," contains a biographical sketch of Major Wirz, a complete transcription of the numerous charges brought against him at the court martial, an account of his trial, imprisonment and execution, and a brief sketch of Stanton, "the great war secretary."

Lee and His Cause; or the Why and the How of the War Between the States. By John R. Deering, D.D.

In a prefatory note the author states that "the historical items recorded here are more or less involved in the solution of the questions which have arisen as to the rightfulness of the secession; the origin and conduct of its cause; the character, motives and sentiments of the people who espoused and defended it, as well as those who forced them to fields of blood."

Princeton University Library:

The Continental Congress at Princeton. By Varnum Lansing Collins.

This volume treats of the mutiny of the Pennsylvania line in June, 1783, the consequent flight of the Continental Congress from Philadelphia, and the five months' sojourn of that body at Princeton. It has been written for the purpose of giving a fuller knowledge of the Congressional history of the summer and autumn of 1783 and an account of Congressional life on its informal side when Princeton was the national capital.

Reilly and Britton Company:

Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium. By John U. Higinbotham.

The second volume in Mr. Higinbotham's "Three Weeks Abroad Series." He describes the different cities he visited, telling about the interesting points in each and giving historical facts connected with it. The volume contains fifty-two half-tone pictures, all taken by the author.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Three Voyages of a Naturalist. Being an Account of Many Little-Known Islands in Three Oceans Visited by the *Valhalla*, R. Y. S. By M. J. Nicoll. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Crawford, K.T., F.R.S.

The author was naturalist on the Earl of Crawford's yacht, *Valhalla*, on three long voyages round the world, round Africa and to the West Indies. Most of the islands explored were previously very little known and others had been rarely, if ever, landed upon. A chapter is devoted to each of the most interesting and the least known islands or regions explored. The volume contains fifty-six full-page illustrations of life and scenery.

Ice-Bound Heights of the Mustagh. An Account of Two Seasons of Pioneer Exploration and High Climbing in the Baltistan Himalaya. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, M.A., M.D.

Several peaks of over 17,000 feet in height were ascended, and Mrs. Workman made a new record in high mountain climbing for women by ascending a peak of 22,568 feet. The book is illustrated with nearly two hundred photographs and has also eight plates in colour and two maps. Accounts are given of the difficulties and the dangers of the ascents, of the many ways in which these, the greatest mountains of the world, differ from all other mountains; there are also descriptions of the scenes and views at the tremendous altitudes attained.

Wanderings in Arabia. By Charles M. Doughty. Two Volumes.

This is an abridgment of *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, published by the Cambridge Press about twenty years ago. Arranged with introduction by Edward Garnett.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Simple Case of Susan. By Jacques Futrelle.

Very unintentionally Susan complicates matters for a number of people. She meets a friend, a former suitor, who invites her to luncheon, but she declines, having arranged to go out with her husband, a young army officer. At the last moment he finds it impossible to keep his appointment and asks a friend, another officer, to take his wife to luncheon. The rejected lover receives the impression that the man Susan is with is her husband and imparts this information to another young lady he is with. This

misunderstanding causes all the trouble that follows.

Some Ladies in Haste. By Robert W. Chambers.

A series of amusing love stories. William Manners, a young club man, with his power to hypnotise his friends, acts as matchmaker as well as mischief maker.

The Clutch of Circumstances. By James Barnes.

A young physician, after studying for some years abroad, returns to his native town and takes up his work there. He finds the girl to whom he had once been engaged married to a minister of the place. Their love is rekindled and this the minister discovers. Shortly after the doctor's return the minister, who it is learned is a drug fiend, dies and the doctor is accused of murder.

Deep Moat Grange. By S. R. Crockett.

The scenes of this love story, involving murder and mystery, are laid in the north of England, "Deep Moat Grange" being an old and much neglected estate near a small village.

The Junior Officer of the Watch. By Rufus F. Zogbaum.

A story of life in the United States navy to-day. The many adventures with which the hero, a midshipman, meets come as the result of his going ashore at Gibraltar, where he falls in love with an English girl.

The Thinking Machine on the Case. By Jacques Futrelle.

A series of short detective stories relating the adventures and experiences of a scientist, Prof. Van Dusen, who agrees to solve all the mysterious problems put before him. He succeeds in clearing up many cases which have baffled the police and detectives, among which are a theft of a million dollars' worth of radium, the weird story of the crystal gazer and the phantom motor of Yarborough.

Richard G. Badger:

Home Memories. By Eli Barber.

A story of country life, recalling boyhood days on the farm.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The City of Delight. A Love Drama of the Siege and Fall of Jerusalem. By Elizabeth Miller.

For the time and place of her new novel Miss Miller has pictured Jerusalem in the day when it was besieged and overthrown by Titus. Philadelphus Maccabeus, aspiring to become ruler in Judea, now claims his rich young wife whom he had wedded in childhood but whom he had not seen for many years.

Laodice, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, starts from her home in Ascolan under the protection of her father and servants. With the exception of the girl and one old servant all are stricken with a plague and die before reaching their destination. Aquilla, whom Philadelphus sends out to meet his bride in the wilderness and to protect the wealth she carries, is also a victim of the plague, and a woman of his party, meeting Laodice and the old servant, robs the girl and leaves her destitute in the strange country. Travelling toward Jerusalem they meet Philadelphus, who stops to aid them. He and Laodice fail to recognise each other, but Philadelphus falls in love with the young girl. They are separated, the siege goes on and as a result follows the fall of Jerusalem, after which the young husband and wife are reunited and both are converted to the Christian faith.

The Coast of Chance. By Esther and Lucia Chamberlain.

In this story of society life in San Francisco prior to the earthquake there is a mystery which results in numerous complications in the effort to locate the thief. A very valuable ring is offered for sale and suddenly disappears. The heroine of the story is presented with an engagement ring which is found to contain a sapphire from the missing ring, for which a reward of \$20,000 is offered. The girl's fiancé, an Englishman, and the Chinaman from whom the stone was purchased all figure in the solving of the mystery.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Some Adventures of Two Vagabonds. By One of 'Em. (Wealthy Ann York.)

A volume of ten short stories, the scenes of which are laid on both sides of the Atlantic. The titles are "A Point of Etiquette," "The Coming of Hannah Jane," "The Unknown Sailor's Chief Mourner," "The Mystery of the Red House," "The Waking of the Salt Marsh," "An'rew T. and How He Met the Great Man," "Cap'n Ame'sy's Business Proposition," "Carmelita's Magdalen," "Le P'tit Angelo," and "Accepted With a Number One."

The Christman. By Dwight Edwards Marvin.

In this novel of Christian experience Dr. Marvin portrays the life of a young clergyman in charge of a church in a rural town. He finds himself in difficult surroundings, for he not only has to meet with indifference and criticism, but is obliged to work against the underhanded schemings of others. He is in love with a young girl of his congregation, but, believing his affection to be

wrong, he tries to banish it from his heart, and, at the same time, perfect his own character and secure greater efficiency in his calling.

The Girdle of the Great. A Story of the New South. By John Jordan Douglass.

A tale of life in the South by a Southern writer. It is a love story and deals with the South's great race problem and labour question.

The Century Company:

The Cheerful Smugglers. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The Fenelbys think up a new scheme for raising a fund for the education of their year-old son. They place a tax on everything that comes into the house, necessities as well as luxuries. This also extends to their guests. The fun begins when the guests, the parents themselves and even the cook take to smuggling things in.

Seeing England with Uncle John. By Anne Warner.

Uncle John, who plans a tour through England with his old friend Dilly, asks his niece Yvonne and her husband to join them at Liverpool, but neglects to mention the steamer they are to sail on and the date of their arrival. In consequence, the young couple, who reside in Oxford, reach Liverpool in time to see Uncle John and Dilly start off on their trip. Uncle John believes in seeing everything in the shortest time possible and literally chases from one place to another, regarding it a "waste of eyesight to see the same thing twice in Europe." Yvonne and Lee follow them and write humorous letters home in regard to their own trip and Uncle John's ideas of seeing things.

Cupples and Leon Company:

The Master Criminal. By G. Sidney Pater-noster.

The scenes are laid in London and its suburbs, where the "master criminal," an intellectual scoundrel who preys on society and considers himself at war with the world, carries on his infamous work. While he regards all humanity as his foes and victims, his chief hatred is against his former rival in love, Col. Marven, a retired army officer.

The Forbidden Road. By Maria Albanesi.

Rupert Haverford, the hero, who is the son of poor parents and who has worked in a factory until the age of thirty, upon his uncle's death finds himself master of a large fortune. His enormous wealth makes him a target for many adventurers and proves specially attractive to the gay and extravagant young widow, Camilla Lan-

sing. The heroine of the story is the governess for Mrs. Lansing's two children.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Virgin Widow. By Randall Charlton.

The "virgin widow" is the sister-in-law of the crippled man who tells the story. She had married his brother merely to secure for herself a home and after his death she falls in love with a young dramatic writer. A murder is committed and suspicion points to the young man. The widow believes him guilty, but, in order to save him, testifies falsely. This only injures herself, for he is proved innocent and marries a young French girl who had been adopted by the widow's husband.

The Round-Up. By John Murray and Mills Miller.

A romantic story of Arizona life, novelised from Edmund Day's melodrama. The volume is illustrated with photographs reproducing the scenes and characters in the play.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Bridget. By Mrs. Hermann Bosch.

The humorous experiences and adventures of Bridget after her arrival in New York.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Fair Moon of Bath. By Elizabeth Ellis.

A story of society life at Bath in the eighteenth century. Celia Winnington is the belle of the town and is courted by numerous young noblemen, chief among them being Timothy Curtis, who bestows upon Celia the title of "The Fair Moon of Bath." Their love affair runs smoothly until Curtis is accused of being a spy and betraying secrets of the conspirators plotting against the reigning sovereign. But he is a gallant and dashing young fellow and fights his battles bravely, in the end winning "The Fair Moon of Bath."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

In the Potter's House. By George Drye Eldridge.

The scenes of the story are laid in a country town. Three men, the tempestuous Ashgrave, the rigid preacher, and Barnaby the outsider, all love the same woman. An interesting character is the old stage driver who is always balancing the pros and cons of marriage.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Prince Charlie. By Burford Delannoy.

This love story is set in London. A little girl is the means of bringing together her mother and the hero, an author, whom the child names "Prince

Charlie" from one of the characters in a story book. The heroine, however, does not disclose her real identity.

Harper and Brothers:

Bertrand of Brittany. By Warwick Deeping.

A mediæval story of chivalry and heroism. Bertrand is the elder son of a noble family, who, because of his uncouthness, is despised and neglected by his parents. He is inspired by the sympathy of a little girl, Tiphaine, who visits his father's house, and, encouraged by her, he wins the trophy in a great tournament at Rennes. Later, his ambition thwarted, he turns to a loose life as leader of a band of free-lances, but always he serves Tiphaine, whose influence finally saves him.

Purple and Homespun. By Samuel M. Gardenhire.

A story of political and social life in Washington. It tells of a United States Senator from the West who falls in love with the daughter of the English Ambassador.

King Spruce. By Holman Day.

A story of life in the Maine woods revealing the modern conditions in commercial forestry in that State. The hero, Dwight Wade, a college man and ex-football player, fights "King Spruce," which is the name given to the brute force of the timber barons which controls the waterways and ravages the forests and is all-powerful with the Legislature. Wade is in love with Elva Barrett, the daughter of one of the chief tyrants of the forests. Barrett turns the young man away and compels him to resign his position as teacher in the high school. Then it is that he shows himself strong and powerful, and, being taken into partnership with a man owning considerable land in the timber regions, starts his fight against "King Spruce."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Intoxicated Ghost, and Other Stories. By Arlo Bates.

A volume of short stories, the plot of each containing some psychological idea or haunting situation. The first story, from which the book takes its title, deals with the effective efforts of the ghost of an ancestor of bibulous tendencies in smoothing out the tangled love affairs of two interesting young people.

Laird and Lee:

Diana's Diary. By F. W. Schaefer.

The confessions of Miss Diana Dillpickle, revealing her many and varied experiences at Taffeta & Balbriggan's and with Sir Chauncey, the Baronet; with Marblebrow, the matinee idol; with

Swinburne Potts, the poet, and with Prof. Strongarm, the physical culturist.

Osgar und Adolf; or Comic Vaudeville Stunts. Confessions of Two Famous Jokers. By F. W. Schaefer.

The confessions of Osgar and Adolf, embodying their witty philosophy on numerous questions of the day from airships to football. The book also contains a number of other humorous sketches.

Man and Master. By Lawrence L. Lynch.

Leroy Elliott, a prominent business man, is found dead in bed, a bottle of morphine on the floor and a half-smoked cigar on the table. Suicide is the verdict, but every motive for such an act is lacking. His devoted wife and sister both refuse to believe the verdict and the sudden disappearance of the man's valet affords the first tangible clue to the mystery. It is soon discovered that Leroy Elliott did not die by his own hand through the means of morphine, but that he had been poisoned by a cigar which had been steeped in *la loca*, a poisonous drug from a Mexican plant.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Marcia Schuyler. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz.

On the eve of her wedding Kate Schuyler elopes with a former lover. Squire Schuyler, fearing any scandal connected with his homestead, insists that there must be a wedding and David Spofford, while having eyes for no one but the pretty, self-willed Kate Schuyler, is persuaded to marry her younger sister Marcia. After many trials and tribulations Marcia finally gains her sister's place in the affections of the man she married. The story is set in the time of 1830, and the introduction of the steam railway in New York forms an interesting part of the tale.

Little, Brown and Company:

Quickened. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The principal character, a man who assumes the name of Thorne Alstrom, found guilty of some wrong doing in a matter of finance, decides to leave the United States and start his life anew in Canada. He joins a pilgrimage to the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. After arriving in Quebec he meets a very charming French girl with whom he falls in love, but before receiving the consent of Denise Allard's brother, a priest, to their marriage, he accepts the Catholic faith and confesses his guilt to him.

The Weight of the Name. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by George Burnham.

A translation from the French publication *L'Emigré*. It deals with the old aristocracy of France at the present day. The hero of this romance, Landri de Claviers-Grandchamp, an officer in the army, falls in love with a young widow, a bourgeoisie, who protests against marrying him on account of his rank and social position. The author brings into the story much that is interesting regarding the forces at work in France to-day.

The Supreme Gift. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

The news of her father's bankruptcy is carried to Joan Kildon while she is attending a fashionable reception in Washington. Not only is all his own money involved, but the savings of many poor people, which had been intrusted to him and on which he had paid large interests. Out of pity for the poor unfortunates Joan pledges herself to pay off her father's debts. She attempts to pawn a necklace, but is informed that it is worthless, the diamonds having already been removed by her father and replaced with paste. Some relatives are killed in an automobile accident and Joan is advised that she has come into a fortune which will almost liquidate the debts. At the last moment she discovers that this is not the case, but that her cousin Archibald Hallam is the real heir. She tries to persuade him to devote this to her father's cause, which he promises to do provided she will marry him. In order to accomplish her purpose she gives up the man she really loves and promises to marry her cousin. He finally relents and gives back her promise, but not until it is too late. Joan dies before she and the man whom she loves have been reunited.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Castle of Dawn. By Harold Morton Kramer.

A story of love, recklessness, intrigue and bravery. The "Castle," where a handsome and prominent young man and woman find their fortunes thrown together under the most romantic and puzzling circumstances, is in the Ozark Mountains. One tragic event follows another until the final unravelling when good fortune crowns a wild episode.

The Belle Islers. By Richard Brinsley Newman.

A humorous account of life in a country town as experienced by the family of a minister of simple-hearted honesty, which quality is fully taken advantage of by the townspeople. One of the supposed family writes the story, and is really a prominent clergyman who withholds his name.

The John McBride Company:

Vayenne. By Percy Brebner.

Roger Herrick, desiring to visit Vayenne, a petty kingdom on the Continent, leaves England only to arrive at his destination just as the reigning duke passes away. Then follows plotting and intriguing for the throne and some one discovers that Herrick himself is the rightful heir. He rules long enough to subdue the enemies of Vayenne and then abdicates in favour of the one whom Christine De Lamcourt, the girl with whom he has fallen in love, wishes to rule.

The McClure Company:

Love's Logic and Other Stories. By Anthony Hope.

A collection of short stories, some sad, some humorous, some full of excitement and adventure, with the logic of love dominating them all.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Prisoners of Chance. The Story of What Befell Geoffrey Benteen, Borderman, Through his Love for a Lady of France. By Randall Parrish.

The story is set in New Orleans in the period when the French and Spanish plotted for supremacy, and deals with the thrilling escape from that city of Capt. De Noyan and his wife by the aid of Geoffrey Benteen, who relates the narrative. De Noyan, as one upon whom the Spanish wish to be revenged, is taken prisoner and held on board a vessel awaiting his doom. His wife implores Benteen, whose love she had thrown aside to marry the French officer, to save her husband. He rescues Capt. De Noyan from the vessel and the three make their escape up the Mississippi River. Among their many exciting experiences is their capture by a tribe of savages dwelling in the mountainous country of Arkansas. Here Capt. De Noyan meets his death and his wife is free to marry the man whose love for her has been revived on their long journey of peril. They are united by a Puritan preacher who had joined them in their flight.

The Silver Blade. The True Chronicle of a Double Mystery. By Charles Edmonds Walk.

A detective story with the scenes laid in a large city in the southern part of the United States. Its theme is the solution of a double murder in which a silver dagger of foreign workmanship and with the name "Paquita" engraved upon it plays an important part. Suspicion shifts from one character to another until Capt. John Converse, chief of the detective force, finally solves the

mystery and clears the innocent parties, including the beautiful and loyal heroine.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Sixth Speed. By E. J. Rath.

The hero is the inventor of a motor boat of wonderful speed power. The boat becomes a terror to the yachtsmen on the Atlantic coast and the navy proves powerless in its attempts to overtake the speeding machine. The inventor refuses to dispose of the boat to foreign powers, but when war is declared between America and Japan he decides to place it at the service of his country.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Destroyers. By John F. Carter, Jr.

The author has taken a strong man's struggle against labour and written his story around this theme.

The Beckoning Heights. By Phoebe Fabian Leckey.

The romance of an old Virginia home, "The Nunnery," which is said to be haunted, but Patsy Grigsby, a Virginia girl, who comes to live in her ancestral home, laughs at the report. Patsy and her noble lover are the chief characters in the story.

A Virginia Feud. The Story of a Mountain Lassie. By George Taylor Lee.

Henry Vanmeter, a cultured and up-to-date New Yorker, goes to the Blue Ridge Mountains to project a railroad and here he falls in love with a girl of the mountains, Elie Roan, who, owing to the difference in their station and education, refuses to marry him. Circumstances draw the hero into the Shiflett-Duncan feud, of which the author gives the history.

L. C. Page and Company:

Matthew Porter. A Story of To-Day. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

A story of social and political life in Boston. Matthew Porter is the Democratic candidate for governor and is very much interested in reforms. He and his opponent are in love with the same girl, who promises to marry Matthew Porter provided he will give up politics and practise law. This he refuses to do and she marries his opponent.

The Call of the South. By Robert Lee Durham.

A story dealing with the Negro problem in this country, in which the author takes a stand against social equality between the black and white races.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Sentimental Adventures of Jimmy Bulstrode. By Marie Van Vorst.

Jimmy Bulstrode, a wealthy bachelor,

falls in love with a married woman, and, refusing to marry any one else, travels about the world for ten years, meeting with all sorts of amusing adventures. At the end of that time the woman's husband dies and Jimmy is rewarded for his long faithfulness.

His First Leave. By L. Allen Harker.

A tale of English country life. The main interest in the story is the love of a young Englishman in the Indian Civil Service, who comes home on leave, for an attractive English girl who makes friends with Roger, a very entertaining small boy.

JUVENILE

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Stories of Wagner Operas Told for Children. By Elizabeth M. Wheelock.

The author here tells the stories of some of the greater Wagner operas in a manner which will attract and interest children. Those included in the volume are "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "The Rhinegold," "The Walkyries," "Siegfried" and "The Dusk of the Gods."

The Century Company:

Fritzi, or the Princess Perhaps. By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

Fritzi is a little girl whose mother died in a New York hospital and who several years later went to live with a family on Staten Island. The story is told of the charming home life which surrounds her, of the discovery of her aristocratic heritage, and the return of the long-lost father to claim his motherless little girl.

Educational Publishing Company:

King Gobbler. By Abbie N. Smith.

King Gobbler is a large white turkey, King of Turkeydom, who tells of his life at Turkey Bend in Texas.

Harper and Brothers:

Indoor Book for Boys. By Joseph H. Adams.

Showing how a boy's leisure time indoors can be spent both pleasantly and profitably. It takes up carpentry and wood-carving, metal-work and wire-work, relief-etching and clay-modelling, book-binding and printing, and other varieties of indoor occupation.

The Battle for the Pacific and Other Adventures at Sea. By Rowan Stevens, Yates Sterling, Jr., William J. Henderson, G. E. Walsh, Kirk Munroe. F. H. Spearman, and Others.

A book for boy readers, dealing with

adventures of the sea and visions of wars. Some of the story-tellers have selected Japan as an antagonist in their imaginative wars and others have chosen England.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Yale Cup. By Albertus T. Dudley.

The sixth volume of the "Phillips Exeter Series." The "Cup" is an annual prize given by a club of Yale alumni to the member of the Senior class of each of several preparatory schools "who best combines athletic success with excellence in his studies." It is the most desired honour of the course in the great school where the scene of the story is laid.

Laureled Leaders for Little Folk. By Mary E. Phillips. With Introduction by Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

These pages are devoted to three notable authors, treated from the point of view of their associations with children, the contents being: "Dr. Edward Everett Hale's Letter to the Little Folk," "The Boyhood of Thomas Wentworth Higginson" and "The Children's Longfellow." The volume is profusely illustrated and decorated by the author.

Dave Porter in the Far North; or The Pluck of an American Schoolboy. By Edward Stratmeyer.

The fourth volume in the "Dave Porter Series." Dave is still at the boarding-school, Oak Hall, with his lively but manly companions, who rejoice with him that he has discovered his parentage and has a father and sister living though unaware of his existence. Dave secures a leave of absence from school and accompanied by his chum goes to England only to find that his father has left on an expedition to the upper part of Norway. The boys follow and have a most exciting and adventurous trip. The family is partially reunited, after which Dave returns to school.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A Story Told by Pins. By Anna Virginia Russell.

The humorous experiences and various uses of a paper of pins as told by the pins themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS

Boston Expression Company:

Browning and the Dramatic Monologue. Nature and Interpretation of an Overlooked Form of Literature. By S. S. Curry, Ph.D., Litt.D.

An appreciation and study of Browning's chief peculiarity, his chosen me-

dium or form, the Dramatic Monologue. Part I is devoted to "The Monologue as a Dramatic Form," and Part II to "The Dramatic Rendering of the Monologue."

Centry Publishing Company:

The Making of a Millennium. By Frank Rosewater.

A story in which the author pictures a land of prosperity where a perfect equilibrium of wealth is maintained and merit alone measures each man's position. This is an ideal realm known as "Temploria," where they employ a system called "Centrism," founded on property in jobs. Jobs are treated as a product solely of consuming, and therefore belonging exclusively to consumers.

Club Affairs Company:

Christopher Cricket: His Books. With Observations and Deductions for the Enlightenment of the Human Race from Infancy to Maturity and Even Old Age. Opus One. Cats. By Anthony Henderson Euwer.

Master Cricket's views on cats. The result of "unremittin' observation, lots of askin', and a terrible lot of thinkin'." In conclusion he states: "Guess that's all there is to know about Cats. If there's any more, 'taint worth knowin', 'cause I've paid particular attention to Cats for almost a week and I guess I ought to know." Mr. Wallace Irwin's introduction consists of an amusing poem on Master Cricket's views, the last stanza of which runs as follows:

"So here are Master Cricket's views
On Cats. I place reliance
In what he says—though half the news
He tells may startle Science.
But should harsh Critics speak of 'fakes'
With one reply I'm ready:
'One touch of nature (-fakir) makes
The whole world kin,' says Teddy."

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Young Malefactor. A Study in Juvenile Delinquency, Its Causes and Treatment. By Thomas Travis, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Judge Ben B. Lindsey.

This volume is the result of five or six years of study and investigation of the subject by Dr. Travis both in this country and in Europe. His theme is: "The child criminal to-day becomes the man criminal to-morrow. The important task, therefore, is to reach the child; and this can be done, not by summary punishment such as confining him with hardened criminals where he learns further vice, but by a careful study of individual cases and causes."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends. By Dorothy Neville Lees.

The author, whose home is in a Tuscan village near Florence, gives her readers many delightful sketches of Tuscan life and scenery. She writes of the Tuscan peasantry, their work, their homes, their customs and their feasts.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman. By "The Country Contributor."

A series of talks on every-day affairs, many of which have appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal* and in *The Indianapolis News*.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Flower Grouping. Sketches in Colour and Notes in English, Scotch and Irish Gardens. By Margaret Waterfield.

The flowers are treated not as single specimens, but in relation to their setting of house or wall, lawn or woodland, or as a foreground to the landscape, planned for the beauty of the whole effect. Hints are given on the employment of many bulb and blossoming trees, and of all the most effective garden flowers, such as lilies, roses, irises, campanulas, etc.

John R. Edgar and Company:

The Exaltation of the Flag. Edited by Robert B. Westcott.

An account of the proceedings at the patriotic mass-meeting held by the Americans of the Philippine Islands, which took place in Manila on August 23, 1907. Owing to the fact that the Filipinos seemed determined to show public disrespect to the flag and to the national anthem, many representative Americans of Manila got together and after much discussion decided to hold this public meeting to protest against such insults.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Secrets of Beauty and Mysteries of Health. By Cora Brown Potter.

Being practical suggestions for the right care of the person, together with a collection of valuable receipts pertaining to health and beauty gathered during the author's stage experiences and travels in all parts of the world.

Henry Frowde:

What Rome was Built with. A Description of the Stones Employed in Ancient Times for its Building and Decoration. By Mary Winearls Porter.

Chapters are devoted to the stone brought from Italy, Algeria, Tunis,

Egypt, France, Greece, Nubia, Spain and Turkey, to be used by the rich Romans as building material.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Home Gymnastics. According to the Ling System. By Anders Wide, M.D.

A new edition. Being an outline of the principles of the Swedish Gymnastic System of scientific body-building, as introduced and developed by Pehr Henrik Ling, "the father of Swedish Gymnastics."

Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience. A Collection of Short Selections, Stories and Sketches for all Occasions. By Grenville Kleiser.

The author also gives in this volume some practical suggestions as to the most successful methods of delivering humorous or other selections, so that they may make the strongest impression upon an audience.

Harper and Brothers:

The Standard of Usage in English. By Thomas R. Lounsbury.

The arguments put forth in this volume all point to the author's conclusion that usage is the only standard of speech and that this usage cannot be determined by a single man or a single principle, but must be discovered "by association in life with the best speakers and in literature with the best writers."

Henry Holt and Company:

The Web of Indian Life. By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda.

A new edition. Devoted chiefly to the Eastern woman, but also treating of the Indian Sagas, the Caste System, the Synthesis of Indian Thought, and an Indian Pilgrimage.

Fishes. By David Starr Jordan.

In the American Nature Series. The volume is intended to cover the general natural history of fishes. The non-technical material contained in the author's larger work, *Guide to the Study of Fishes*, is included. The fishes used for food and those sought by anglers in America are treated, and attention is also paid to all existing as well as extinct families of fishes.

Over Against Green Peak. By Zephine Humphrey.

A series of essays portraying country life in New England and recording the experiences of a bright young woman, her wise Aunt Susan and the "hired girl."

Mifflin and Company:

am. By Borden Parker Bowne.

This volume contains the Norman W. Harris Lectures for 1907 at the Northwestern University. The subjects of these lectures are as follows: "Common Sense, Science, and Philosophy," "The Problem of Knowledge," "Phenomenality of the Physical World," "Mechanical or Volitional Causality," "The Failure of Impersonalism," and "The Personal World." Professor Bowne seeks to show that all substantial existence is personal, and that all other existence exists only through and for intelligence. He points out that the field of science lies in experience itself, while philosophy has the function of studying the causality and purpose behind experience.

The Art of Landscape Gardening. By Humphrey Repton. Edited by John Nolen, A.M.

A new edition, revised and edited by John Nolen, of the American Society of Landscape Architects. The illustrations are reproduced from the original editions. There is a frontispiece in colour, about thirty full-page pictures, and many cuts and plans have been inserted in the text.

On the Training of Parents. By Ernest Hamlin Abbott.

Six essays, combining psychology, common sense and humour, and dealing with the relations of parents and children. These essays appeared serially in *The Outlook*.

Italica. Studies in Italian Life and Letters. By William Roscoe Thayer.

Consisting of twelve papers on contemporary Italian literature and politics, reprinted from various American magazines. These include studies of such figures in Italian literature as Fogazzaro and Carducci. Among other topics of interest, the author discusses the complicated relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and also some of the men who are prominent in the present-day reforms in Italy.

Laird and Lee:

Hoyle's Standard Games.

A revised and enlarged edition of this indoor amusement book. Besides many old favourite games, the volume includes those which have recently come into popularity, as Bridge-Whist, "500," Skat, Four-Handed Checkers, and Hearts.

How to be Happy. By Grace Gold.

A volume of instruction, counsel and advice, made up of extracts from the work of poets, philosophers and authors, and intended as a guide to the young and a comfort to the old.

The American Battleship and Life in the Navy. Also Humorous Yarns as Told by a Bluejacket. (The American Battleship in Command.) By Thomas Beyer.

This volume has been published by special authority of the United States Navy Department and endorsed by Admiral George Dewey and Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans. It gives details as to the duties of officers, crew and seamen, routine work, drill, amusements and opportunities, and describes the ships, guns, armour and docking. Tables furnish statistics and information regarding the great battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats in the navy. Many man-of-war yarns have been included.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Our Trees. How to Know Them. Photographs from Nature by Arthur I. Emerson. With a Guide to Their Recognition at any Season of the Year, and Notes on Their Characteristics, Distribution, and Culture, by Clarence M. Weed, D.Sc., Teacher of Nature Study in the Massachusetts State Normal School at Lowell.

The purpose of this book is to afford an opportunity for a more intelligent acquaintance with American trees, native and naturalised. By means of the 140 reproductions from nature even the non-botanical reader may learn to recognise the various parts of known trees as well as to distinguish unknown species.

Little, Brown and Company:

More. A Study of Financial Conditions now Prevalent. By George Otis Draper.

Mr. Draper gives his views on certain live issues, such as currency, tariff, trusts, labour unions, socialism, etc. He writes in the interest of those who produce property, whether wage-earners or employers, and he believes their interests more deserving than those of the many classes which live on the products which they do not produce.

Longmans, Green and Company:

A Mind that Found Itself. An Autobiography. By Clifford Whittingham Beers.

The work of a Yale graduate who became mentally disordered and was confined for two years in various private and public institutions in Connecticut. Eventually his reason was completely restored, and in this volume he gives a detailed account of his experiences and tells of the miserable treatment of the inmates of insane asylums. His object in setting all this information before the public is to arouse the feelings of the people against the continuance of present conditions and to hasten the solving of the problem of the proper treatment of the insane.

Luce and Company:

Cupid's Pack of Cards. An Epigram for Every Card, A Saw for Every Chip. By Walter Pulitzer.

The fifty-two cards of the pack, in suits, and the joker, are reproduced in colour, together with groups of chips ornamenting the pages here and there. Mr. Pulitzer has used these pages as a background and an inspiration for Cupid's thoughts in the form of an original epigram or proverb.

The Macmillan Company:

State and Local Taxation. First National Conference. Under the Auspices of the National Tax Association, Columbus, Ohio, November 12-15, 1907.

A discussion of the problem of taxation in the United States, presented in a full report of the papers read at the National Conference of the Tax Association in 1907. The list of speakers includes the names of most of the men in all parts of the country possessed of special information on this subject, many practically trained in the financial departments of the Federal, State, or municipal governments, while many others are highly educated students and teachers of economics.

New Worlds for Old. By H. G. Wells.

The author has long been interested in the Socialist movement in Great Britain and America, and in all those complicated issues known as "social questions." He defines Socialism as a great intellectual process, a development of desires and ideas that takes the form of a project, a project for the reshaping of human society upon new and better lines. In this book he seeks to expand and establish that proposition and to define the principles upon which a socialist believes this reconstruction of society should go.

The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century. By Martha Pike Conant, Ph.D.

From the Columbia University Press. A study in Eighteenth Century English Literature. The author does not discuss the ultimate sources of those genuine oriental tales that appeared in English in the eighteenth century. Her aim is rather to give a clear and accurate description of a distinct component part of eighteenth century English fiction in its relation to its French sources and to the general current of English thought.

Socialists at Work. By Robert Hunter.

Mr. Hunter describes the movement and its leaders in various countries. In separate chapters he tells of its special characteristics in Germany, Italy, France, England and Belgium. Other chapters deal with the program of socialism, socialism and social reform, socialism in

the parliament, socialism in art and literature, and furnish a bibliography.

Studies in New England Transcendentalism.
By Harold Clarke Goddard.

An interesting as well as appreciative study of this subject, which forms No. 3, Vol. II, Series II, in the "Columbia University Studies in English."

Michael Mechan:

Mrs. Eddy and the Late Suit in Equity.
By Michael Mechan.

The volume purports to be a history of the court trial, technically known as *George W. Glover et als. versus Calvin A. Frye et als.*, but popularly known as "Next Friends" *versus* Mrs. Eddy, and for convenience is divided into six books.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Cry of the Children. By Mrs. John Van Vorst. With an Introduction by Hon. Albert J. Beveridge.

This volume, dealing with the problem of child labour, is the result of Mrs. Van Vorst's personal investigations principally in the cotton mills of the South and Maine and New Hampshire.

The New Plato or Socrates Redivivus. By Thomas L. Masson.

Mr. Masson pictures Socrates, a garrulous old man from Athens, just arrived in New York in the steerage of the *Lusitania*. He makes his headquarters at the Mills Hotel, becomes acquainted with some leading citizens and visits their homes. With these people he discusses many phases of American life; he talks on *The Married Life*, *The Gambler*, *The Bridge Player*, *Socialism*, *Learning*, *Surgeons*, *Philosophy*, *The Missionary*, and *The Nature of Happiness*.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Colonial Recipes from Old Virginia and Maryland Manors. With Numerous Legends and Traditions Interwoven. By Maude A. Bomberger.

The author has gathered together many recipes from the cook books of the matrons of the old colonial manor-houses of Virginia and Maryland. She pictures the famous women in their stately mansions and gives instructions for making many of the good things they prepared for their families and friends. Among the recipes are "A Lettuce Dressing" from Belmont, "Black Fruit Cake" from Winston, "The Old English Plum Pudding" the Randolphs ate generation after generation, "The Topsy Pudding" and "The Sally Lunn" they liked at Weldon, and Martha Washington's "Rich Black Cake."

Swaying Tree Tops. By Elmer Willis Serl.
Delightful musings on nature, man

and society. The call of the first robin, the old house surrounded by lilacs, the death of an old general, the dawn of an October morning, "a violet by a mossy stone"—the author's thoughts twine about these things, clinging and insistent, the half visions of one who dreams on a summer day.

A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie. By J. B. Polley.

The letters relate to the soldier-life of a Texas man, J. B. Polley, of Hood's Texas Brigade, and they give a succinct and intelligent history of that famous brigade and the part it took from the beginning to the close of the Civil War.

The Huntsman in the South. By Alexander Hunter.

The author tells where the game is to be found and under what conditions it is to be hunted; gives information as to the nature of the game and its real habits; what sort of gun to get for the various game; what kind of dogs to buy, where to obtain them, how to train them; how to reach the different gaming grounds, how much it will cost to get there and to stay there, and where to stop; what to wear and what to take on a trip; and on many other such practical matters.

New York Magazine of Mysteries:

Meat Substitutes. By Isabel Goodhue.

A volume of recipes for the use of those who wish to discontinue, in whole or in part, the use of flesh food, but want to substitute dishes which will furnish the same food value and will be palatable in the same satisfying way.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Favorite Fish and Fishing. By James A. Henshall, M.D.

This book is based on articles originally published in *Outing*, *Country Life in America*, and several other outdoor magazines. Dr. Henshall talks of the black bass, which he calls the game fish of the people; the grayling, or the flower of fishes; the trout, or the angler's prize; and writes at length about fishes that may be taken in Florida.

Big Game at Sea. By Charles Frederick Holder.

A new volume by a well-known sportsman and naturalist. Mr. Holder gives his experiences with big game at sea in different parts of the world. He tells of adventures with the giant tuna, the relentless devil fish, the mighty shark and other mammoth denizens of the deep sea. Most of the narratives have already appeared in various magazines and periodicals. The text is supplemented by many illustrations.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE
MONTH

The following is a list for the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Modern Egypt. Cromer. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Exton Manor. Marshall. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Some Ladies in Haste. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. King Spruce. Dav. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. My Lady of Cleve. Hartley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
5. Seeing England with Uncle John. Warner. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Fountain Sealed. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Sheaves. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. Doubleday. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Priest and Pagan. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Four Pools Mystery. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

THE BOOKMAN

5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Seeing England with Uncle John. Warner. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Orphan. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Into the Primitive. Bennett. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Silver Blade. Walk. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Vermillion Pencil. Lea. (McClure.) \$1.50.
2. The Man of Yesterday. Kinkaid. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Iron Heel. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Marquis and Pamela. Cooper. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The Stuff of a Man. Blake. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Seeing France with Uncle John. Warner. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Dr. Ellen. Tompkins. (Baker and Taylor.) \$1.50.
3. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. The Mystery of Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. Vayenne. Brebner. (McBride.) \$1.50.
5. The Sixth Speed. Rath. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
6. Virginie. Oldmeadow. (McClure.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Into the Primitive. Bennett. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Vayenne. Brebner. (McBride.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Mystery of Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
3. Vayenne. Brebner. (McBride.) \$1.50.

4. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Virginie. Oldmeadow. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of Red Firs. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Man of Yesterday. Kinkaid. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Paul Anthony. Hayes. (Reid.) \$1.50.
6. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Metropolis. Sinclair. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Broken Road. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of the Red Firs. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Pioneer Days on Puget Sound. Denny. (Lowman & Hanford.) \$2.00.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Heel. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. Flying Death. Adams. (Musson.) \$1.25.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Musson.) \$1.00.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Cobb.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Supreme Gift. Litchfield. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Reaping. Taylor. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Old Dominion. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Nun. Bazin. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
4. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Ten to Seventeen. Bacon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Life and Letters of Geo. Bancroft. Howe. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"
"	"	3d	"
"	"	4th	"
"	"	5th	"
"	"	6th	"

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.	340
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	110
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.	71
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.	60
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	58
6. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.	57



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THE LATE FRANÇOIS COPPÉE IN HIS STUDY

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JULY, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A *Life of Edward MacDowell* is being prepared by Mr. Lawrence Gilman for publication in the autumn, and the author

A Note

is desirous of securing the use of available letters, memorabilia, and other relevant matter of interest. He would greatly appreciate the loan of any such material as may be in the possession of friends and pupils of the composer, and he can assure them of its careful preservation and prompt return.



Nine years ago there appeared in the **BOOKMAN** a series of articles dealing with New York in Fiction.

New York in Recent Fiction

The writer of these articles, recently going over the scenes described, was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the series, when regarded from the point of view of to-day, dealt, in a great measure, with what might almost be called a Vanished City. Less than a decade has sufficed for the obliteration of most of the old landmarks. Nor has the change been one entirely of mortar, and brick, and stone. For the names of many of the men and women who are now most active in interpreting the various phases and moods of the life of the Metropolis, you may look in vain in the earlier series. Nine years ago the novelists to whose books one turned for the local colour of New York were H. C. Bunner, Paul Leicester Ford, Edgar Fawcett, Stephen Crane, Henry James,

W. D. Howells, Marion Crawford, Henry Harland, F. Hopkinson Smith, Edward W. Townsend, Brander Matthews and Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Smith, Mr. Howells, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Davis have since written considerably about the city, and constitute a link connecting the decade of 1910 with that of 1900. In a chapter dealing with Washington Square there was a brief allusion to Mr. Robert W. Chambers on account of *The King in*



NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION

The New York home of "Monty" Brewster. George Barr McCutcheon's "Brewster's Millions"



NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION

The entrance to the restaurant where G. Selden (Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle*) entertained his friends, after his return from England, by telling of his marvellous good fortune, and his experiences with English aristocracy

Yellow, but it was not until the appearance of *The Fighting Chance* and *The Younger Set* that this writer became popularly associated with New York. Entirely of the past six or seven years are the New York novels and stories of Edith Wharton, David Graham Phillips, Edwin Lefèvre, Harry Leon Wilson, Theodore Dreiser, Helen Green, Myra Kelly, and "O. Henry."

•

While we are inclined to be conservative in the matter of estimating a contemporary writer, and find exceedingly exasperating these impulsive and extravagant recognitions of "new Stevensons" and "new Kiplings" and "new De Maupassants" and "American Dickens," the time is past for any restraint in the frank appreciation of the work of the author who signs himself "O. Henry." The man is in many respects an extraordinary workman and a consummate artist. No one now writing, and for that matter no one in the past, has found so much of genuine mystery and romance

in the life of New York. It was so in *The Four Million*; it was so in *The Trimmed Lamp*; it is so in *The Voice of the City*, his latest collection of tales. To his mind there is no need to hark back to the streets of Bagdad and the "golden prime of good Haroun Al Raschid." There are a thousand wonder tales to be told of the lives of the derelicts sleeping on the benches of Madison Square, of the humble dwellers in Harlem flats, and of the half educated girls behind the glove counters in the big department stores.

•

The one sound criticism that can be brought against the work of "O. Henry" is that very few of his later stories remain long in the memory. A book like *The Voice of the City* will be read from cover to cover with admiration and delight, but when laid aside it leaves only the impression of a splendid *tour de force*. On the other hand no one who has read Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills* could ever mentally confuse one story with another, or be at a loss if you were to mention "His Wedded Wife" or "Wrexley of the Foreign Office" or "To



Be Filed for Reference." There are, however, in the work of "O. Henry" many tales exempt from this judgment. For example, those which made up *Cabbages and Kings*, his best book. Another yarn which one cannot readily forget is "The Rose of Dixie," which appeared in the June number of *Everybody's Magazine*.

■

Despite a life which has been filled with adventure, "O. Henry," whose real name is Sidney Porter, is one of the

simplest and most retiring of men. He has been almost everything in almost every State in the Union. Cowboy, sheep-herder, merchant, miner, tin-type man, druggist, and reporter—these are a few of the callings he has pursued in his peregrinations about the country. During the past few years he has been a resident of New York, but now is making his home down on the Long Island shore.

■

The other day the interviewer caught Mr. George Horace Lorimer, the author of



"O. HENRY"



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

George Horace Lorimer

Letters From a Self Made Merchant to his Son, and the more recent *Jack Spurlock; Prodigal*, and found

**G. H. Lorimer
Interviewed**

him an exceedingly responsive subject. In the first place Mr. Lorimer took pains to contradict, though in a rather half-hearted way, the accepted belief that Old Gorgon Graham, the Self Made Merchant, was the late P. D. Armour. Graham, he maintained, was a composite of a group of Western merchants, though Mr. Armour was the high light in the picture, for he towered head and shoulders above all the old constructive merchants who built up American business. Mr. Lorimer went on to say that the old Kentucky Major who appears in *Jack Spurlock* was also a composite, wrought out of many originals.

■

There are few men in the country so well qualified to discuss the American magazine as Mr. Lorimer.

"The magazine of to-day," he says, "is frankly journalistic. It fails lamentably whenever it tries to handle daily news events, but it succeeds enormously when it takes up what I may call monthly news events—matter of such great national importance that the news

story and the editorial in the daily only whet, instead of satisfying, interest. The magazines with their special articles on business and politics have largely taken the place of that group of great personal editors who used to mould public opinion. Call it muckraking, or anything you please, the magazines have done a great work for the country. Yesterday, business was business, meaning, go as far as you like just as you keep out of gaol. Tomorrow it must be something more. And it is the magazines that have built up this new public opinion.

"The decline and fall of the old weekly was like the decline and fall of any business. Its owners made money, grew old and fat, and failed to keep in touch with the people. Then publishers began to say that the weekly had gone out of fashion. The dog had a bad name, and, until Mr. Curtis came along, no one dared to pat him. But the only fashion in magazines is human nature, and that does not change. It's the man who makes the magazine that changes, and then all the King's houses and all the King's advertising can't draw it back into public favour.

"The conduct of a magazine should be businesslike, I think. I could never quite understand why a man should permit the offspring of his brain to be treated as friendless orphans. All writing, up to a certain point, is an artistic matter. But when the manuscript is finished, it becomes, so far as the writer is concerned, a commercial matter, too. He should



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

George Horace Lorimer and Senator Beveridge



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

insist then on common business courtesy and promptness.

"Once the notion was held that a man was lucky to get printed and that to want money for his work was to take a low-browed view of a high-browed matter. He was given something that was called an honorarium, if he got anything, but like most things with long and imposing names, it didn't amount to much. To be respectable, and to eat regularly, he usually had to have a 'job.' Now, when an increasingly large number of men live by their pens, no manuscript should be kept more than a week, and two or three days ought to be sufficient to dispose of the average paper. It's just as easy for an editor to keep up with his work day by day as to let it get behind a month, and then to keep along with it.

"The writer is entitled to a prompt decision, and this helps some with him. Paying on acceptance helps more, for he usually needs the money quite as much as the man who makes a living selling hides. The old method of paying on publication, keeping an author waiting

for weeks and months and sometimes years, for his money is a relic of the dark ages of magazine making.

"It is my feeling that an editor should not accept an article or a story about which he feels the slightest doubt. You don't find business men entering into an engagement when they are doubtful of its wisdom. Doubt means that you are taking chances. If an editor isn't quite sure that he likes a thing, his readers will probably be sure that they don't like it.

"I believe in the one man power on a magazine or a newspaper. Delane, of the *London Times*, had the right idea when he said that whatever appears in the *Times* should proceed from the initiative of whoever holds my place.

"That sounds like conceit, but it's common sense. Editors and crowned heads are the only people in the world—bar a certain historic exception—with the right to say we. Editors should be the only despots. If an editor doesn't make good, what the publisher needs is a new editor, not a dozen editors."



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. FRANK A. MUNSEY

While Mr. Munsey is universally accepted as a very vital force in the magazine world, many of the readers of his magazines have forgotten that he is the author of a number of works of fiction. In fact to the ability to write he owes a large measure of his success, for there was a time in the beginning of his career when he could not afford to buy stories for his publications and so was obliged to write them himself. The above "Unconventional Portrait," by Mr. R. H. Titherington, was taken in front of the Pavillon Henri IV, the birthplace of Louis XIV.

One of the cleverest verse makers writing in the vein made so popular by Col-

onel Streamer with his *Misrepresentative Men*, is Hansard Watt, whose little volume, *Myths About Monarchs*, has just come from the press. The contents of this book include "A Day in the Life of Pharaoh," "Busiris," "Rhamsinitis," "Cyrus," "Necho," "Croesus," "Cambyses," "Polycrates," "Darius," "The Sacred Chickens," and "To the Critic." The following lines deal with Cambyses:

Cambyses, one of Persia's kings,
 Resembled Nero in his ways,
 Rejoicing much in torturings
 And murders on alternate days.
 Supreme delight he could derive
 From prisoners interr'd alive!

Yet no one ventured to protest
 Or grumble at the monarch's fun,
 The populace kept silence, lest
 By speaking they should be undone,
 Till Croesus to remonstrate came
 And boldly dared to cry "For shame!"

"Preach not to me," Cambyses said;
 "Your words convince me not at all."
 The nimble Croesus ducked his head—
 The arrow quivered in the wall;
 And ere another could be sent
 The human target rose and went.

And yet, though something fleet of limb,
 Not long protracted was the chase,
 Swift messengers surrounded him
 And clasped him in a tight embrace.
 It was, they said, Cambyses' will
 That, having captured, they should kill!

But if, they argued, morning came
 And brought repentance to their lord,
 Instead of meriting his blame
 They might receive a rich reward
 If they their captive could display
 As sound as when he ran away.

And even so it came to pass,
 Cambyses mourned his hasty act,
 He rent his garments till, alas!
 No single thread remained intact.
 (A habit which the Persians had
 Whenever they were feeling sad.)



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Arthur Stringer in the Underworld

Great therefore was his joy to find
 His regal guest alive and well,
 Delight and gratitude combined
 His former sorrow to expel;
 Yet on his servants standing by
 He cast but a revengeful eye.

Nor had they leisure long to quake,
 For, with their feet securely bound,
 Within the ornamental lake
 He had them severally drowned.
 Thus proving how unwise a thing
 It was to disobey the King!

✻

The accompanying picture reveals a popular author in a curious phase of his work. Arthur Stringer, the author of *The Under Groove* and other close studies of criminal life, is also the writer of no less than four volumes of verse. While it need not be claimed that Mr. Stringer, like his latest hero, is a man of dual personality, it is at the same time odd that a writer who ranks high among Canadian poets should also be so closely identified with the lives and ways of the Underworld.

**Arthur
Stringer**

But Mr. Stringer may be described as a writer of verse by day and a student of the Submerged Tenth by night. Although most of his time is spent at his apartment in the Berkley Arms, at the corner of Riverside Drive and Ninety-Fifth Street, he also has a modest sort of studio on the lower East Side, from which he makes numerous excursions into the ways that are described in *The Under Groove*.

✻

Paris is to have a Balzac Museum as it already has a Victor Hugo Museum.

A Balzac Museum

A society composed of well-known French Balzacians has rented for this purpose the house at No. 47 Rue Raynouard, in Passy, where Balzac lived from 1842 till 1847. This little house was perhaps not the most celebrated residence of Balzac, but it was the one most associated with his books, for it was there that he wrote many of the masterpieces of his later life. The author of the *Comedie Humaine* rented it in 1842, just after he had sold *Les Jardies*, and when, overwhelmed with debts, he was thinking of



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Louis Rhead, author of *The Book of Fish and Fishing*

retiring for a few years to a peaceful corner where he could devote himself to his work without interruption. No suburb of Paris was more inviting than the shady and quiet little village of Passy, with its silent and provincial streets. Above all the Rue Raynouard, then called the Rue Basse, pleased Balzac by its tranquil charm. There, for the modest sum of six hundred francs a year, Balzac found the domicile that he needed.

✱

In July, 1845, Balzac took to Passy Madame Hanska and her daughter, who were then visiting Paris for the first time. He rented for them under borrowed names two rooms in a small hotel near his dwelling, and found great joy in doing them the honours of his modest home. It was there that he wrote *Les Paysans*, achieving six thousand lines in ten days while he was suffering from frightful headaches. His marvellous fecundity amazed, and roused to protest,

the compositors who were setting his copy. On the opposite side of the street was the home of the poet Béranger, and the two men of letters exchanged frequent visits. To his acquaintances Balzac was not nearly so accessible. It was only his intimates who were permitted to enter those rooms and even to them many contrivances and passwords were necessary. The novelist posed as "*la Veuve Durand*" or "*Madame de Bruguat*," and each visitor had to ask for one of these fictitious persons and utter some such prearranged nonsense as "The plum season has arrived" or "I bring laces from Brussels."

✱

In Portsmouth, N. H., the early home of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, immortalised as "Rivermouth" in his books, a movement has taken rise to establish an appropriate memorial. A committee of citizens, headed by the mayor of

An
Aldrich
Memorial





UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Edward Breck, author of *The Way of the Woods*

the city, has led to the formation of The Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Association, which was organized with the following board of directors: Mayor Wallace Hackett, Alfred Gooding, E. P. Kimbball, C. A. Hazlett and Wallis D. Walker, of Portsmouth; Talbot Aldrich, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry Cabot Lodge, Francis Bartlett, George H. Mifflin, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George E. Woodberry, Bliss Perry and Ferris Greenslet, of Boston; Samuel L. Clemens, the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, William Dean Howells, Edward H. Burlingame, Henry Alden and F. P. Dunne, of New York; H. W. Mabie, of Summit, N. J.; Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, N. J.; Thomas Nelson Page, of Wash-

ington, D. C.; and S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, Pa. The association proposes to acquire by purchase the old home in Portsmouth which belonged to Mr. Aldrich's grandfather, Thomas Darling Bailey, the house in which Mr. Aldrich spent his boyhood, and which is endeared to thousands of readers of *The Story of a Bad Boy* as the "Nutter House," and to preserve it in perpetuity as a memorial museum. Mrs. Aldrich and Mr. Talbot Aldrich, the poet's surviving son, have agreed to deposit there his collection of first editions and valuable manuscripts and autographs, together with very many literary relics of the first interest, and have undertaken to restore the interior of the house as nearly as possible to its old-time appearance.



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

To be purchased and preserved as a memorial museum

The present representatives of the Bailey family have offered to replace in the old house much of its original furnishings. The movement will result, it is believed, in giving the American people a literary memorial of the greatest historic interest and of personal associations. It is hoped to raise by popular subscription among the lovers of Mr. Aldrich's writings the sum of ten thousand dollars, which will suffice for the purchase of the house and will provide a sufficient endowment to insure its proper maintenance.

✻

Louis Honoré Fréchet, the Canadian poet who died a few weeks ago, is said to have begun writing verse at the age of eight. His father was opposed to this taste for rhyming, and so Louis was sent to the Petit Séminaire in Quebec to learn

**Louis
Honoré
Fréchet**

how—not to be a poet. But it was already too late. A sympathetic professor who found him scribbling some verses locked him up in the schoolroom with orders to continue the practice. After his graduation from Laval University Fréchet entered upon a stormy political career. After a number of defeats he became a member of the Canadian House of Commons. For a time he edited *Le Journal de Lévi*, and after that failed he went to Chicago and published *L'Observateur*. Later he started *L'Amérique*, which prospered until its manager, a Swiss, used it as a medium for the expression of pro-Germanic opinions at the time of the Franco-Prussian War.

✻

Mes Loisirs, Fréchet's first volume of verse, appeared in 1863. It was followed by *La Voix d'un Exilé* in 1869;



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of *The Footprint*

Pêlc-Mêle in 1877; *Les Fleurs Boréales* in 1880; *Les Oiseaux de Neige* in 1880; *La Légende d'un Peuple* in 1887; and *Les Feuilles Volantes* in 1891. His work in prose includes *Lettres à Basile*; *Histoire des Rois de France*; *Originaux et Detraqués* and *Lettres sur l'Éducation*. *Christmas in French Canada* he wrote in English. He also translated into French a number of works by American authors, notably Mr. W. D. Howells's *A Chance Acquaintance* and George W. Cable's

Old Creole Days. But Fréchette was first of all a poet. In *La Légende d'un Peuple* he told of the deeds of Cartier, Champlain, and Maisonneuve.

O history of my country, set with pearls unknown,
With love I kiss thy pages venerated. . . .

Hail first to thee, O Cartier, brave and hardy sailor,
Whose footstep sounded on the unexplored shores

Of our immense St. Lawrence. Hail, Champlain,
Maisonneuve, illustrious founders of two cities,
Who show above our waves their rival beauties.

There was at first only a group of Bretons
Brandishing the sword-blade and the wood-
man's axe,
Sea-wolves bronzed by sea-winds at the port
of St. Malo;

Cradled since their childhood beneath the sky
and water,
Men of iron and high of heart and stature,
They, under eye of God, set sail for what
might come—

Seeking, in the mazes of the foggy ocean,
Not the famous El Dorados, but a soil where
they might plant,

As symbols of their saving, beside the cross of
Christ,
The flag of France.

L. C. Violet Houk, the author of *The Girl in Question*, is a Tennessee woman

L. C. Violet Houk who has lived many years in Washington, as her father was a member of Congress from Tennessee. She has had considerable of a career on the stage, playing in *Merely Mary Ann* and taking the leading part in the dramatisation of Winston Churchill's *The Crossing*. Then the idea of a book was suggested to her by a bill she picked up in the capital and which made her think how many thousands of people would be affected if the bill were passed. *The Girl in Question* is an imaginary princess. The characters in the book are fictitious personages. The reproduction of Washington life is based upon her own experience.

In a personal letter written a little more than two years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in a

R. H. Davis's Latest Style Pickwickian spirit, complained of the reception which had been given to

Captain Macklin. There were a great many hundred reviews of that book printed, and the reviewers, with one or two exceptions, summed up the situation by saying "Mr. Davis's hero is a cad, and Mr. Davis cannot see it." "It was that," wrote Mr. Davis sadly,

"that drove me to this business of writing plays, as Maggie Cline would say." Now Mr. Davis was very much justified in his resentment of the estimate of *Captain Macklin*. That book was in many respects the best piece of work that he ever achieved. On no other book had he ever spent so much time and labour. It was a story that was well worth two or three readings, and with every reading your appreciation increased. As to Royal Macklin being "a cad and not knowing it": on the other hand he was the best drawn character by far of all that have come from the author's pen. It was a striking study of the man who is struggling to see through himself, who is willing to tell you that he is unpopular among men, and to concede the justice of that unpopularity. Royal Macklin is always consistent, always conscious and in the limelight. He is intentionally the summing up of Davis heroship.

We take it as literally true that the misunderstanding of *Captain Macklin* drove Mr. Davis to the writing of plays. And now that during the last year he has turned his hand again to fiction in *The Scarlet Car* and *Vera the Medium* the effect of those three or four years of working for the stage is strikingly, perhaps even disappointingly evident. It was said of him a few years ago that he had never published a dull line. Probably that still holds true. The sparkle, the dash, the invention, the crispness of dialogue are to be found in these later stories; but there is missing a certain something of atmosphere or feeling that was to be found in *The Exiles*, in *Captain Macklin* and in the best chapters of *Soldiers of Fortune*.

The hero of *Ransom's Folly* was a good deal of a prig, and yet his marriage to the daughter of the army post saloon-keeper was a *faux pas* which Mr. Davis in a happier moment would have evaded with great cleverness. The same may be said of the conclusion of *Vera the Medium*, for no one could seriously prophesy a great amount of happiness for District Attorney Winthrop. The tale is of the lightest fabric and yet it moves along with plenty of action and



THE TOMB OF ÉMILE ZOLA

Zola's remains were recently removed from here and taken to the Pantheon. It was during the Pantheon ceremonies that Dreyfus was shot



L. C. VIOLETT HOUK

The author of *The Girl in the Question*



Louis Fréchette

**THE LATE CANADIAN POET LOUIS HONORÉ
FRÉCHETTE**



WEYMER J. MILLS

Author of *The Van Rensselaers of Old Manhattan*



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
Charles Belmont Davis and Richard Harding Davis

spirit. There is a sinister power in the opening scene. The figure of the aged millionaire being hastened to his death by the conspiracy of the lawyer, the physician and the valet, suggests forcibly a case notorious in the annals of recent New York crime.

It is inevitable but hardly just that Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, whose book, *The Stage Door*, has just come from the press, should be introduced by a reference to the fact that he is a brother of Richard Harding Davis. Charles Belmont Davis is the younger of the two by two years. Like his brother, he is a

Lehigh man. At one time he was the United States Consul at Florence, Italy, and of recent years he has been associated editorially with *Collier's Weekly*. There is excellent work in *The Stage Door*, work which, while being in no sense imitative, bears a sort of family resemblance to that of his brother. The stories which make up the volume are keenly alive with the spirit of New York and the glitter of its great white lane. Two of them in particular impress us as being strikingly good. They are "Coccaro the Clown" and "The Kidnappers," the latter of which, curiously enough, is a title of which Mr. Richard Harding Davis made use in the last of the three episodes that made up *The Scarlet Car*.

THE CASUAL READER



It has seemed best to remove this somewhat haphazard and self-indulgent commentary from the editorial columns, where it might compromise innocent persons, and to stow it away under some such slightly contemptuous title as the one that I have selected. It is as lax a title as I could find, and yet, owing to its frequent use in literary periodicals, has associations with hard work, quite uncongenial to my present purpose, for I had rather lay brick, mend boots, "get into society," follow the stock-market, than try and read the "notable" books of the moment, remarkable novels of the week, creditable verse of the fortnight; and from what I have seen of "Casual Comment" in our journals, columns of book-chatter, literary lounging, viewpointing, gentle reading and the like, I should say the writers led the lives of dogs, or of heroes, if you like, trailing after all the printing presses, performing prodigies of endurance, reading at a rate absurdly incompatible with their hypocritically easy-going titles. Take Saunterer, for in-

stance, or Spectator, Idler, Rambler, Rover—whatever the happy disguise may be—he is constrained, poor thing, to try and say something appropriate about eight volumes of recent verse, twelve astounding novels, two works on the future of Afghanistan, and a new and entertaining treatise on the fossil horse, and to emerge from this sad business, still sauntering, idling, rambling, with the air of having done exactly as he pleased. It is no light matter, this reading of the books of the day, keeping "posted," not falling behind, covering the field, scrambling over it, straddling, and there is irony in these care-free eighteenth century titles. They are like the smile of the *première danseuse*, or the joyous laugh of that spontaneous and gifted lady who hangs so cheerfully by the teeth some forty feet above the sawdust of the circus. These mighty feats are not for me, or for you, my brother in indolence, if you too find it pleasant to fall behind the times and only occasionally to return to them.

For that matter such casual and meandering titles had lost their sense of ease even in the eighteenth century. Rambler,

for instance—what awful Johnsonian prolixities and sonorities, what laborious classical brocadings of simplicity went on beneath that idle-sounding word. Art was a contest with simplicity.

Say, pow'rful Johnson, whence thy verse is fraught

With so much grace, such energy of thought?

Why, sir, the sage might have answered, by the assassination of simplicity, by never writing as I talk, by letting no idea appear in print without its periwig. So for an essay on Youth he will jot down the sentence "The world all enamelled lies before him like a distant prospect, sun-gilt," which is quite as it should be and is easily held in mind, but it is by no means elegant enough for him. He will look at it in a literary mood and pronounce it exiguous or jejune. He will proceed to "convolve" and "conglobulate," and a very good sentence will thus be overwhelmed. Literature was merely talk that had developed elephantiasis. Casual writers then seem to have been as much the slaves of words as we are of current publications, strove as hard for elegance as we do for "culture," and if it was not so much trouble then as now to keep "abreast of things," it was nevertheless a time when one ordinary man could not tell another that he liked him but must needs declaim—

Harmonious Jones, who in his splendid strains
Sings Camden's sports on Agra's flowery plains.

And "Harmonious Jones" must bide his time and reply to "Canorous Perkins," or whoever he was, with something just as floral and handsome. It is all pleasant and quaint enough for us to read nowadays, but in the act of writing a good many plain minds must have overexerted themselves abominably. Hence terms associated with literary casualness or elegant leisure, past or present, do not really give warning as to the limitations and irregularities of the present chronicle.

It is easy to make light of Johnsonian elegance, but after all
"Culture" pedantry is no mere mat-
Magic ter of verbal costume,
 and a twentieth century
reader need go no farther back to find it

than the latest magazines. Here, for example, is a professor of the social sciences writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* about the study of Greek, which he says he loves, but whose "cultural value" or effectiveness for the "battle of life" he doubts very seriously—

The question presents itself somewhat like this to the student of the social sciences: Would I trade my Greek, considered both culturally and practically, for biology, for zoology, or for geology, let alone a combination (which would be a fairer equivalent) of these or similar other studies? A positive affirmative leaps to the lips.

He finds that his teacher fooled him about the classics, for looking back from his middle age he perceives that Cicero was conceited and Thucydides left clauses hanging in the air in a way that no magazine editor would now tolerate. The teacher never told him this, but now as a "reflective graduate he sees it and feels that he has been duped." Of course, Greek should be better taught and so should other things. Excellent Greek scholars, like eminent economists and sociologists, often seem strangely ill-nourished by what they feed on. That, indeed, is a frequent accident in the teaching profession—the teacher himself will often seem much damaged by his subject, no matter what the subject is. Educational writers are always blaming subjects instead of men, looking for some galvanic theme or method which when applied by a man without any gift for teaching to a mind without any capacity for learning will somehow produce intellectual results. It is a purely personal question and has nothing to do with Greek. No combination of geology, zoology, biology will save a man from these disasters. They happen daily at all points of the educational compass, in subjects the most modern and "culturally" vivacious, genuine "battle-of-life" subjects—pedagogy, potato philosophies, courses in sanitary plumbing, slum seminars in sociology.

"Gentlemen," says a voice from the past, "to give the full force of the Greek particles, which are really very important—very important, the passage should be

rendered thus: 'Immediately as the troops advanced, the sun also was setting.' It happens to come from the Greek class-room, but there are echoes from the other class-rooms quite as absurd, and, now that I think of it, this dried-up and belated old Grecian, long since dead, this eager and enthusiastic old gentleman whose spectacles leaped from his nose whenever he smelled a second aorist, was somehow more humane and less dispiriting, had made his learning more his own, liked it better, had better manners in imparting it, than the most modern and practical and pedagogically indisputable of them all. Greek did not give him these qualities; nor could the social sciences have taken them away. It merely happened that he was the kind of man in whom dead thoughts, whether in a Greek grammar or a government report, seem to come to life again; whereas there is no subject however "vital" that another sort of person cannot easily put it to death. Was there ever a "burning" question that could not be immediately extinguished by almost any one at an alumni dinner or in a magazine?

To be sure the present state of my wits is far from satisfactory and there may have been some magical combination, say, of botany, mechanical drawing, and palæontology, some grouping of studies, so divinely planned, so "culturally" potent, that taken instead of Greek would have raised in me an intellect of unusual size and agility, a comfort to myself, an object of astonishment to visitors, but then again, who knows? Perhaps there was no charm in any part of the curriculum that could have wrought it; perhaps nature had something to say about it. In any event, is it right that a man on considering his head in the forties should blame Greek and an old gentleman twenty years ago for the state of it—write to the *Atlantic Monthly* about it, complain that it would have been a better head if other people had not put the wrong things in it or packed it so carelessly that some of the things slipped out, or that it went by mistake to a Greek professor when it should have gone to some geologist? Maybe the face of Heaven was set against that head from the start.

Certainly it makes a difference to whom it belongs.

It is one of the pleasures of growing old and getting farther away from educators that we care more for the kind of head and less for the kind of facts that rain upon it, distrust all pedantic educational higgling over the "cultural" value of this or that, doubt the divine efficacy of any subject as a cure for the personal vacuities, doubt, when learned Greek meets scientific Trojan, which of the twain would be the worse to live with. And if a man has to go to middle age to find out that Cicero was somewhat conceited, Isocrates a trifle pompous, Quintilian rather inclined to platitude, it may have been merely a private affair, a secret between him and nature, involving no teacher or system whatever. For certain incipient activities may be expected even of the young. Was the young man waiting for artificial respiration? If Xenophon was merely a noun of the third declension who remarked to some people in the dative plural that either *thalassa* or *thalatta* was correct, if Tacitus was only a careless Roman who often dropped his verbs, obliging some anxious commentator to pick them up in footnotes uttering the startled cry of *scilicet*—even a change of subject might have done no good, for the young mind apparently had not yet emerged.

However, the literal-minded are they that inherit the earth, and if Greek literature or any other literature had really waked up this man's fancy, there is no knowing into what unsocial, unprofitable dream-corner he might have drifted, while progress buzzed past and problems whistled over him and education went fizzling by. He might have been a nympholept, for aught he knows, instead of a useful college professor, and spent days in mooning when he should have been up and doing, getting on in the world, educating, leading people from some place to some other place, no matter whence, no matter whither, but leading them. For it is a forlorn and pitiable thing in a democracy to go anywhere without taking other people—even through a book. Of what use is a citizen whose

pleasures are private? We may thank our stars that we are born without imagination in these days or if we start with a little of it can easily kill it after childhood. It would be, I think, an isolating faculty in this democracy, unsocial, perhaps unpatriotic, a traitor to the sovereignty of the present moment, blind at a bargain, useless in reform, a heretic of social values, a sceptic of the scale of immediate importance.

An imaginative man might never read a newspaper. He could so easily invent more exciting news and more amusing editors. Imagining success, he might not want it. Imagining people, he might not care to meet them. Why should an imaginative man read a president's message or an opposition editor's remarks thereon, or hear the talk of a club member about either? Would not these novel and valuable forms of entertainment be staled in advance to that accursed and proleptic dreamer? He might soon be prefiguring next week's gossip and not reading it, guessing at his compatriots instead of taking them by the hand, guessing himself so vividly in and out of public places that he would not wish to go. Many affairs of vast present importance would not be nearly so entrancing as a good quiet guess about them to an imaginative man. This is not the time and place for any praise of imaginative pleasures. They unfit a man for the travelled routes and main chances of this democracy. They encourage personal divergencies. They lead to conduct unbecoming in a social unit. They are neither civic nor aggregative, but split a man from his race, mass, class or group, by giving him secret diversions and absent-minded activities for which not a penny will be paid. They spoil him for an active part in any branch of that great society for the promotion of human homogeneity which under one name or another has been doing great work these many years in all parts of the country toward the obliteration of personal distinctions.

Hence it is better to read books as unimaginatively and impersonally as possible, thinking only of "results," of what may be turned to account, easily communicated, reduced to summaries, talked

about, lectured on. Never a private taste without some form of public demonstration, if you wish to "get on in the world."

**An
Imaginative
Writer**

And that is the safest way to write books, also, for an imaginative book is bound to seem a queer one—such a book, for instance, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *Man Who Was Thursday*,* which appeared a few weeks ago. Readers desire that to which they are accustomed. They are accustomed to memory in a novelist, also to great mimetic skill and industry, but they are not accustomed to imagination. Accordingly they are fleeing in large numbers from this last book of Mr. Chesterton's, and asking what it is "all about." That is one of the strange things about the literal mind. Why does it ask this question of books alone? It does not in the least know what the world is "driving at," but does not on that account run away from the world. It marries, eats, is fond of its children, votes, goes to church, reads the newspapers, slaughters wild fowl, catches needless fish, talks endlessly, plays complicated and unnecessary games, propels unpleasant-smelling engines at enormous speed along the road—all without looking for a reason or being able to find one if it did. It is at any moment of the day an automaton of custom, irrational, antecedently improbable, no more able to give an account of itself than a bit of paper swimming in the wind—but put a fantastic book before it and off goes the creature indignantly grumbling about the lack of an explanation. As if the wildest thing ever written were half so queer, inscrutable, fantastic or *a priori* incredible as the commonest man that ever ran away from it.

But *The Man Who Was Thursday* will have readers enough and they will be more faithful to it than they are to Mr. Chesterton's essays, for clever as the essays were they were somewhat too methodical in their contradictoriness to give continued pleasure. Besides, so bouncing a person needs more room than is afforded by an essay and more active employment than smiting other people's supposed opinions, guessing at what he

*Dodd, Mead and Company, 1908.

might be expected to say and then saying the opposite, making epigrams on the simple plan which, as Mr. J. A. Macy said in a recent number of this magazine, is "as easy as taking the *not* out of the Commandments and putting it in the Creed." People may pardonably grow tired in time of the tamer sort of literary insurrections, and a good many of his essays bristled with a systematically insurgent style when there really was no battle going on. There is a passage in *The Man Who Was Thursday* which reads like a confession on this point and may perhaps be taken as a promise of amendment:

Gabriel Syme was not merely a detective who pretended to be a poet; he was really a poet who had become a detective. Nor was his hatred of anarchy hypocritical. He was one of those who are driven early in life into too conservative an attitude by the bewildering folly of most revolutionists. He had not attained it by any tame tradition. His respectability was spontaneous and sudden, a rebellion against rebellion. He came of a family of cranks, in which all the oldest people had all the newest notions. One of his uncles always walked about without a hat, and another had made an unsuccessful attempt to walk about with a hat and nothing else. His father cultivated art and self-realisation; his mother went in for simplicity and hygiene. Hence the child, during his tenderer years, was wholly unacquainted with any drink between the extremes of absinthe and cocoa, of both of which he had a healthy dislike. The more his mother preached a more than Puritan abstinence, the more did his father expand into a more than pagan latitude; and by the time the former had come to enforcing vegetarianism, the latter had pretty well reached the point of defending cannibalism. Being surrounded with every conceivable revolt from infancy, Gabriel had to revolt into something, so he revolted into the only thing left—sanity.

Not that the ideas in his essays were at all revolutionary. On the contrary, he generally led back by a new path to a common way of thinking and at his best he was, like the hero of this new story, a "poet of respectability." But that verbal manner of his certainly did resemble these amusing and antithetical parents.

He seemed less interested in going about on his own account than in avoiding other people's opinions.

The story tells how Gabriel Syme, the "poet of respectability," became a member of a wonderful new police force, consisting of philosophical policemen. The system is thus explained to him by one of them.

This is the situation: The head of one of our departments, one of the most celebrated detectives in Europe, has long been of opinion that a purely intellectual conspiracy would soon threaten the very existence of civilisation. He is certain that the scientific and artistic worlds are bound in a crusade against the Family and the State. He has therefore formed a special corps of policemen, policemen who are also philosophers. It is their business to watch the beginnings of this conspiracy, not merely in a criminal but in a controversial sense. I am a democrat, myself, and I am fully aware of the value of the ordinary man in matters of ordinary value or virtue. But it would be undesirable to employ the common policeman in an investigation which is also a heresy hunt.

Syme's eyes were bright with a sympathetic curiosity.

"What do you do, then?" he said.

"The work of the philosophical policeman," replied the man in blue, "is at once bolder and more subtle than that of the ordinary detective. The ordinary detective goes to pot-houses to arrest thieves; we go to artistic tea-parties to detect pessimists. The ordinary detective discovers from a ledger or a diary that a crime will be committed. We have to trace the origin of those dreadful thoughts that drive men on at last to intellectual fanaticism and intellectual crime. We were only just in time to prevent the assassination at Hartlepool, and that was due to the fact that our Mr. Wilks (a smart young fellow) thoroughly understood a triolet."

"Do you mean," asked Syme, "that there is really as much connection between crime and the modern intellect as all that?"

... We deny the snobbish English assumption that the uneducated are the dangerous criminals. We say that the dangerous criminal is the educated criminal. We say that the most dangerous criminal now is the entirely lawless modern philosopher. Compared to him, burglars and bigamists are essentially moral men; my heart goes out to

them. They accept the essential ideal of men; they merely seek it wrongly. Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it. But philosophers dislike property as property; they wish to destroy the very idea of personal possession. Bigamists respect marriage or they would not go through the highly ceremonial and even ritualistic formality of bigamy. But philosophers despise marriage as marriage. Murderers respect human life; they merely wish to attain a greater fulness of life in themselves by the sacrifice of what seems to them to be lesser lives. But philosophers hate life itself, their own as much as other people's.

It becomes Syme's duty as a detective to attend the Supreme Council of Seven, the conclave of anarchist chiefs, who organise and direct all the forces of disorder and who meet under the names of the days of the week, presided over by a monstrous and enigmatic being called Sunday. Syme, who contrives to be elected a member under the name of Thursday, learns their villainous plans, including first the assassination of the Czar and ultimately the abolition of God, and tries to frustrate them. There follow more preposterous and amusing adventures than any that Mr. Chesterton has hitherto devised. Nothing is permitted to remain long as it seems. One by one the members of the council are found, like Syme, to be its enemies in disguise, spies chosen from the philosophical police force. The conspiracy melts away. Objects of fear, objects of hatred, change suddenly but with a mad sort of plausibility into safe, friendly and familiar things. For as he says in his dedication—

This is a tale of those old fears, even of those
emptied hells,
And none but you shall understand the true
thing that it tells—
Of what colossal gods of shame could cow
men and yet crash,
Of what huge devils hid the stars, yet fell at
a pistol flash.

Needless to say, the monstrous Sunday, hideous in one aspect, beautiful in another, but always inspiring the insane desire of pursuit, turns out to be something quite different from the President of the Supreme Council of Anarchists, something akin to the "peace of God," to that which sits "in the darkness where there is not any created thing" and commands "valour and an unnatural virtue."

But Sunday may be almost anything the reader chooses—the riddle of the world, God, truth, faith, the spirit of law, or that larger loyalty upon which Professor Royce has recently written a philosophic volume* wherein he takes a fall out of Professor James. To interpret the book is to belittle it, for the allegory is of that spacious sort within which we do not care for one another's explanations. No doubt there are those who can easily give the precise name to his particular kind of optimism and find the literary parents of all his ideas. And perhaps the time may come when Mr. Chesterton will have to be explained, say on some sesqui-centennial occasion, or eightieth birthday, when, like George Meredith these last few months, he, too, will have his "Studies," "Aspects," "Appreciations" and "Pathfinders" so thick about him, that for each of his ingredients there shall be at least ten names. Perhaps, too, some one will be good enough to do as Mr. R. H. P. Curle has but just now done with Meredith†—grasp him in a truly "cosmic grasp," then strew the separate parts of him over fifteen transcendental chapters under the glimpses of the moon. But until that necessary day comes one may remain, like the monk, *sapienter indoctus* in regard to these high matters, content to take this particular volume as a blend of fun and poetry and, especially, youth.

F. M. Colby.

*The Philosophy of Loyalty. Macmillan Company. (1908).

†Aspects of George Meredith. Routledge, London; E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

THE PERSONAL FRANÇOIS COPPÉE



THE death of François Coppée recalls a man always with something white around his throat and always ailing. Whether he was in his library or passing down the street, the impression of his illness was borne in upon one.

He was accustomed to go along the pavement, absorbed, stoop-shouldered, his hands behind his back, frequently throwing them out and up in earnest Gallic declamation. At home he declaimed—confidingly proclaimed. In this he seemed a sort of pendent to Sardou, who, likewise a man of the theatre, is a great declaimer in his every-day life.

I often thought of Sardou as a millionaire, dwelling up toward the high, wealthy incline of northern Paris, powerful and with a strong fighting hold on existence amid his costly tapestries and antiques. And then of Coppée, living humbly and unwell, away down on the poor plain of southern Paris, at the end of the indigent art quarter. Fortunately, however, his prolific pen, in his later days, brought him safety.

He occupied for years, with his sister, a modest one story house in a lonesome street. You entered a yard where the surroundings gave little intimation of the near presence of one of the best-known littérateurs of France. Like Sardou, Coppée was extremely friendly in his home. He welcomed every one, was interested in everything. He talked and moved restlessly about in a favourite red smoking jacket which recalled the famous red coat of the romantic Gautier. There were cats (he was fond of them), cigarettes and abundant examples of the latest forceful slang.

In country inns Coppée was sometimes taken to be a commercial traveller. For he idled about, smoked, and told stories with every one. As a sample of his popular kind of fun-making was his account of his laundress, who called upon him one evening and finding him absent, left this line: *Monsieur, Je suis Venus avec le linge.*

In his first poems and tales he reflected the life of the common people living along the southern edges of the Latin and art quarters of Paris. His volume *Les Humbles* made him known as the poet of the Humble. His verse was simple in effect, like his stories. It was written for plain people, and none other was more widely read and beloved by the general public.

But there appears also in his output an aristocratic strain or association, evidencing his cultivation of the nobility. Counts and marquises were fondled with an admiration which did not seem to conflict with his love and cult of the Humble.

He was avowedly Catholic. He became one of the leading defenders of the church in its recent troublous days in France. He was anti-Republican, anti-Dreyfus. He stood against all that is making French history and progress. He was practically opposed to the larger and Republican liberties and opportunities of those self-same humble classes whose virtues he sang of so tenderly, so compassionately.

This conflicting attitude or development appears similar in a way to Brunetière's. For Brunetière grew up as a revolutionary, scientific, intellectual agnostic and evolutionist. Then he suddenly went over to the Catholic church, becoming prominently identified as a worshipper of tradition, of conservatism, of sanctified authority, always harking back to the royalist, aristocratic centuries.

It is strange that though the name of Coppée was among the most *retentissant* names in literary France, there exist two mistaken impressions about him. One is that he was a great poet and greatest as a poet. He was in fact (as indicated above) essentially light, weak, fragile not only as a story writer but as a versifier (except in so far as his plays are verse). He approached neither Verlaine nor Maupassant. He was successful, but he discovered or felt nothing very new or different.

Far more important was he as a dramatist. He wrote effective and most admirable stage pieces, always in verse

and lyrical by nature. "Le Passant" and others are little classics. His best drama is "Pour la Couronne." His plays are of a more finished romanticism than Hugo's. They were companions, in a sense, of Richépin's noble, sonorous dramas in rhyme, but more feminine. It must be remembered, however, that Coppée, ardent in his views on many public questions, created at times, like Sardou, veritable sensations on the boards and came into conflict with the political authorities.

The other mistaken impression about Coppée is that he was really a Parnassian. He identified himself with the Parnassians, it is true, and stood classed with them, yet he was nothing but a Romantic. He exhibited none of the leading Parnassian attributes—hard, impeccable virtuosity, adoration of impersonal beauty, fondness for the barbarous Exotic.

On the contrary he was intimate, personal, sentimental, emphatically *emotional*—all romantic qualities. He was a descendant of Hugo. Even his cult of the Humble was born direct from Hugo's verse and prose.

Coppée possessed neither the intellectuality, the ultra refined sensibilities, the exclusive distinction and philosophic training of Sully Prudhomme. Nor did he have anything of the mystic and musical mystery and genius of Verlaine, who fathered a school and whose original influence is fertile, fructiferous and increasing. Nor did Coppée display any of the glorious, unfeeling brilliance of Leconte de Lisle.

His fame will not grow. His plays, nevertheless, will remain for no little time a true and living adornment of the Paris stage. Unfortunately they will reach no other, for they lose all in translation.

Coppée's literary product is characterised by amiability, smooth-toned *lyrisme* and expansive generosity. A winning, popular, beloved figure, he appealed in his books to the hearts of men and women. He softened mankind. He has left it more justly human through his emotionalism and a certain simple and direct nobleness.

Stuart Henry.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST



IN view of the continued vogue of motor-car novels, it is curious that no one has pointed out that volumes like *My Friend the Chauffeur* and *Baby Bullet* are not really a new type of fiction, any more than hastening over roads at the fastest available speed is a new form of human activity; but that they are merely the most recent development of a type as old as the art of story telling. From the dawn of fiction there has never been a time when stories of rapid movement through strange and shifting scenes failed to hold their audience. What are the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid* but romances of travel, by the fastest means known to the generation for which they were written? And is not the main interest of Xenophon's *Anabasis*—which is none the

less an admirable piece of fiction, because it happens to be partly true—dependent upon the sense it gives us of breathless haste and undaunted energy, pushing on against tremendous odds, over river and mountain, through desert and forest, with a speed that a modern army under similar conditions might be glad to emulate?

And if one studies the history of fiction, with this idea of the onward rush of travel steadily in mind, one realises to how great an extent the accepted masterpieces appeal to the restless nomad spirit inherent in the majority of us. *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *A Sentimental Journey*, books in other respects as far asunder as the poles, all have at least in common this sense of onward movement through strange scenes, this appeal to man's inherent *wanderlust*. And if we take, in-

stead of masterpieces, simply a few of the popular successes among modern novels, is it not true that the scenes which refuse to be forgotten are those of some amazing dash across kingdoms, some desperate race against time? There is no single episode in *Les Trois Mousquetaires* longer remembered and oftener re-read than that of the mad ride of the four heroes from Paris to London, in quest of the king's jewels. There is no volume among the host of Jules Verne's extravagant fantasies that has so good a chance of surviving as *Around the World in Eighty Days*—because here we have sustained, through hundreds of pages, and across the countries and climates of the world, the tense, breathless excitement of conquest over time and space. It would be a simple matter to multiply examples, to point out how much of the interest of Hugh Conway's *Called Back* lay in the straining haste of the journey across Siberia; how the most spectacular chapter that the late Ouida ever wrote was that at the close of *Under Two Flags*, in which Cigarette rides tirelessly, hour after hour, through Algerian deserts, to bring back her soldier's reprieve; or how there is nothing in Kipling's *Captains Courageous* so likely to live as the incarnate sense of speed in the de-

scription of Cheyne's record run in his private car, "humming like a giant bee," across the breadth of a continent.

The more immediate progenitors of the motor-car novel are books like William Black's *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, or that clever little romance of a generation ago, called *Kismet*, which originally appeared in the No Name Series, and incidentally gave a good guide-book description of the Nile up to the first cataract. All these books possessed the required characteristics of their type, with the exception of the sense of speed—and for the excellent reason that a phaeton, a pleasure boat and an Egyptian diabayah are not conveyances adapted to swift locomotion. And because the automobile story is peculiarly adapted to give this illusion to the fullest extent, one does not awaken to a realisation that it is simply another form of the familiar personally conducted tour in fiction, until one comes across the missing link in the form of the latest volume by the Williamsons, *The Chaperon*, in which more than half the story progresses, not with advanced spark and open throttle, but at a snail's pace through the intricate meshwork of Dutch canals.

Talbot Tonnellier.



REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

VI. OWEN WISTER



WHEN *The Virginian* was published it was generally hailed as the first novel of an author who had hitherto been known solely as a writer of short stories. Some of the unco wise even insisted that Mr. Wister was still but a short-story writer—that *The Virginian* was an amorphous collection of episodes, artificially strung together. Many of the chapters had been published separately in magazines. What better proof was needed that the book was a mere collection, not a unit? It was no more a novel, one heard, than *Lin McLean*, which had preceded it by a few years.

Mr. Wister is possessed of a sense of humour. To this appraisalment of his book he made no rejoinder until a few months ago, when a new edition of *Lin McLean* issued from the press. Then the reply came in the delightfully indirect form of a few typographical changes and a preface. His prefaces are always worth reading; this one is especially so. He says nothing in it, except by implication, about *The Virginian*; but he takes up the case of *Lin McLean* with great explicitness. *Lin McLean* is a novel, he says in effect; none the less a novel because it follows a different formula from, let us say, the stories of Mr. Marion Crawford or Mrs. Edith Wharton. The whole matter is put so clearly that the exact words are worthy of quotation:

Through my forgetting that appearances generally count for more than realities, *Lin McLean* has always ranked as a collection of short stories, whereas, after the young hero's first adventure with his elder brother and the bishop, a plot begins with the entrance of the "biscuit-shooter," and steadily proceeds through climax and catastrophe to solution. After some fifteen years there is no harm in disclosing my scheme of construction—something not well for the artist to do while en-

gaged on his work. It was my aim to tell a long story, not through a series of chapters in the usual way, but through a chain of short stories, each not only a complete adventure in itself, but also a fragment of an underlying drama. Thus each new link inherited from its predecessor a situation which it developed and passed on to its successor. I had hoped that this somewhat unusual device might be noticed, and possibly create a little interest; but I had overlooked the fact that matters of craftsmanship do not fall into the light of critical attention here as they do in Europe, where the writer is held as much accountable for his manner of saying a thing as for the thing he says.

THE ORIGIN OF "THE VIRGINIAN"

This perfectly frank and definite statement may be supplemented by certain facts which have not before appeared in print. The characters of both *McLean* and *The Virginian* originated, it is true, in short stories. In each case the scheme for the book began to form itself in the author's mind when the second story was written. In the case of *McLean* this was "The Winning of the Biscuit-Shooter," now chapter five of the book. The second story written about *The Virginian* was "Em'ly"—an inessential episode in the book, but the starting-point of the final scheme. (The story of "Balaam and Pedro" was the first episode written.) As far back as 1893 Mr. Wister had a definite plan for a novel of Western life, based on these preliminary studies. In the next year he was at Gettysburg with Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist and illustrator of many of his tales, to whom he stated the climax of *The Virginian* in words to this effect: "A man about to be married meets his enemy, who gives him till sundown to leave town. His girl finds out and says she will not marry him if he stays to fight." The dénouement of *Lin McLean* was planned at about the same time. It was based on a real funeral of an unfortunate woman at Fort Fetterman

in 1885, when Mr. Wister was there and heard the story from an eye-witness the day after the occurrence. Except, then, for two brief episodes in each book, they were written with a clear view from the first of the form they were ultimately to take.

The fact that, in spite of this intention, *Lin McLean* was generally received as merely a book of short stories was doubtless a lesson for Mr. Wister. With *The Virginian* he took more care to give it the outward form to which the American reader of novels is accustomed. Yet still there were those who, remembering the appearance in magazines of portions of the book, insisted that it, like its predecessor, was only a collection of short stories.

The light of these facts is illuminating in two directions—on the refinement of Mr. Wister's literary sense and the narrowness of our standards in fiction. The average of workmanship in American fiction is high, but it displays little variety, whether of content or form. A very slight acquaintance with Continental literature is enough to show the deadly sameness that possesses our novelists. It is one of the surest signs of our literary inexperience that we are so quick to resent any departure from a narrow, confining formula.

A PICARESQUE NOVEL

In Mr. Wister's case the error becomes laughable, when one learns that he incurred the criticism of being unable to write a novel of orthodox form by a too great care for form. The truth is laid bare in a significant remark of his: "I wanted to write a picaresque novel of the West; the West was nomadic in essence and called for a nomadic art-form to express it most adequately." Whether he succeeded in this design is another matter; I do not think that either *Lin McLean* or *The Virginian* quite satisfies the academic requirement. But the modifications of the strict form, no less than the intention, are revelatory of the soundness of his instinct. It was not the romance of roguery that was to be stressed—though that had its place—but the epical freedom of the narrative that should fitly set forth the life of the plains. The real

test is not a formal one. Where is our classical record of life on the Western frontier, in the fleeting period of its cowboy domination which forms the most romantic episode in American history? Few would dispute the assertion that it is in the novels and tales of Owen Wister—in *Lin McLean*, *The Virginian*, *Red Men and White*, and *The Jimmyjohn Boss*. Even in Europe they are known. A volume containing translations of six of the stories from *Red Men and White* has been published in Hamburg, and has had considerable circulation in Germany.

THE RECORD OF THE FRONTIER

Landscape, society and the individual character—none of the essential elements of the complete picture is slighted or distorted in these stories. The natural setting is big—big, literally, as all outdoors—for Mr. Wister ranges from Texas to Idaho, from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Nowhere else will you get so vivid an impression of the immensity of the plains, the dreariness of the Arizona desert, the oppressive beauty of the mountains. And it is all painted from the model. Read that strong, melodramatic story, "La Tinaja Bonita," in *Red Men and White*; you will be quite sure that Mr. Wister knows the road from Maricopa across the desert to the Tinaja Bonita. He has ridden Judge Henry's ranch, and to Bear Creek; he has camped on that very island in a mountain stream where *The Virginian* and his bride passed their honeymoon. An authority of ancient and unquestioned respectability says: "*Earum proprie rerum sit historia, quibus rebus gerendis interfuerit is qui narret.*" Mr. Wister, to be sure, was born in Philadelphia; but there is no doubt that he has played his part in the events of which he has become the historian. That it was a man's part may not at all times be clear from the narrative; for his literary conscience is acute, and he is always ready to sacrifice himself for the sake of his story. There is a tale in *Red Men and White* entitled "A Pilgrim on the Gila," which has all the appearance of an unvarnished narrative of fact, and is straightforwardly autobiographical in tone. The historian in this case plays a

part that lacks something of the completely heroic. No doubt the story is in substance true. I have heard it from a man who lived in Arizona. It is a well-known story in that country, but as they tell it there the young Easterner is the hero. Every one will remember certain events set forth in *The Virginian* in which the teller of the story comes close to making himself ridiculous. This is the height of self-abnegation—that an author should voluntarily make himself the butt of a practical joke in the interest of his fable.

Yet it would not do on this account to ascribe a superhuman virtue to Mr. Wister. The truth seems rather to be that he is so fully in possession of the knowledge that entitles him to write of the West that he is not concerned to establish his qualifications. The character who happens to speak in the first person takes his place and his chance with the other characters. If you want to identify him with Mr. Owen Wister, that is your concern. It will not trouble Mr. Wister. But he does ask you to believe in the authenticity of the picture he presents; and for proof the little anecdote set down in the preface of *The Virginian* may be introduced in evidence:

Once a cow-puncher listened patiently while I read him a manuscript. It concerned an event upon an Indian reservation. "Was that the Crow reservation?" he inquired at the finish. I told him that it was no real reservation and no real event; and his face expressed displeasure. "Why," he demanded, "do you waste your time writing what never happened, when you know so many things that did happen?"

A HISTORICAL NOVELIST

On an abundance of such testimony as this, Mr. Wister has his secure place as the accredited social historian of the Western frontier. He is a historical novelist always, in the best sense—the sense which again is so capitally defined in that same preface of *The Virginian*.

We know quite well [he writes] the common understanding of the term "historical novel." *Hugh Wynne* exactly fits it. But *Silas Lapham* is a novel as perfectly historical as is *Hugh Wynne*, for it pictures an era and per-

sonifies a type. It matters not that in the one we find George Washington and in the other none save imaginary figures; else *The Scarlet Letter* were not historical. Nor does it matter that Dr. Mitchell did not live in the time of which he wrote while Mr. Howells saw many Silas Laphams with his own eyes; else *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were not historical. Any narrative which presents faithfully a day and a generation is of necessity historical; and this one presents Wyoming between 1874 and 1890.

"It pictures an era and personifies a type." In those words Mr. Wister has summed up the contents of his book so completely and succinctly that no critic may hope to improve on them. The unnamed hero is indeed the type of the cow-puncher, the classic form of him; but the type is at the same time a highly individualised man. There is nothing abstract about him. He is all himself, with his quiet manner, his self-reliance, his Southern drawl, his inimitable humour. It is *The Virginian* himself that gives the book true unity—the man and the setting in which he is placed, the expanse of plain and mountain that is ever present to the reader. Spite of all formulas, the book holds together. One need search no further for proof that Mr. Wister knew what he was about when he took the picaresque romance for his model. *Lin McLean* is an interesting story, capitally told; yet the unity is not quite achieved—it is broken by some halts and repetitions. But *The Virginian* is a triumph, merely as a matter of form.

A "WELL-BUILT" NOVEL

It is not to be wondered at that a man who could choose his medium so deliberately and with such judgment should feel some annoyance at the failure of even a portion of his audience to understand his intention. Mr. Wister has confessed in private that he was piqued at the complacency of the critics over his inability, as they conceived it, to produce a "well-built" novel. In his own words: "Nothing is really easier than to take a single situation and develop it. Anybody can do this, though there then remains the question: Is the result interesting?" Whether the trick of construction is so simple as Mr. Wister makes it appear

may be left open to doubt. There can scarcely be question that so far as he is himself concerned he has proved his assertion. *Lady Baltimore* came as if deliberately planned to upset the calculations of all those who base predictions of future performances on "form." Not only was it in complete contrast as to subject with the work that had preceded it, but it was the most compactly built of stories, with hardly a flaw in its architecture.

So much has been said about the odd title of this book, and so much guessed as to its origin, that the whole story is worth telling. Readers of *The Virginian* will remember that its preface was dated at Charleston, S. C. Mr. Wister had long been familiar with the delightful society of that city, and had wished to write a

book about it. But the inspiration for the actual situation so admirably set forth in the opening chapters came from a very different place. Some years before *Lady Baltimore* took form, Mr. Wister was in San Francisco. One day a young man, poor-looking, entered the Woman's Exchange and ordered a wedding cake. Later he returned, very sad, and countermanded the order. It was too late. The cake had been made, and so Mr. Wister found it exposed for sale. There, for a man of lively imagination, was the germ of a story that might take almost any form—tragedy, comedy, romance, realism. But Mr. Wister combined it with certain observations made in the Southern city, and once the scene was determined, the form became inevitable.

- ③ This generosity made me at once, and sincerely, repentant for my flippancy concerning Charles the second and Elizabeth. I kissed the hand of my Aunt Carola and set forth to Charleston.
40 "Come back one of us," was her final benediction.

II.

I vary my lunch.

Thus it was that I came to sojourn in the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wishful town in America; whose visible sadness and distinction seem also to speak audibly, speak in the sound of the quiet waves (the wash the Battery, speak in the church-bells on Sunday morning, and breathe not only in the soft salt air, but in the perfume of every gentle, old-fashioned rose that blooms behind the high garden walls of falling, mellow-tinted plaster: Charleston the retrospective, Charleston the belated, who from her fensive porticoes looks over her two rivers to the marshes and the trees beyond, the live-oaks, veiled in grey moss, brooding with memories! Here she my city, here I should love her! I owe to my Aunt this indelible image of by-gone states, and with it my spectator's vision of the quaint, appropriate romance, the little story of love that I could not tell. You without proper mention first of my Aunt, even though she never saw them, or knew them, at all. That she now, comically enough, does not wish either to know them, or to hear their names even, I will explain to you at the end, when I have finished the wedding;—for this happy romance ends with a wedding, and begins in the Woman's Exchange, which the ladies of Charleston have established, and (I trust) successfully conduct in King Street. King street! There's a relevance in this name, a fitness to my errand; but that is pure accident. The Woman's Exchange happens to be there, a decorous resort for those who become hungry, as I did, at the hour of noon each day. In the very pleasant home where I boarded (I had left my hotel after one night) our breakfast was at eight, and our dinner not until three if sacred meal-hours in Charleston, as inviolable, I fancy, as the Declaration of Independence, but a gap quite beyond the stretch of my Northern vitality. Therefore, at twelve, I would leave my penning researches for a while, and lunch at the Exchange upon chocolate and particularly nice sandwiches. As, one day, I was luxuriously biting one of these, I heard his voice and what he was saying. Both the voice and the interesting order he was giving caused me, at my inner battle, in the dim back of the room, to stop and watch him where he stood in the light at the counter to the right of the entrance door. It was a cake he wanted made, a cake for a wedding; and I directly found myself curious to know, whose wedding? The proximity of any wedding interests me. Why is that? But this wedding I initially, because of his strange and charming enticement, became quite absorbed. How came it he was ordering the cake for it? Blushing like the boy that he entirely was, he stammered: "No... no... not charged... and as you don't know me, I'll... I'll better-hope-for-it-now," he precipitately finished.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "LADY BALTIMORE"



From a drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey

KINGS PORT, THE SCENE OF "LADY BALTIMORE"

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

Tragedy enough has been written about the South since the War. Mr. Wister seems to have been almost the first to discover that such a society as that of Kings Port offers one of the few legitimate opportunities in America for true comedy. How much this means will be felt at once by those who have considered the rarity of comedy in the writings of Americans. Meredith's remark, that it can flourish only in a highly developed civilisation, takes on profound significance when it is viewed in the light of the literature of this new country. Leaving out of account Mr. Henry James, who is American only in the accident of his birth and has found his most congenial subjects in Europe, not one of our leading writers has produced comedy. Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Harte, Holmes, Howells, Mark Twain, Aldrich, Cable—how many pages of comedy in their books? Humour there is in abundance in them, as there is indeed in Mr. Wister's West-

ern stories; but I doubt if a survey of the total of American fiction would reveal a sustained comedy to place beside *Lady Baltimore* for grace and strength, for the insight and the spirit that will "awaken thoughtful laughter." This is, to be sure, to put a strict definition on the term. But since Meredith's essay was written, there has been no excuse for using the word comedy loosely. It must be set aside for those works, whether for the stage or the study, which share the qualities of Molière's *Tartuffe*, of *Don Quixote*, of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, of Meredith's own *Egoist*. However great the differences may be, *Lady Baltimore* is, it seems to me, essentially of this kind.

How much a genuine success means in this field is indicated by certain words in Meredith's Essay, a glance at which in this connection tempts to endless quotation:

Good Comedies are such rare productions, that notwithstanding the wealth of our literature in the Comic element, it would not occupy

us long to run over the English list. . . . A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience. The semi-barbarism of merely giddy communities, and feverish emotional periods, repel him; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes.

Mr. Wister's novel might have been in Meredith's mind, it seems, when he wrote these words. And he might further have been thinking, perhaps with some misgivings, of the audience to which that book was offered—an audience that had made *The Virginian* one of the most popular of recent novels—when he proceeded: "People are ready to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast, and sides; all except the head: and it is there that he aims. He must be subtle to penetrate. A corresponding acuteness must exist to welcome him." Among the critical pronouncements on his work that Mr. Wister must treasure with special fondness is this from the *Muscatine (Iowa) Journal*: "There are some things for which we can never forgive Owen Wister. His *Lady Baltimore* is one of them." That this honest, naïf critic was in a hopeless minority is really cause for some self-congratulation on our taste.

THE OLD AND NEW IN AMERICAN LIFE

It is part of the surprising contrast of *Lady Baltimore* with all of Mr. Wister's earlier work that it celebrates perhaps the oldest surviving society in America, whereas *Lin McLean* and *The Virginian* were concerned with what was at the time of their writing the newest civilisation of the New World. One may well believe that Charleston holds more of the flavour of an older time, that its society has more background, than any other American city. Certainly *Kings Port* has all of this, as it appears in Mr. Wister's pages:

. . . the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America; whose visible sadness and distinction seem also to speak audibly, speak in the sound of the quiet waves that ripple round her Southern front, speak in the church-bells on Sunday morning, and breathe not only in the soft salt air, but in the perfume of every gentle, old-fashioned rose that

blooms behind the high garden walls of falling mellow-tinted plaster; *Kings Port* the retrospective, *Kings Port* the belated, who from her pensive porticoes looks over her two rivers to the marshes and the trees beyond, the live-oaks, veiled in grey moss, brooding with memories!

This study of a vanishing regime has received eminent approval. Mr. Henry James has bestowed on it the rare honour of his commendation, and the historian Rhodes devotes to it a note in which he speaks of it as of the utmost value for the understanding of conditions in the South since the War. Such weighty and authoritative praise might indeed inspire a suspicion of dulness—but not in one who has read even a few pages. There is much discussion of serious matters—the race problem, the "yellow rich," the decay of the older American social ideals and the shallow conceit of the newer generation. Mr. Wister addresses himself, after the Meredithian formula, to the understanding of men. But the tone is unfailingly light and graceful, and the story, though it moves leisurely, never halts. Artistically it is by far the finest thing Mr. Wister has done—that may be conceded without undervaluing the stout texture of the Western stories. It is not more successful than *The Virginian*, but it achieves equal success in a much more difficult field. To test the assertion, place Miss Molly Stark Wood beside Eliza La Heu, or Lin McLean's "biscuit-shooter" beside Miss Hortense Rieppe, or—best of all—Mrs. Brewton in the story called "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments" beside the real Southern ladies of *Kings Port*, Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. (Mrs. Brewton, to be sure, plays her part in a downright farce, not a comedy.) In every case the superiority of the later portrait in delicacy and incisiveness is apparent. And once more, too, Mr. Wister triumphed over a critic; for before *Lady Baltimore* some one had rashly suggested that he was incapable of drawing a woman.

THE HISTORIAN ONCE MORE

It would be easy to go on multiplying contrasts between this surprising book and its predecessors; but it is to be re-

membered that they have something in common as well. If *The Virginian* is a historical novel, so by all the signs is *Lady Baltimore*. It is but to say that it is a faithful presentation of a real type and environment. This is the one thing that Mr. Wister has done in all his work. His robust sense of reality would no more be able to satisfy itself with a vague, indeterminate *locale* than with vague, impersonal characters. He has, in short, the historical sense. Story-teller that he is first of all, he has done sound biographical work as well. *The Seven Ages of Washington* and the *Memoir of Grant* are small books, but remarkably successful in presenting genuine human likenesses of their subjects. The ideal biographer has always something of the novelist in him—the immediate perception of character, the feeling for dramatic effect, the judgment in selection of detail that the writing of fiction demands and develops. If Mr. Wister has proved that he possesses the historical sense in his novels, he has displayed no less the novelist's sense in his biographical writings.

LITERARY AND OTHER INTERESTS

A man who has dealt with such social extremes as are represented in *The Virginian* and *Lady Baltimore* and *Philosophy Four*, and has handled so successfully a corresponding variety of forms, might be suspected of eclectic literary tastes. At least one strong influence is apparent in *Lady Baltimore*—that of Mr. James. It is not surprising, then, to have the following direct confession, and its equally significant qualification: "Of all living authors Henry James has influenced me most. His art makes most other fiction look only half grown up. But I shall never be as indirect in my English again as I was here and there in *Lady Baltimore*." Indeed, Mr. Wister's prose since *Lady Baltimore* shows clearly enough that it is Mr. James's methods that he has profited by, rather than his manner. It is particularly interesting to trace the growth of this influence in subtle ways in one or two recently published short stories: stories which have the further value of demonstrating that their author has not lost his old power

to evoke the spirit of the Western frontier.

But Mr. Wister has read widely, and his tastes are varied. He owns special allegiance to some of our eighteenth century classics. "Fielding, Sterne, Swift, and Goldsmith are all anchors for me." Of Continental authors, he admires especially Prosper Mérimée (in *Carmen* and *Mateo Falcone*) and Turgenev. An interesting parallel is suggested by the juxtaposition of Mérimée's Spanish tale and the equally crude, primitive tragedy of such a frontier story as *Salvation Gap*.

Any one who knows Mr. Wister's work will have remarked the variety of his interests. If the tale of his books is not a long one, it may be imagined that this is in part at least because he has been concerned with other matters besides the making of literature. To the breadth of his sympathies are due the piquant contrasts in his activities which we call paradoxes only because of incomplete knowledge. Born of a Quaker family, long settled in one of the most cultivated American societies, he became the recorder of the roughest, most primitive contemporary life of the country. But that a Philadelphian of scholarly tastes should celebrate the deeds of cowboys is less surprising than that the most faithful and penetrating interpreter of the best Southern aristocracy should have been born and bred north of Mason and Dixon's line. Even the combination of novelist and scholar, though by no means new, is uncommon enough to cause remark. Mr. Wister is a Doctor of Laws of the University of Pennsylvania, where he was university orator a year or two ago, delivering an address that contained the germ of his book on Washington. He is a Harvard graduate of the class of '82—two years later than his friend President Roosevelt—and his comprehension of "college spirit" is to be read in that capital little comedy of Harvard undergraduate life, *Philosophy Four*. It is on record that at his graduation he took honours in music and philosophy—which again is not quite what one would expect to hear of the author of *The Virginian*. A remark of one of his literary fellow-townsmen deserves rescue from oblivion. Years ago, when Mr. Wister



OWEN WISTER
From a portrait taken for this article

was beginning to write, this friendly critic said: "Owen Wister has written some creditable stories; but so, to be sure, have a great many others. His real strength lies in musical criticism." It is an opinion that will scarcely stand the test to-day. The traces of this early interest are strangely few in his books, though at least one of his short stories, *Padre Ignacio*, deals with music in a thoroughly understanding way.

His interest in affairs academic came out not long ago in an address at Harvard, where he said certain things about American scholarship that brought the critics of the daily press down about his ears in a swarm. Mr. Wister's answer demonstrated that he had not spoken without due thought; more than that, it showed him as the last man against whom a charge of lack of patriotism could safely be brought. At the very time when this Harvard address, garbled and misquoted, was going the rounds of the press, he was engaged in a fight for decent government in his own city. He accepted the nomination for city councilman in his ward, against the "regular" nominee of his own party, without the slightest hope of immediate success, with no conceivable motive save a sense of duty and a desire to assist in the realisation of what must still be called the American ideal of government.

MR. WISTER'S AMERICANISM

And this leads to consideration of a quality that has stood out saliently in all that Mr. Wister has done; I mean his patriotism. It is not in these days a particularly fashionable virtue, and it is much less common than an easy jingoism. Mr. Wister is genuinely patriotic without being maudlin. He is American through and through; he knows his country, and believes in it, though he can on occasion be a severe critic. It was of the cowboys in *The Virginian* that he wrote:

Something about them, and the idea of them, smote my American heart, and I have never forgotten it, nor ever shall, as long as I live.

The enthusiasm rings true; but so do the sharp criticisms in *Lady Baltimore* of some prevailing American characteristics of the present day.

They say my writings are very "American" [wrote Mr. Wister some years ago]. They ought to be. I have been on this soil, ancestrally speaking, since the Merion settlement in Pennsylvania, more than two hundred years. Another ancestor was first senatorial delegate from South Carolina and signed the Constitution in 1787. Another fought under Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*. Another was at the battle of Trenton. Six of my name fought in the Civil War.

Of course neither *The Virginian* nor *Lady Baltimore* is the American novel. Belief in that impossible creation is now thoroughly exploded. But it can quite safely be said that no living American writer of fiction is more completely indigenous than Mr. Wister. It may further be claimed that the Americanism embodied in his books is of the kind in which we may, before a world audience, feel some pride. Of the intrinsic importance of his work it is not at the present time necessary to attempt an estimate. That task may be evaded with the comforting assurance that such an appraisal would stand an excellent chance of being totally upset by the work that may still with reason be expected of him. Just what direction it may take, it would be unwise to predict; Mr. Wister himself does not pretend to know. All that can safely be said is that he is not through with literature; and in confirmation of this statement I may once more quote his own words: "If I live I shall write other *bien-faits* novels, and also books in which I do what I think my subject requires as to form."

Edward Clark Marsh.

THE POET MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO



HY should a man go about with his head in the clouds decrying trade, finance and politics, just because he happens to be able to write poetry?" remarked Edward Robeson Taylor to me some years ago. "His ability to make rhymes ought not to unfit him for the practical side of life."

Coming from a man who has written half-a-dozen volumes of verse; most of which has found favour with the critics, and who at the same time has led an active public life in one of the busiest of American cities, this dictum of Dr. Taylor's should not fail of acceptance; and when we think of what good business men Shakespeare, Tennyson and even Browning were, we have large and luminous examples of its truth.

In his own quiet way, working out his own destiny as a poet and a publicist, Dr. Taylor has shown that a man may write a fine sonnet in one hour and make a good, sound political speech in the next. When he was appointed Mayor of San Francisco in the summer of 1907 to succeed the shameless Schmitz, who was forced from office on account of wholesale bribe-taking and sent to prison, there were those who scoffed at the idea of having "a long-haired poet" at the head of city affairs, and they sneered at Taylor as at one who would be likely to write his vetoes in blank verse. But these scoffers had forgotten his valuable services on the Board of Freeholders that drew up the splendidly worded and very practical city charter as well as the fact that he was dean of the Hastings College of Law with all which that implies of legal knowledge. And when as acting Mayor he set his face so sternly against the grafters and worked so intelligently to weed them out of office and take away from them the benefits of the patronage upon which they were growing fat, the citizens who had the welfare of San Francisco at heart saw to it that he

was retained in his position by election in the following autumn.

As Mayor his acts are well known, for what he has done to help set aright a condition of municipal affairs upon which the eyes of the whole country have been directed, is now a part of the history of the West. His unyielding warfare upon plum-seeking politicians, prize-fighters, gamblers and corruptionists of all sorts and conditions need not be dwelt upon here. What I propose to write of Dr. Taylor is more of the intimate nature of the man, as it has been made familiar to me by long acquaintance with him, and of his heart-work; and so I shall make more reference to his poetical than to his political side.

His is a strongly significant and tremendously interesting personality, and because of this his life has been rich in valuable acquaintance and warm friendships. This is witnessed by the fact that long before he became Mayor of San Francisco he drew men and women to him from all over the world. Many of the most distinguished tourists who have visited California during the past thirty years are counted among his personal friends. He is a master of that lost art of the modern world—letter writing—and he has numbered among his correspondents some of the brightest of the literary luminaries of this country and of Europe. The accumulation of his correspondence during all these years makes up a wonderful budget. In his magnificently equipped library, rich in fine editions and bindings, he has drawers full of letters from Edmund Gosse, Richard Garnett, Edward Dowden, John C. Bailey, Arthur Christopher Benson, William Watson and Alice Meynell. His singularly interesting correspondence with Dr. Garnett lasted almost up to the day of that distinguished Englishman's death. When Mrs. Meynell visited San Francisco Dr. Taylor was one of the few persons with whom that gifted woman felt acquainted, and this was through his published work and his letters.



A CORNER OF MAYOR TAYLOR'S LIBRARY

To draw into one's circle of close communicants such rare spirits as these one must have rare qualities. A man is interesting to enlightened beings chiefly because of the volume and variety of things he knows, and Dr. Taylor knows as much in different lines as any man alive. As a poet he is not a "sun-treader," as Browning called Shelley, but he knows enough about poetry and general literature to have interested the persons whose names have just been mentioned, besides many others in Europe and America. He knows enough about art to have made himself the closest friend of William Keith, the well-known Californian painter. He knows enough about medicine to be the President of Cooper Medical College, the largest institution of the kind on the Pacific Coast; enough about law to be Dean of Hastings College, the law department of the University of California, as well as President of the San Francisco Law Library Association; enough about science to be a member of the California Academy of Sciences, whose collection before the earthquake was the finest in the West; and enough about civic affairs to make him the best Mayor San Francisco ever had. And he

does not merely know enough about these things to entitle him to the positions he holds, but is so gifted as to shine in them and to gain honorary membership in many societies East and West.

When I asked Dr. Taylor if he did not find himself overburdened since becoming San Francisco's chief official, he said:

"Well, I have plenty to do, but I have kept up my literary and other labours, including my law college work, ever since I have been Mayor."

Consider that for a moment, and consider, too, the fact that this busy man is in his seventieth year! I should hate to share Dr. Osler's confusion when he awakes to the work of such a blithe old beaver as this.

As to his social side, I should say that his friendship for William Keith, who is about his own age and with whom he has many tastes in common, particularly a passionate love of nature, affords the most striking example. Of this same Keith it may be said that the money-minded will not fail to appreciate him when they learn that his annual receipts from the sales of his pictures are from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. In Keith's big studio Taylor throws off his dignity.



EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

The Poet Mayor of San Francisco as he is to-day

Story, jest and merry banter are the order of the hour. Keith paints wonderful landscapes—the Sierras, the Yellowstone and the deserts—and Taylor writes sonnets upon them. Of these sonnets I recall a particularly fine one on Keith's strange study of the relation of sound to colour. This arose from the fact that Keith has a large Chinese bell gong in his studio, the wonderful lasting tones of which ring on while he paints. The artist has a fancy that he can "pitch" any colour from the low keynote of this gong. It is a curious sight to see Keith at work with his brush, occasionally sounding the gong with a padded hammer. This, from the viewpoint of old-school artists, will seem empirical, but the relation of sound to colour is a study that, scientists say, has untold possibilities.

So inseparable are Taylor and Keith in their friendship that to touch one is to touch the other. Once when I wrote something about Keith's wonderful picture, "The Headwaters of the Merced"—not a sonnet but an effusive piece of prose,—Dr. Taylor sent me a long letter in appreciation of my comments.

"So many people," he said, "stand before a picture and exclaim this and that, without being able, if they were questioned, to give any good reason for their being moved or why the picture is really what they take it to be! So that I, who have been writing sonnets on Keith's pictures for years, have a fellow feeling with one who knows what that artist's work really is and can penetrate to the heart of its excellence."

But in Keith's studio Taylor is not always expressing appreciation. He is more likely to tease the artist about the work on his easel, perhaps to ask him, jokingly, "What are you painting that thing for?" Or to say, "Well, you're awfully enamored of green, aren't you?"

"Yes," Keith is likely to retort; with a wave of his brush, "and you'll get some of it on your clothes if you don't stop picking my pictures to pieces."

John Muir is another great friend of Dr. Taylor's, as he is also a crony of Keith's, and to listen to the three of them yarning and bantering in the studio is to have enjoyed the sport of liberated human beings.

About three years ago Keith, Muir and Taylor visited the Grand Cañon of the Colorado together, Muir to write an article for the *Century*, Keith to sketch, Taylor to receive inspiration for sonnets (of which he wrote several on the spot) and all to enjoy a great outing. There is much of the rollicking boy in each of these rare old men, and the fun they had on the journey was, according to the somewhat conflicting stories of each—one putting the expense of the jokes upon the others—of a droll and whimsical nature, though it did not mar their appreciation of the natural wonders they saw.

"I had a great time in the cañon," wrote Taylor to me, "with Muir and Keith, and was moved to some writing."

When I afterward saw him and asked him about his book of sonnets on the Grand Cañon, he repeated:

"Book of sonnets! Can't you let me off easier than that? Behold the total: Four sonnets, twenty-two lines on a lizard seen in the Petrified Forest, and nineteen six-line stanzas on 'Bass of Bass' Ferry' whom we accidentally met and who interested me greatly. The human animal beats trees and cañons. Of course they lie in different planes and can't with propriety be compared; but in the matter of interest what can exceed or come up to the human animal?"

As to this matter of interest in human beings rather than in men, I once heard him jokingly say to John Muir, whose love of wild nature is as great as Burroughs or Thompson-Seton's, "You're a jolly good fellow, Muir, but you think more of a tree than you do of a man." Which the speaker knew was an exaggeration, though exaggeration often makes one's point in an argument.

In our walks and talks, Taylor is always full of poetry. It bubbles out of him at every turn of the road—a live oak, a limpid pool, a brambled fence corner, or a tufted quail fleeing into a copse, is enough to bring forth a fine poetic thought, clothed in purely poetic language. Once when I took him to visit what I called a "tree island" on the broad green Berkeley hillside, he composed a sonnet on the spot and sent me a copy of it next day. It was called "The Isle of

Trees," and it was a very good sonnet, too.

There may be better poets than Taylor, but there is none who knows more about poetry. His study of it has not been merely that of a dilettante, but of the seasoned scholar—the man who knows books and the men and women who make them. He has written hundreds of sonnets and has a passion for them that is excelled by no other verse-writer. Why he should continue to express himself in this difficult form he has set forth in the following lines:

MY SONNET PRISON

All oftentimes my friends have said to me:

"Give o'er the sonnet, since thou dost but lie

At leaden length beneath its narrow sky—
A slave imprisoned when thou mightst be free.

Though true it is the masters loved by thee
Have in that cage sung strains that cannot die,

Yet there were those who could all bonds defy,
And soar at will in Art's immensity."

Then I to them: "No eagle's wings are mine,
That tempt the vastness of immortal song,
To rest at last on fame-encrowned years.

Leave me my prison bars, to me divine,
Where with the Muse I have communed so long,
And on her breast have shed memorial tears."

There is no one who can write a more illuminating essay on the sonnet or talk with more intelligence upon that subject than Taylor. He receives many requests to lecture upon this and other literary subjects, but nearly always declines, not caring to air his knowledge. Besides, as he once very truly said to me when I told him of my disappointment on hearing a lecture on poetry by Henry Van Dyke, "The most difficult thing in the world to speak upon before a mixed audience is poetry. Dr. Van Dyke probably couldn't begin to say the things he wanted to say, on that subject, but had to suit his hearers." But once Dr. Taylor did lecture on poetry, as I find by a letter I received from him in November, 1904.

"I was tempted," he wrote, "and I fell! I made a talk on the sonnet the other day

to a woman's club, and gave readings in illustration of the subject."

The way it came about was that the president of the club urged him to the effort, and Mrs. Taylor, who was a member of the society, joined her in the request. "Then, of course," as he wrote, "I was securely netted beyond power of escape. But I do not regret the experience. The women treated me royally."

His self-effacing modesty—his diffidence in referring to his own work—seems to be almost like that of Edward Fitzgerald. Also he never vaunts his literary friendships. For example, few men know to what extent he helped Henry George, who was his San Francisco law partner and close friend at the time George was writing *Progress and Poverty*, a work of which there were published, first and last, over 200,000 copies and which was translated into several languages. It was Taylor who pointed out to George that to make a short magazine article of the material in hand, as his friend proposed to do, would be altogether insufficient. He urged George to make a book of it, which he did. During all of the difficulties of preparation and publication (the manuscript was at first declined by all the leading publishers) Taylor was George's chief friend, critic and adviser. He revised all the manuscript and subsequently the proofs, George's syntax being sometimes at fault. You cannot make Taylor talk upon the part he played to win success for the book, but George has spoken eloquently upon it. There is a grateful inscription in a copy of the original edition of *Progress and Poverty*, which the author presented to his friend, "in token of feelings which it could but poorly symbolise were it covered with gold and crusted with diamonds."

Dr. Taylor, though conservative on many points and particularly as to that of the relation of capital to labour, wherein he has no strong prejudices, seeing alike the merits and the errors of each, is still a man of such catholic views that even in his mature age his enthusiasms have not faded. On reading the life of Henry George, written by his son, Henry George, Jr., he was capable of the following emotional flight:



DR. TAYLOR SOON AFTER HIS APPOINTMENT AS MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

From a photograph taken in the Bohemian Club's Redwood Grove on the occasion of a "Jinks." The cartoon represents the office seekers pursuing the new Mayor. Above is a caricature of George Sterling

Again I hear his dauntless voice,
 Again my heart with his is one,
 Again I hear great souls rejoice
 At deathless work supremely done,
 And see once more the millions stirred
 At his incomparable word.

His estimates of the great men of our day, as revealed in talks he has had with me, have been very candid and have shown keen penetration. Once when I was enthusing over Gladstone, having just read Morley's *Life*, he threw over me this wet blanket:

Gladstone is a big subject, and well worth any man's study, but like so many men with the gift of oratory—word-mongers—he seems to have been a complete failure as a statesman. There was nothing he was really successful in except in the Exchequer, where as Chancellor he did fine things, seeming to have a genius for budgets and for penetrating them understandably (if there is such a word) and interestingly. The whole Irish business was utterly miserable.

Likewise when we discussed Herbert Spencer's autobiography, he declared that his *Synthetic Philosophy* had done infinite harm.

These opinions are not those of a cynic. (If you once saw Taylor's kindly eye and full, rather florid, smiling face you would not think of him for a moment as one embittered.) They are the sentiments of a man who weighs men.

He has a high admiration for Kipling, though he sees his limitations, as are hinted at by him in the following lines, which give as good a characterisation of the great Britisher's work as anything I have seen:

'Tis not for beauty that to him we go,
 Nor for the gilded dust of by-gone days,
 But for the forceful, unimpeded flow
 Of hottest blood that fills unwonted ways;
 For strifes and loves, for pleasures and for
 pains

That roll tumultuous in the Present's veins.

Of Ibsen, Shaw, Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Gorky and Maeterlinck, he has been a close reader.

"Men like these," he said to me not

long ago, "present life to us in terribly awful forms, but truthful as far as they go. Like a lens, they concentrate the vision upon one spot until we can see nothing else; but how clearly we see that damned, accursed spot! Ibsen's total lack of humour is partly accountable for his treatment of life. But should we pay no heed to him or his followers because, forsooth, they are incapable of seeing, as Shakespeare saw, all around life, and not some particular parts of it? And even as to some of the meanest and worst things in man had Shakespeare himself the penetrating vision of Ibsen?"

I have quoted these remarks of Dr. Taylor's on these men because I think they give a better idea of the man himself than can be found in his writings. For after all it is a man's capacity for viewing other men, his intelligent appreciation of them and their work—that best reflects his own character. For example, if a man has no respect for Carlyle or Emerson or has not read any of his books, one may readily place him.

Although Dr. Taylor is no great prophet in his own country, he is well known in England, for beside what his literary friends there have read and said of his work in their own circles, the big reviews have treated his works most kindly, in some cases, even enthusiastically. Particularly is this the case of his remarkable book *The Sonnets of Heredia*, of which it is generally conceded no one has made such an acceptable translation. The *London Times* gave the latest collection of Dr. Taylor's verse a glowing column the other day and the English press has published many other flattering notices.

To write poetry one must suffer one's poems. That Taylor has suffered some of his, at least, may be gleaned from the following couplet in his *Memories*, which book contains some of his best verse:

O Grief that is darker than night!
 O Sympathy brighter than light!
 Mysterious twins, I have heard
 Your awfulest, kindest word.

Bailey Millard.

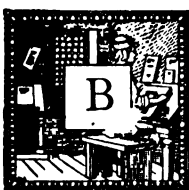
A FRENCH ESTIMATE OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

France has at length discovered George Bernard Shaw, and having discovered him is at once impressed and perplexed. His books have been read by many French critics, and "Candida" has been presented in French in a Paris theatre. For some months his name has been appearing with great regularity in the French newspapers. There seems little doubt that he will become quite as popular in France as Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells, the only living English writers who have a wide audience among French readers. Meanwhile Mr. Shaw himself has not been idle. The writer of "Notes from Paris," in the London "Athenæum," recently predicted that the Shaw plays could have no success on the French stage owing to the inefficiency of the French translator. Mr. Shaw whacked that person in the best Shawian manner. When "Candida" was finally presented in Paris England watched its reception with great curiosity. The London "Sketch" prints weekly a department entitled "Free from the Censor," in which are discussed with considerable freedom the plots of the current French plays. In its issue of May 20th "Candida" was selected and treated in a spirit of amusing burlesque. The skit purported to be from the pen of one Aristide Lapompe. It begins as follows:

"Mr. the Editor of the journal so spread 'The Sketch.' My friend the journalist distinguished who in the ordinary writes upon this page has asked me, me a French, this week to speak to you of my impressions of the play who comes from producing herself in Paris of your humourist English, Shaw Georges-Bernard. I impress myself to make right to his desire. I begin—

"Candida is the seductive spouse of a pastor of the most austere Morell James. He, the pastor, is, I believe it, a cunning. Oh, là-là, and how! He employs in his at home a tapper of the machine to write who has name Proserpine Garnett. She is of the tribe who wear the hair short and the boots—name of a pipe—the boots enormous long. She loves the reverend. And he—but, ma foi, I know not—"

In somewhat the spirit of M. Aristide the translator of the following article is trying to keep as close as possible to the original rather than to render it into a more idiomatic English.



BERNARD SHAW is of Irish birth. Without doubt it is for that reason we find him emphatically indisposed to admire blindly English society or that English imperialistic spirit of which his own little country was the first victim. It is as an Irishman, thinking of Ireland's wrongs, that Bernard Shaw writes of the "greater England" as sung and preached by the Indian Kipling. He has gone so far as to write a play frankly antimilitarist: *Arms and the Man*. In this play he declares the heroism of battle as nothing but fear pushed to its paroxysm. The fighter thinks only of saving his own life through the death

of his enemy: the valour with which he defends himself is entirely in proportion to his fear of being himself killed. And beyond that, in this struggle of infuriated rabbits what decides victory or defeat is chance alone. Bernard Shaw (he has obviously read Tolstoy) shows a captain who goes to battle carrying chocolates instead of cartridges. That is to say, that eating or killing are equally means of living. Thus Bernard Shaw, with a boldness often extreme but always sincere, a perseverance almost heroic, an unceasing fantasy and ingenuity, is the one of all English writers who has best thrown the light on the practical and moralising genius of the "nation of shopkeepers," which is never at a loss for unctuous prin-

G. B. S.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AS THE BEADLE

G. B. understudies a part in his new play, *Getting Married*. When the Haymarket Company was to be photographed the actor who plays the Beadle was absent and the dramatist took his place

ciples by which to justify its interests. This explains at once the opposition and the support which, in England, have met the works of this too clearly seeing indiscreet and amusing moralist.

It was at Dublin that Bernard Shaw began to observe the world. But the manner in which we observe the world depends greatly upon the place that we ourselves hold in it. The more favours it has for us, the more leniently we regard it, and our opinion of life depends above all upon the reception which life extends to us. Now Bernard Shaw at the time of his first impressions of the machinery of society was vegetating in the office of a land agent. At the age of twenty-three he went to London. He became an electrician. (Can that be a specialty of English novelists? You remember that Wells was also a good electrician.) But Bernard Shaw did not work as an amateur: he enrolled himself in a brigade of American telephonists. He also had quite a taste for music and was a very passable accompanist at the piano. But neither electricity nor the piano sufficed to earn him a living, and his mother was obliged to give music lessons in order to eke out their existence. Then, as everybody in England (the same as in France, alas!) seemed to be writing novels, Bernard Shaw decided to do the same. But his first works were refused by the publishers, and when a play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, found a hearing, it was suppressed by the public censor.

Thus Bernard Shaw was long a favourite neither of life nor of glory. His present

great success has cost him much. His personal life, as well as his Irish birth, and all his young experience were bound to make of him not only an ardent revolutionist, bitter against imperialism and the comedy of virtue, but also declaring war on injustice in every part of the world where inequality rules. Bernard Shaw is a socialist. He is a socialist in his novels, in his articles, in his plays. He is a socialist by instinct and by principle, by habit and by profession, also by artistic taste and by logic, because it is in socialism that this revolutionist has found the unity of his life, of his work, and of the war that he has waged so passionately on all social lies.

I believe that the first estimate of any importance to appear in France about Bernard Shaw was the article in the *Revue de Paris* last year, and it is only to-day that they are undertaking the translation of his novels and of his plays. We have just seen presented one of the latter which has produced an effect of mingled admiration and surprise, and which has enabled us to understand something of what we shall like in Bernard Shaw, and also something of those phases of his vigorous and aggressive talent which will always be a little beyond our understanding.

Bernard Shaw is above all a satirist. His particular study has been the vices of English society. What he excels in expressing are the secret and profound revulsions of certain souls that are stifling in the Puritanical atmosphere, under the national mask of "respectability." Can-

dida is specifically an attack on the humbug in the English church and on the adept hypocrites who foster it. It shows a clergyman, a wonderful orator, an inexhaustible preacher, who forgets in listening to his own flow of words the realities of life. At bottom he understands nothing of the human heart, and those who listen to him, the women who, on Sunday, because there is nothing else to do in England, crowd to his sermons, understand no more of what he says, and are simply in love with him. Bernard Shaw is undertaking to-day in England a work that in a way may be compared with that of Henrik Ibsen in the Norway of yesterday. But presented on our stage all this living actuality disappears. That which lashes the English to fury we feel not at all, and so as a nation we can never quite understand the basis of the work of Bernard Shaw.

On the other hand, there exists between Bernard Shaw and us a real intellectual relationship; for while basically he resembles Ibsen and appears also to have come under the influence of Tolstoy and Nietzsche, in his style and in his turn of wit he is much closer to our Voltaire, and to our Anatole France. Like them he deals in irony, which is the one arm of satire, and which is distinctively French. He himself has acknowledged the French influence and proclaimed his admiration for our masters. And that in the eyes of his own country is not his least originality. He has introduced into his work a Gallic irreverence, and if he is not the only one to do so, his voice has at least been the loudest to cry that all was not for the best in the best of Empires.

The boldest of his plays, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, introduces a well brought up young girl and a mother whose fortune is of ignoble origin. When the daughter, learning the truth, sits in judgment, the mother frankly and cynically tells the story of her life, explaining that her conduct has been as good as that of other people and that the reality, whatever it may be, is preferable to the lying conventions which conceal it.

But what to me appears most characteristic in Bernard Shaw is his concep-

tion of love and the poetry of love. He is too intelligent to be sentimental and nobody is less romantic. Evidently he has read much of Schopenhauer, and his attitude toward the love sung by the poets and ennobled by marriage is much the same as his attitude toward the church and hypocritical morality. Love is only a frantic egotism in which is manifested the life force, and in the eyes of Bernard Shaw this truth, when it is well understood, is fully as beautiful, above all fully as useful, as all the lies of idealism and of lyrical traditions. We are alone in the world; we must know that to be intelligent, and accept it to be strong. The real poet is not he who throws a veil over the sad figure of life, but he who understands himself frankly, he who pities himself and consoles himself aloud while others listen. If he is a bitter satirist of manners, Bernard Shaw is no less a cruel critic of sentimental literature and of false poetry. The tendernesses on which his countrymen dote he holds in horror. And in his fiery intensity he goes so far as to dub Dante "a jackass"; he can see nothing good in Milton, "that Englishman who puts cannon and cannon powder in heaven," and above all, he never ceases his gibes at the greatest of all, Shakespeare, in whose work are summed up all the deformities of romanticism.

Bernard Shaw tells somewhere that once, shocked by the effect that his observations produced upon him, he believed that he had bad sight, and fearing that he was not seeing as other people saw, he went to consult an oculist. He learned, on the contrary, that his sight was entirely normal, and so understood that it was that that made him exceptional. He saw better than the rest of the world—that was all.

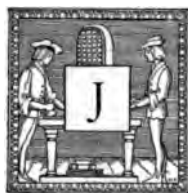
This anecdote sums up all his work, while the wish not to be a dupe, and to see things as they are, explains all his paradoxes and all his extremities. Bernard Shaw, because he is a revolutionist and a socialist, undertakes to draw the portrait of the man of the future (*Man and Superman*). But this portrait is not very exact, or, at least, one feels that Bernard Shaw, in drawing it, felt that neither humanity nor society could ever

improve, and that the first merit of the superman would be to adjust himself to things as they are. In one of his first romances, *Cashel Byron's Profession* (*Confession de Cashel Byron!*), he shows us a professional athlete marrying a gentleman's daughter. This athlete is the beginning of the superman, who must be equally strong of body and of mind, equally capable of health and of truth, as vigorous to battle with lies as he is to strike a blow with the fist. It is neces-

sary that this athlete philosopher marry a woman in good health and without introducing the complication of love, breed fine children to ensure a healthy race. And this athlete, because of his fists and of his mind, will be able to impose on his fellows absolute frankness and positive sincerity. In that way, if it can be done, he will reform society. All our misfortunes come from lies, all our happiness will come from the truth.

Gaston Rageot.

THE ITALIAN AS A CARICATURIST

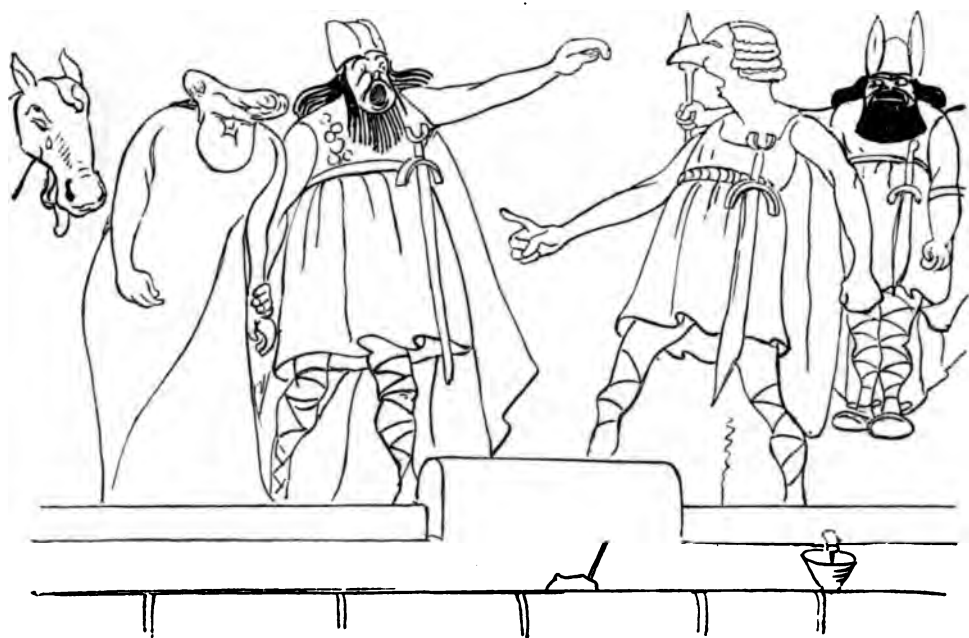


UST the difference existing between the humorous and the grotesque, the pretty and the beautiful, measures the distance between the art of the caricaturist in its highest and in its lowest qualities.

In Italy anti-clerical bitterness has tempted the humourist-draughtsman

from the fields of pleasantry to the barren wastes of feud; the manners of men they have forgotten to depict in the spirit of gentle suggestion, and the morals of monks they have distorted in hurried hours, producing nothing worth while placing in anything like the same category with the art of caricature in other nations.

However, one has only to recall the



WAGNERIAN OPERA AT THE SCALA. BY FOLIA



THE DEPARTURE OF THE SINGER BENEDETTO MARCELLO FROM VENICE. BY FOLIA



A STREET INCIDENT

An example of clever humorous black and white work appearing in an Italian magazine, unsigned

IN LOVE



MARRIED



HUSBAND
AND WIFE



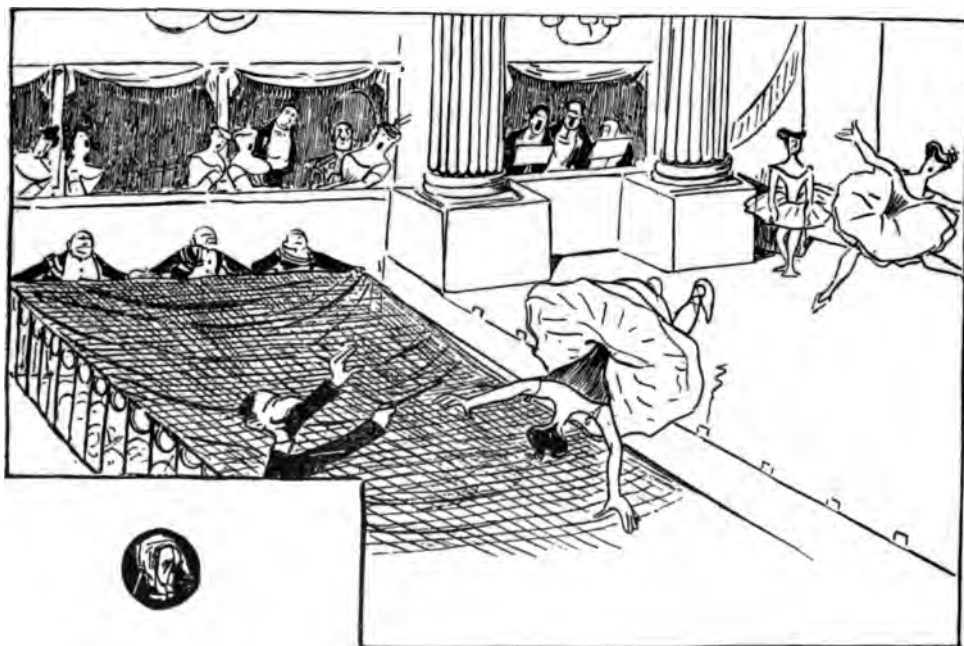


CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF D'ANNUNZIO. BY FOLIA



NASICA

CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF DUCE. BY NASICA



FOLIA'S SUGGESTION FOR THE BALLET AT THE SCALA



From a Milanese weekly journal.

SIGNORE DIOGENES SEARCHES FOR AN HONEST MAN



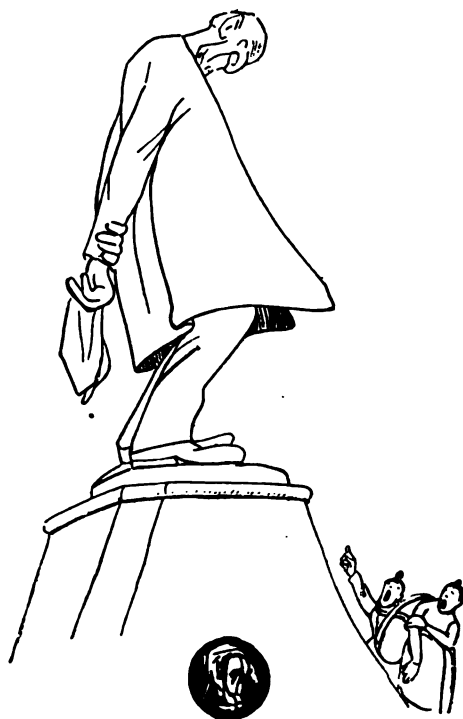
CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF D'ANNUNZIO. BY
NASICA



THE THIRD ACT OF PUCCINI'S "TOSCA" AT THE
SCALA



CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF PAUL HERVIEU. BY
CAPPIELLO



CARICATURE OF THE PROPOSED VILLORESI MONU-
MENT AT MILAN. BY FOLIA

little-known examples of drawings from the sketch-books of the early Florentine painters of the Renaissance to know that the funny side of things has ever been really dear to the heart of the Italian artist. If the art of caricature has been dormant in the land of the Latins, it is now awakened by a score or more of

drawing from abject commonplaceness. With them the "plot" element too often is the only thing given especial consideration, for as a general rule the Italian caricaturists do not even take the trouble to sign their drawings, or when they do, then with only initials or an obscure device.



SCENE FROM "HANS" AS ENACTED AT THE TEATRO
DAL VERME AT MILAN. BY FOLIA

young artists who are tired of the vulgar uses to which Mirth's pencil has been subjected by the merely vindictive, and every day something new is forthcoming from their imaginations.

All Italians are born draughtsmen, but few have any idea of composition or the æsthetic quality that saves their average

Signore Cappiello is an exception. Cappiello came to the front a couple of years ago as a poster-artist, not only of promise, but of accomplishment, and the French welcomed him to Paris and tried to make a Frenchman of him, as they had of Mucha, the Bohemian; Moser, the Austrian; and Steinlein, the Swiss;

but without permanent success. Italians are not so easily expatriated as one imagines. On the other hand, they are not slow in depicting alien national characteristics. To one who has followed the career of M. Paul Hervieu the portrait-caricature of him by Cappiello will appeal irresistibly.

Two of the Italian monthlies, *La Lettura* and *Varietas*, have devoted many of their pages recently to things humorous. From the former are reproduced two caricatures, Duse and D'Annunzio, by Nasica, and from the latter, Folia's clever skits on operatic and theatrical events.

It is unfortunate that Italians have little idea of the fitness of accessories in the decoration of essentials. That in itself would furnish endless fun for the graphic reformer. It is no uncommon thing to find the chorus in *Lucia di Lammermoor* wearing kilts upon its shoulders and plaids where the kilts should have been, vainly disguising the discrepancy with tights dyed baby blue. Shades of

heather! As for *Traviata*, its heroine is more often attired in Parisian mode of to-day, and Alfredo struts about looking like Louis XIV., whilst the maid in the death scene would do credit to the local dressmakers of Putney. Indeed, Italy is not lacking in material for rousing the risibility of the graphic fun-maker, but her caricaturists are slow in seizing their opportunities.

Then, too, though newspapers in Italy are numerous, no one of them, like the *Times* in London or the *Herald* in New York, is read throughout the country. Consequently the caricaturist would have no chance of finding through their circulations an audience, even if they published cartoons, which they seldom do.

However, progress in this direction is certain, and Italy may come to the front with astonishing speed one of these fine days when least expected. It only needs some great exponent, an Italian Thomas Nast, to set the ball rolling.

Gardner Teall.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

RUSSELL'S "CHATTERTON"*

When Mr. Russell's reader begins by reading that the object of this volume is "to clear from undeserved reproach the memory of one of the greatest minds and sweetest souls that ever dwelt upon this earth," the pitch will strike him as too high. So he begins, like Mrs. Malaprop, "with a little aversion," and supplies himself with cautionary salt.

He has no need for it, let us hasten to say, so far as the narrative is concerned. Mr. Russell has got up his story with the utmost care, has rummaged Bristol for documents and for such local tradition as there may be, though after a century

and a quarter local tradition concerning one who did not attain in his lifetime to be a local notability is faint and confused. What there was trustworthy and indicative about it in this case was gleaned and garnered long ago. But one has a comfortable assurance that his author knows and tells all that there is to be known about his subject. Sometimes he tells it in a fashion so circuitous as to be irritating. What is the use, for example, of saying that, "if Chatterton had been born 240 miles S.E. of E. from Bristol, no one would have thought it essential that he be pilloried for the public good." If Mr. Russell means Paris, why cannot he say Paris, instead of leaving the ultra-conscientious reader to work out the bearing of Paris from Bristol on the map?

But it is Mr. Russell's critical faculty that is often submerged by his sense of the solemnity of his mission. A boy

*Thomas Chatterton, the Marvellous Boy. The Story of a Strange Life. 1752-70. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: Mofat, Yard and Company, 1908.

of shining genius and bewildering precocity is not upon that account to be taken with so portentous a seriousness. No matter how precocious a boy Chatterton was, he was still a boy. On Mr. Russell's theory that he was in all respects an adult, and on Mr. Russell's own showing, we should have to pass a much severer judgment on him than there is any occasion or justification for passing. When the biographer observes, with a straight face: "Later in life, Chatterton became an undisguised sceptic as to all revealed religion, but in his early years he was rather devout," the reader cannot restrain a smile. "Later in life" and "early years" of a boy who died at eighteen! Presumably if he had written at sixteen the *History of His Religious Opinions* which Newman wrote at sixty, his biographer would have felt bound to consider it with gravity as a contribution to theology. To the common reader the case is so clear. Chatterton was a prodigy of precocious poetical sensibility but not a monster of general maturity. Along with his brightness went an impish tendency to mischief such as very commonly accompanies precocity in a less degree. Like Charles Reade's boy, cited by Mr. Russell, he "had the eye of a hawk for affectation." He was no respecter of persons, particularly no respecter of parsons. He took a mischievous delight in fabricating a pedigree for the pewterer; he entered into a theological controversy with the parson as he might have stretched a string across the sidewalk to trip him up withal; it was the proudest moment of his life when he "sold" Horace Walpole, unless it was when he hoaxed the attorney to whom he was articulated by pretending to be about to commit suicide. These are pranks of which no lively boy would need to be ashamed after he had become a man and put away childish things. He might do a little retrospective blushing over the fact that he had endeavoured to extract a guinea from Dodsley preparatory to "selling" him on his own subject of ancient poetry. But the naïveté of the attempt would have relieved its knavery. On Mr. Russell's theory of his general maturity and responsibility it would have been knavery unrelieved. All the same Chatterton left

Bristol with the fairly earned reputation of a young scapegrace. And his "politics" are so evidently part of his general desire to smite the Philistines, and the result of his general tendency to speak evil of dignities. How absurd to represent him, when engaged in this mischievous amusement, as "a martyr of democracy." In point of fact, for all the service he did for the Wilkites (of whom John of that ilk protested that he himself "had never been one") he was very well paid until the exchequer failed. Doubtless, besides intending to earn his living as a literary adventurer in London, by political satire in prose and verse, he had the desire, as Byron in his youth, of "showing his wrath and his wit." Mr. Russell, by the way, much overrates the satire:

Alas! America, thy ruined cause
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws,
Unrepresented thou art taxed, excised
By creatures much too vile to be despised.

This doggerel is by no means first-class political satire, even for its own time. There must have been many other English boys of Chatterton's age who could have done it as well. Nor is Mr. Russell really critical about the more serious verse. There are, of course, beautiful things in Chatterton's poetry, things worthy of Keats, of Shakespeare—part of Shakespeare—of anybody. But that is no reason for idolatrising such a stanza as

The morn begins along the east to shine,
Darkling the light doth on the waters play,
The faint red gleam slow creepeth o'er the
green

To chase the murkiness of night away,
a stanza which one would imagine to have been composed for Gray's "Elegy" and, on good grounds, omitted or "withheld for revision." And this couplet, which Mr. Russell picks out for praise:

He keeps the passions with the sound in
play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling
key,—

why, it might perfectly have been written by Tickell, who is one of Mr. Russell's black beasts. Nobody holds a brief for

Tickell nowadays. But it is unfortunate for Mr. Russell's case that he cannot seem to exalt his client without abasing somebody else. Of course, we have to give him up Pope and the school of Pope as poets. That has been well enough understood this long time. But what are we to make of such a phrase as "the dreary inanities of Marvel (*sic*), Tickell, Shenstone, Akenside and Young"? What a perfectly uncritical association! "Why lug in" Marvell, who neither in time, style or spirit has anything to do with the other four? A writer who finds the "Horatian Ode" and the "Thoughts in a Garden" and the "Bermudas," which are all three, and by the most just title, embodied in the *Golden Treasury* of Palgrave, which contains no Chatterton—who finds these things "dreary inanities" is not a critic from whom you can take anything on trust. And great and what one might call ungrateful injustice is done to Thomson, who, much more truly than Chatterton, was the herald and precursor of the romantic revival in English poetry. Recall that "The Castle of Indolence" appeared six years before Chatterton was born, that it preceded him in admiring imitation of Spencer, and apparently stimulated him to it, and you will wonder that that "rich proemion" in which, equally as in Chatterton's own verse, Wordsworth delighted, should apparently have escaped the notice of Chatterton's biographer. And what are we to make of "the obvious and trite reflections of Gray," in that Elegy which for the century and a half since its appearance has maintained its place, through all changes of fashion, and with all classes of readers, as the most familiar and admired poem in the English language?

Clearly, it behooves the reader to keep his salt-bag within easy reach when he is reading Mr. Russell's criticism. The only illuminating part of his critical discourse is that in which he points out and illustrates the variety of Chatterton's music. And even this is not novel. It is a quarter of a century since Mr. Theodore Watts wrote the warmly eulogistic but sane and discriminating criticism, in which he first gave just emphasis to the poet's "metrical inventiveness."

Discrimination is not Mr. Russell's

strong point, whether in the criticism or in the biography. Undoubtedly Horace Walpole cuts a shabby figure in his relations with Chatterton, living or dead. He resented much too strongly being "sold" by the Bristol attorney's clerk, as apparently he would have been if he had not invoked Gray and Mason, and his irritation led him to confuse a boy's prank with an adult's fraud. At the same time, it is rather absurd to represent poor old garrulous Horace as a ghoul intent on defiling the grave of his own victim. His own account of that dinner at the Royal Academy, had Mr. Russell given it in his own words, would have dispelled that misconception.

Dining at the Royal Academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them; for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. . . . You may imagine we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith; but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed; for, on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself.

This is not the language of one who had vowed vengeance on Chatterton, dead or alive.

Though Mr. Russell needs constant checking, however, whether he be dealing with his hero as man or as poet, he has amassed facts which are not only interesting but illuminating, and his book is worth reading.

Montgomery Schuyler.

II

THOMAS HARDY'S "THE DYNASTS"*

A note appended to the first part of *The Dynasts*, published nearly four years ago, reads, "The Second and Third Parts are in hand, but their publication is not guaranteed." How minutely the plan, at least, of the whole trilogy must have lain in Mr. Hardy's mind is clear from the

*The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in Three Parts. Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

advertisement of the full nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes of the complete scenario on the title-page of the original instalment. The precautionary announcement was apparently due to some little uncertainty on the part of the publisher—less probably on Mr. Hardy's part—as to whether the reception of the sample would justify the output of the whole commodity. There was an odd and experimental air about the whole enterprise which may well have given the boldest publisher pause. Drama in any ordinary sense the thing obviously could not be; and a closet play of such heroic proportions was not likely to tempt the palates of the many. In his preface the author frankly owns that his work has nothing in common with the stage play but a convenient nomenclature. He has something to say, however, as to the tendency of the drama, so far as it has merit of a lasting kind, to submit itself for purely "mental performance," and goes so far as to suggest that "mental performance alone may eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life." But it seems that Mr. Hardy would have been taking smaller liberty in the use of the term epic in connection with his rather anomalous work. With all its cumbrousness of bulk and heterogeneity of detail, the whole affair undeniably gives the suggestion, at least, of action on the grand plane. Narrative and description, whether in or out of the dialogue, are the main thing. It is precisely in that revelation of human character as fused by action and expressed in natural speech that the so-called drama fails to be dramatic. The author is nearer the truth in calling his work "a panoramic show" than a play for mental production. If it were not for the vivid spectacular quality of the performance, the natural regret would be that Mr. Hardy did not cast his material in the form of historical prose fiction. But the pictorial effect is there, and for its sake much ineptness of detail, much absurdity even, may be stomachied by the reader who is able to get himself into the necessary frame of mind.

The first part had a much more respectful critical reception, especially in England, than the present writer thought

it deserved. There was a portentous air about the whole business which struck him as irresistibly funny. It seemed to him that the author of *Tess* had strained at a camel and only one-third swallowed a gnat. He thought (as he still thinks) the Hardy blank verse pretty bad and the Hardy machinery rather ridiculous. But now that he has seen the whole show he is by no means inclined to dismiss it as a fiasco. If a really great thing has not been done, at least a great kind of thing has been attempted. A robust poetry is at least suggested by his fustian, a true grandeur effigied by his grandiosity. Long before the beginning of this attempt Mr. Hardy had made it sufficiently clear that he was not a poet; that prose was his "right-hand" means of expression, and he could only make a lumbering vehicle of verse, not a free medium. Barring one or two rude and in their way forcible camp ditties, there is not a line of poetry in *The Dynasts*. His blank verse is mere crabbed and artificial prose, not at all his own characteristic prose, chopped up into lines. In more serious passages it simply becomes more crabbed, more artificial. It is bad enough to hear his "phantasmal intelligences," who serve, in a very flexible sense, as chorus, delivering themselves in such inhuman fashion as:

You cannot swerve the pulsion of the Byss,
Which thinking on, yet weighing not Its
thought,
Unchecks Its clock-like laws—

Or

For the large potencies,
Instilled into his idiosyncrasy,
—To throne fair Liberty in Privilege' room—
Are taking taint—

Or

So may ye judge Earth's jackaclocks to be
Not fugged by one will, but function-free.

But after all a Spirit of the Pities, or a Semichorus II, may naturally discourse in that style for anything we know to the contrary. And it is even conceivable that Napoleon, with his taste for rhetoric, might, with a little better knowledge of Elizabethan literature, have said to Decrès:

But you have nourished secret sour opinions
Akin to his, and thereby helped to scathe
As ably based a project as this age
Has sinned to ripeness.

But when Wellington on the field of
Waterloo says to a fellow-officer:

That this was rigged for some apt time to-day,
I had foreseen, but that it would be made
Sheet on our lines, while they still stand un-
swayed

In conscious battle-trim, I reckoned not . . .

we realize that it is a mere conventional
way of speech. Blank verse
is the more important passages
it is understood that blank verse
is the better thing to use. To a reverent
lover of English poetry there may even
be something resembling sacrilege in this
deliberate imitation in buckram and tin
plate of the heroic panoply of her great-
est verse. Mr. Hardy's Wessex yokels
and London citizens appear here, as
always in their native homespun and
good stout tweed.

The dramatic ineffectiveness of his
major figures, Napoleon, Wellington,
Nelson and the rest, is due in part, but
not altogether, to this abuse of style. If
you make Coriolanus talk like "The Boy
Stood on the Burning Deck," you make it
hard for him to reveal himself as Corio-
lanus. But, indeed, it is plain that our
showman has no deep "creative" realisa-
tion of his great historical personages,
and in his character of showman such
powers are perhaps unnecessary. His
purpose has been not to portray the char-
acter and experience of any single person,
but to give a picture of Europe during
the few years when the culminating
career of its greatest modern tyrant
caused it to live and suffer most vividly.
And, by hook and by crook, with a dis-
comforting disregard for the rules, by
great splashes of background, sudden
shiftings of perspective, and niggling but
suggestive detail placed where it is
sure to catch the eye, he has given this
picture, painted this panorama. It is not
a work of art, but it indubitably produces
its effect, for the moment at least. His
realistic scenes, his broad-speaking yokels
and camp-followers, are the bits of real
straw, the fence-rail, the veritable can-

teen which lead the eye almost insensibly
to the great stretch of canvas beyond,
where we behold the nation's rage under
the half-pitying, half-ironical eye of the
Unseen. Had Mr. Hardy attempted true
drama, he must have failed lamentably;
but the fact is, he has attempted some-
thing else—to get a certain pictorial effect
by irregular means—and he has not
failed.

H. W. Boynton.

III

"TALKS ON RELIGION."*

In spite of its somewhat forbidding
title, this book is of exceptional interest
because of the place of its origin, the
personnel of its speakers, and the subject-
matter of its discussions. In one of
those older squares of the city—a bit of
nature set down in the midst of the world
of business—it was fitting that certain
men of affairs should stop and inquire
as to the meaning of such problems as
the relation of morality and life, the
church and the state, the dogmatism of
theology and the materialism of science.
The persons concerned in these discus-
sions formed a sort of ideal common-
wealth of brains, and in their interchange
of ideas showed the awakening interest
in religious and philosophical questions
represented by the "New Thought" at
home and Modernism abroad. Here then
was a chance for a true symposium, for
the collective inquiry thus instituted was
notable for presenting discussions by real
people and people of position, for giving
the honest opinions of these people and
for striving after a possible synthesis of
the many minds of many men. As the
hospitable leader of this gathering de-
scribed it, the twelve men assembled in
his rooms presented unusual contrasts.
They included professors of several op-
posing schools of philosophy, the rector
of an influential city parish, an orientalist
and writer on Eastern religions, an his-
torian who had done much to clarify our
knowledge of the Middle Ages, an editor
of a religious journal, a banker, formerly

*Talks on Religion. A Collective Inquiry.
Edited by Henry Bedinger Mitchell. New
York: Longmans, Green and Company.

an officer in the United States Army, and men who had helped make more than one branch of modern science.

Given this group, which included those conspicuously interested in such widely diverse topics as socialism, pragmatism and mysticism, it was natural that they should all wish to express their opinions. But while each was given a chance to speak, all were obliged to stick to the subject. Hence, it was the task of the Mathematician, as symposiarch, to outline the scope and character of the evening's inquiry and to sum up the results of the previous month's discussion. It was also his task, which he modestly forgets to add, to remember all that was said up to the small hours of the morning and to set it down afterward with such essential accuracy as to render his volume a veritable *tour de force*. But the volume is more than an extraordinary feat of memory; it is also a model of the modern platonic dialogue. In form it reminds one of the *Tusculan Disputations*, but without the remoteness of classical antiquity; in manner it resembles the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, but without obvious emanation from a single mind. Yet it is not like the so-called symposium of the modern magazine, which, beginning as a battle of wits, often degenerates into a violent quarrel. This is the colloquy of friends whose intimacy precludes showing off, whose cleverness nevertheless cannot be hidden. So what the book may lack as a formal feast of reason it makes up by the tobasco sauce of its style. Thus we find the Mathematician describing nature as breeding brotherhood in man, as we breed horses for speed or wind, and man as a moral being who in opposition to natural law and natural forces plays a lone hand for his own ideals. Similar lively language is to be found in the give and take of actual debate. Thus, when the Philosopher, with a trend toward socialism, says that he will not accept the prescriptions set down by the universe, his colleague retorts that his attitude toward life is not religious, for the essence of religion is to play the game, not to dispute the rules.

Such being the manner of speaking of the disputants, it might be expected that

the matter of their efforts would be somewhat radical. But that is not entirely the case. They are men who have avowedly won their intellectual liberty hardly; at the same time they are not irreligious. Whether all agreed with their host that the religious spirit is the most intimately inherent emotion and fact of life, they all are willing to discuss religion as a fundamental psychological or anthropological phenomenon. So the Mathematician, using the language of his craft, seeks to gain by the study of religious teachings the highest common factor of them all. To this end, and in order to dissipate the common indefiniteness in talk on religious subjects, it is agreed that each shall try to define the nature of religion. This meeting with general approval it was suggested that the Historian begin. At first he demurred as being barren of the religious feeling, but after a little chaff he picked up the thread of his thought and made out religion to be as irrational, or rather unrational, as falling in love. Then the Zoologist was asked his views on the subject, for although he was a scientist it was granted that he was a man. Following his description of how he outgrew his childish beliefs and how the knowledge of the slow, sure march of evolution and the immutability of law opened to his mind the grandeur of nature, his neighbour, the Author, was asked to take up the talk. As a graduate of the Indian Civil Service, the latter based his beliefs on certain passages in Oriental literature and added to the previous definitions the ethical element.

Upon this, the narrative continues, it was as though a stone had been thrown into a hornet's nest, there was a hum and buzz of query and protestation and it was only with difficulty that the Clergyman had a chance to object that the discussion seemed to be concerning itself more with the philosophy of religion than with religion itself. The time being up the Clergyman was asked to be prepared to speak the following month on Christianity as illustrative of what religion meant to him. But to his statement that primitive Christianity was the most perfect of religions it was objected by the Editor, who was a member of the So-

ciety of Friends by birth and education, that Buddha and other great religious teachers might have been looking to the same God as did Jesus. It then being granted that primitive Christianity was speedily corrupted, the Historian questioned how the mediæval church could be called at all Christian, when the "Christianising" of the human heart meant the instilling of the black fear of death, the making of a free man a cringing coward before the thought of eternal torture.

The protest raised by the Historian was later summed up in the chapter on organisation and religion, when it was said that the crimes of the church, its superstitions, bigotry and cruelty, its self-seeking, and opposition to all progress, its political rather than its religious character through the Middle Ages were to be illustrated by the writings and records of the mediæval churchmen themselves. So the Historian, relying on his historic evidence, now asked the Clergyman if Christianity had not been very disappointing, and the latter replied that it was not so if it were considered a sort of spiritual socialism whose organisation is an assistance in the religious life. To this vague answer even the Youth objected, holding that religion gives birth to organisation and tends to die in the process, while the Pragmatist contended that the betterment of man was primarily to be sought through the emancipation of science, our tenements, for example, being now better than they were, not because of religion, but because of sanitation. In short, religion seemed to him not to lie in organisation, not to be a collective thing but an individual thing, an act of the will, an adventure of faith. But to the inference that organisation seemed unnecessary and superfluous, the Oxonian, as an earnest Churchman, dissented. To him the church seemed as necessary as an organ to its function, for without it the atmosphere of reverence and worship evaporates. The views of the last two speakers seemed discrepant, but the Mathematician, with his wonted skill, now harmonised them. To him the relations of individualism to common organisation appeared much like the fel-

lowship existing at a university where each man works on his own line, but each inspires the others.

Here ended the winter's talks on religion, but in the early summer the discussion was resumed, and though the circle of disputants was smaller, there was no lack of dispute. The Zoologist had sailed for the South Pacific, the Banker was in Amsterdam, the Biologist was presiding at a medical conference and the Pragmatist had gone to his country home. But there were others left to carry out the programme, so when the Author entered the old meeting place he found the Philosopher in his accustomed seat in the corner of the cushioned window bench talking with the Editor and Mathematician about pragmatism. But the interesting things they talked about had best be left unsaid, for they may be found in the last two chapters of this significant volume.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

IV

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S "THE MEANING OF THE TIMES"*

Senator Beveridge's book contains his addresses during the past decade. Most of the subjects are current political topics, capital and labour, the trusts, the Philippines, forestry, child labour, nationalism and State rights. Mr. Beveridge's main idea is an unlimited, unsectional United States with Indiana as the centre and the Republican Party over all. Certain persons will applaud or hiss the Senator's book according as their political beliefs agree or disagree with his. Certain other persons will perceive that Mr. Beveridge's opinions have little to do with the real character of the author and the real character of his book, that to be in favour of permanent tenure of the Philippines and opposed to child labour signifies nothing, when favour and opposition are set forth with prize-piece-speaking fury and sound. Taking sides may be a simple, unintellectual act of prejudice, or occasion-serving.

*The Meaning of the Times. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

What matters in any book that discusses questions on which there are two fair sides is the tone, the spirit, the intellectual grounds of belief. When a man like Mr. Beveridge writes on controversial matters he finds in unfavourable criticism evidence only of partisan opposition. All thinking to him consists in flat pros and cons. He will conclude that the present reviewer is a Democrat from Missouri. He may guess right, but the foundations of his guess will be a poor kind of mental establishment.

When the statesman-author-orator gets away from problems about which editors write editorials and congressmen debate, when he comes to the mysteries of life, the philosophies, historical visions, destiny, art and literature, when he rises from topical discourse to the authorship of *A Book*, he is a literary lost soul, a flounderer among things that are older even than the Republican Party.

He himself gives the method by which to define him. In his address on James Whitcomb Riley (whom the gods made a poet in spite of Indiana politics), the Senator nominates Mr. Charles Major as the American Dumas and Mr. Meredith Nicholson as the latter-day Hawthorne. There is no joke intended; the sober words may be found on page 254 of the book.

This method of characterising by the identification of the unknown with the known is easy and goes at once to the spot in the brain where great names are vaguely classified. For examples of this method one might say that Mr. Clyde Fitch is the American Molière, Mr. Percy Mackaye is the American Shakespeare, Mr. Edwin Markham is the American Wordsworth, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck is the American Oscar Wilde, Mr. Elbert Hubbard is the latter-day Emerson, Mrs. Edith Wharton is the female Henry James or the female Robert W. Chambers (as one happens to regard her). A turn of the method was made by Mr. Oliver Herford when he said that Rudyard Kipling is the Richard Harding Davis of literature.

By the same token, Mr. Beveridge is the American Gladstone, he is the Hannibal Chollop of real life, he is the William J. Bryan of literature (we are defining

types of intellect, not political alignments), he is the Thomas W. Lawson of political advertising, he is the Colonel Sellers of statesmanship, the Dr. Munyon of political health.

If Mr. Beveridge knew what his words mean and if he meant what they say, he would be a promising young writer. But one suspects his naiveté; the little-Eva manner is discerned to be the politician's shrewd recognition of the avidity of the multitude for sentimentalisms. His discourse on Child Labour would make the righteous blood boil, if a perverse inner ear did not hear child pronounced "Chceaild." His political Eddyisms ring hollow.

Mr. Beveridge's book raises several questions, not those that he discusses. If a considerable portion of the American people can read this book or listen to parts of it with sober credence, what has become of the much-vaunted American humour which Lincoln shared with the plain populace? If Indiana produced Mr. Beveridge and Maine produced Artemus Ward, who said that it took four hours for a Fourth of July oration to pass a given point, how can there be that homogeneity between the States which Mr. Beveridge says is necessary to a great nation? If there is a difference between Horace, Shelley, Arnold and James Whitcomb Riley, would it be unpatriotic for an American senator to know what the difference is? How can the Bible be literature if it was not written in Indiana? If gas-log eloquence is tolerated in the American Senate and makes thousands of people rub their hands before its artificial glow, how can America have the high destiny which Mr. Beveridge has decreed for it?

Do the plain people understand these things? Do they not puff their chests with Christian virtue and believe with Mr. Beveridge that Japan has no religion except what our great civilisation has patronisingly bestowed upon it? Do they know that Mr. Bryan's capital crime is not his opposition to Mr. Beveridge but his fatuous rejoinder to Lowes Dickinson's *Letters from John Chinaman*? Will they feel the nescient humour of Mr. Beveridge's statement: "Mr. President, you cannot irrigate with

words—you have to irrigate with water”? And this *in this book*: “The day of passion in politics is past. The day when prejudice controls elections is gone”! And this: “Rural free delivery places before every farmer the truth of every situation at each day’s set of the sun”! The exultant declaration that in our marvellous age, in which America is most marvellous and progressive, “the telegraph brings the mind of Los Angeles and that of Boston together quicker than the speed of daylight,” is made without an inkling of metaphysical wonder that the past and the present can be thus electrically joined. Not a tremor flutters the eyelid of this sound Republican who deplores the socialistic fallacy and for his argument on Child Labour finds some of his material in writings by men of socialistic stripe like Mr. Durland and Mr. Spargo.

The plain people are not yet perfect, but Mr. Beveridge has the authority of the Almighty for promising them improvement in the future. When they come a little nearer perfection they will have a highly developed ironic sense which will be baffling to the spurious eloquence of senators. The plain people are a slow-thinking but ultimately wise multitude, and Mr. Beveridge’s career in authorship is not yet long.

John A. Macy.

V

LORD CROMER’S “MODERN EGYPT.”*

For several years Lord Cromer’s annual report on Egyptian administration, which often came to be spoken of in the language of lazy praise as “deeply instructive to the political student and practical statesman,” was accepted by cautious readers as an encouraging prelude to more interesting revelations later on. They knew that it was impossible to expect, in an official document, any more than a surface statement of political causes and results. They knew that Lord Cromer, as the unofficial but controlling adviser of the Egyptian Government, lived in a country honeycombed with

*Modern Egypt. By Lord Cromer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

intrigue and burdened with financial obligations to foreign nations, and that he was compelled to speak with the reservation of a diplomatist while doing his best to make an honest, creditable showing for his administration. So far as good government was a matter of financial accounting and lightened taxes, it was conceded that he had done well. It was not strange that the ablest member of the house of Baring should produce a model balance sheet. But it was felt that so far as concerned the effect of British control upon the essential character of an oriental population, little of permanent value had been said. The thanks of the peasants for deliverance from forced labour and the lash were only the first letter in the alphabet of political progress. If there were thanks, there were also mutterings of rebellion. There was a less justifiable though not less natural demand for a kind of information that could not readily be supplied from authentic sources. In such a centre of contentious projects as Cairo, where evil counsellors in or out of office disguised their aims in a dozen creeds and languages, a student of politics would wish to know how those aims were baffled or overruled for good. The best he could hope for would be an illumination of statesmanship from the under side, for no ruler could be safe in Egypt unless he had an almost wicked insight into the processes of vagrant official minds.

Has Lord Cromer met the expectations based on the limited scope of his celebrated reports? The book is a history and an explanation: the former being a narrative of some of the principal events in Egypt and the Soudan since 1876, the latter an account of the results of British occupation of the country in 1882. After four years’ experience as private secretary to Lord Northbrook, Viceroy of India, Lord Cromer, then Sir Evelyn Baring, was appointed in 1877 a Commissioner of the Egyptian Public Debt, a position which he held for a little over two years. After a few years in India as Financial Member of the Viceroy’s Council, he returned to Egypt in 1883 as British Agent and Consul-General. He resigned that position in 1907, after a service of more than twenty-six years,

during which he was behind the scenes of Egyptian affairs and in close communication with almost every one who had taken a leading part in them. His experience did not inspire him, he says, with any great degree of confidence in the accuracy of historical writing, and this put him upon an unwonted vigilance in the selection and examination of his materials. Moreover, his personal honour and devotion to duty were beyond question. These qualities were united in a writer who was during a large part of his official term the chief actor in many of the scenes he describes. The resulting record is in some respects of unsurpassed merit. It is and will continue to be the most reliable and illuminating history of a momentous epoch in British foreign politics, when honesty and insight were specially needed as touchstones to a surrounding mass of corruption and international intrigue, and when a basis of empire in Africa was laid, part of whose superstructure is being raised before our eyes. There would not be to-day so confident a hope of joining Cairo and Cape Town if Lord Cromer had not wrought so well for reform in Egypt.

The chief difficulties of his task are best summarised in his own words:

In the first place, one alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. . . . A variety of ingenious and elaborate checks had been invented with a view to preventing a bad government from moving in a vicious direction. These checks, when brought into action under a wholly different condition of affairs, were at times applied, under the baneful impulse of international jealousy, to hamper the movements of an improved government in the direction of reform.

Such were the conditions under which the task of bringing the country out of bankruptcy and of inculcating principles of honest government was begun. As to Egypt's financial regeneration, the average reader is not much interested because he has been already convinced; but the exciting game played for English control, with all its political implications, has many aspects that will attract atten-

tion. Its more noteworthy features, beginning with the appointment of Sir Evelyn Baring as Commissioner of the Public Debt, included the deposition of the wasteful Khedive, Ismail Pasha, the abortive Nationalist movement under Arâbe Pasha, the assumption and subsequent abolition of the Dual Control by France and England, the evacuation and reconquest of the Soudan, and, finally, the agreement of 1904 by which France recognised English supremacy in Egypt.

The lamentable fate of General Gordon is, of course, the outstanding event around which controversy was hot until the publication of this book. When it became necessary to repudiate the Khedive's policy of controlling the Soudan, a capable man was needed to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons. Lord Cromer had twice advised against the employment of General Gordon for that purpose; but British public opinion, which acclaimed Gordon as a hero, demanded that he be sent out; trusted politicians and military officers also commended him. Now began what Victor Hugo calls "a tempest in the interior of the soul." Nearly a whole chapter is devoted to excuses and explanations as to why Gordon was given the appointment; but there is nothing to show that all the aids of popularity or reasons of state advanced in his behalf ever shook Lord Cromer's conviction that he was utterly unfit to be entrusted with the mission. Moreover, the British Government deferred to their agent at Cairo. Had Lord Cromer decisively forbidden the appointment, Gordon would not have been selected. British statesmen particularly concerned were either deceived as to the general's capabilities, or, what is more likely, yielded to the popular clamour. Lord Northbrook is quoted as saying, in regard to the *Journal*, that "if he had previously read Gordon's book, nothing would have induced him to consent to his going anywhere. It was the book of a madman." Lord Cromer knew of these defects, or at least enough of them profoundly to warn him, and he had the power to prevent their marring a difficult work. But at the critical instant, the courage which ought to have been heightened by clear knowledge and

responsibility, failed him; and he surrendered his conviction because, in his own words, he thought that, as everybody differed from him, he must be wrong. His failure struck disaster into plans and reputations; but he bravely takes the blame. He is the chief offender; and the headlong cause of the British press, notably the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the crowd's uninstructed faith in Gordon, Gladstone's delay in sending relief, or whatever other phase of the question appears deplorable, are only sequences of Lord Cromer's fault, as Hamlet's vacillation dragged others to ruin with him. The mystery has been cleared up; but Lord Cromer, so far as concerns his part in the fate of Gordon, has put himself in the pillory of history.

With regard to the fitness of the Egyptians for self-government, the views expressed in this book are conservative. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that the author, after more than twenty-five years' experience, thinks that the legislative assembly created by Lord Dufferin was, and still is, too much in advance of the requirements and political education of the country. Besides, Egypt is the Land of Paradox, as Lord Milver named it; and the mental habits of the people, so profoundly different from those of Europeans, make the success of popular self-government a doubtful problem. Like other British rulers in the East, Lord Cromer halts before the Sphinx: "You can never plumb the Oriental mind."

John William Russell.

VI

MISS BROWN'S "ROSE MACLEOD."*

It is impossible to withhold admiration for the conception on which Miss Brown has built up her latest story. She has brought together a group of characters, clearly differentiated as to their most notable qualities, in a situation replete with fine possibilities. The scheme of the book is as big as it is original, and the plot develops naturally out of the characters. Though the entire drama plays

*Rose MacLeod. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

itself out in and about two New England country houses, the personages concerned have a decided air of cosmopolitanism. First on the stage is Madam Fulton, a frisky old lady of charming manners and an absurd lack of principle. Her past is that of the widow of a Harvard professor and a writer of innocuous novels; her present, that of the author of the most brilliant book of reminiscences of the day—a book, one soon learns, that she has "faked" from beginning to end, with invented documents and apocryphal anecdotes of the great ones she is supposed to have known. Over against this irrepressibly naughty old lady is placed her granddaughter Electra, perfectly trained, abnormally normal, hopelessly correct and conscientious. In the next farmhouse live the Grants, grandmother and two grandsons: Peter, a brilliant young painter, affianced to Electra, and Osmond, his elder brother, who, in spite of physical deformity, has worked the farm to provide Peter with the means for his education.

It is Peter, returning from the beginning of his career in Paris, who projects into the circle the outsiders who are to disturb it. He brings with him Rose MacLeod, widow of Electra's brother Tom, a thoroughgoing young scoundrel who has died in Paris. Rose claims other distinctions besides this relationship to the irreproachable Electra. She is beautiful, she is talented, and above all she is the daughter of Markham MacLeod, chief of the Brotherhood of Man, leader of an international Socialist revolt, one of the great men of the earth. To this list must be added, for the sake of completeness, Billy Stark, London publisher, one-time lover of Madam Fulton and still her devoted admirer, whose function in the story is subsidiary and largely comic. A diversified group, this, charged with potentialities of drama.

To tell of the events through which these people display their several characters would require time; for the plot, though loose and lacking in dramatic unity, is not without complexity and involves a considerable amount of incident. The most interesting phases of the story

concern the character of MacLeod and the relations of Rose and Osmond. MacLeod, with his irresistible personality, his faculty for winning men, turns out to be a soulless egoist, mad for power. His daughter sees through him, but he gains a hold on Electra that makes her an abject dupe of his schemes. What drama there is in the book, however, concerns Rose and Osmond. They are in love with each other before she has ever seen him, for he shrinks from displaying his misshapen body before her eyes. They meet at night in the open, and these lovers' meetings, where each is but a voice to the other, have a touch of fantastic romanticism that is faintly reminiscent of *Peter Ibbetson*. Of a totally different sort is the subsidiary plot that concerns Madam Fulton and her gallant old lover, Billy Stark. Here the spirit is one of humour that comes close at times to farce. The old lady, who feels that she has been cheated of her share of life, frankly glories in her mendacity, to the horror of Electra and the inspiring of a scandalised admiration on the part of Billy.

All this is admirably conceived; the basis of the book is such as any novelist might be proud of. More than that, Miss Brown shows skill in the mechanics of story-building, and her style is easy and finished. One feels that this ought to be a great novel—and isn't. The source of the relative failure lies beyond the reach of any formal analysis. It is easy to admire Miss Brown's art, to approve of her intention; it is hard to be vitally interested in the result. Her people have all the varied traits of human beings; they act and talk in a life-like manner; but they are not actually alive. The book is a most skilful counterfeit of the real thing, and if it fails of the highest excellence, that is all the more reason for crediting it with all the lesser excellences that it indubitably possesses. Such applause as is due to honest intention and fine workmanship belongs to *Rose MacLeod*; and if this seems like faint praise, it is to be remembered that there are books enough with vastly less than this to redeem them from utter mediocrity.

Ward Clark.

VII

D. G. PHILLIPS'S "OLD WIVES FOR NEW"*

The not very happily chosen title of Mr. Phillips's latest book cloaks as vigorous and straightforward a story as we have now come to expect from this writer. Furthermore, it portrays a type of American woman but little handled in fiction, and now so rapidly becoming obsolete that the fiction of the future will have no interest in her. The type to which Sophy Murdock belonged, before her rejuvenation, can be found in some of its characteristics more often in Europe than in America. But there was in Sophy's case a self-assertiveness and a self-indulgence that are typically American. And, strange as it may appear, the type of "settled" wife, who lets herself get old at thirty-five, is not entirely unknown even in up-to-date America to-day.

It is seldom that this particular type has been so well handled as by Mr. Phillips in his new novel. Recent fiction has torn away the veil of adoring reverence with which the American woman has been shrouded so long, and the inherent selfishness which is the dominant note in her character is being pitilessly revealed in many a notable work. But there is no other notable example of just that type which Mr. Phillips has chosen to portray in Mrs. Murdock; the indolent, self-indulgent wife, too lazy to preserve the beauty that was hers in girlhood, too lazy to try to understand her gifted husband or to keep his love alive—half invalid, in imagination mostly, and considering that the mere fact of having had two healthy children is sufficient to entitle her to enduring consideration from all the rest of the world. This sort of woman is fast going out of style, but she could be found in many examples half a century ago, and even now in isolated cases. Sophy Murdock has lost her love for her husband, never having been able to understand him, but she tries to tie him to her from some ridiculous

*Old Wives for New. David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

old-fashioned idea about marriage, and not until he tears himself loose at any cost does the lazy selfish wife realise that she also can build up her own life afresh, and be much happier than before.

The portrayal of a new type in fiction is of itself an important thing. Hence all this comment on the character of Sophy Murdock, although the story of this book is actually the story of Charles Murdock, capable dominating man of affairs.

In a charmingly idyllic first chapter we find him a boy of seventeen, and see the awakening of his first love. Then we find him twenty years later, brilliantly successful as a millionaire financier, but with the marriage that was built up on the love of his youth an unhappy failure. Until he meets and then, several years later, wins the splendid, modern, up-to-date woman who is to be the wife of his maturity, many trials shake the heart and soul of the man who has to learn that the best things in life cannot be bought with money.

Many characters crowd the pages, incident follows incident, almost too quickly; the style is often crude and the construction faulty. But the people we meet here are, most of them, very much alive; and the story holds until the end.

In spite of the rush of action the author finds time to pause for reflection now and then, and lets his characters say some very quotable things. Here is one that is rather good because it voices an idea new in American fiction:

"As my wife says, American men are a race of bachelors. It's amusing to hear foreigners and these scrubby half-males that do the scribbling talk about this country as the paradise of women, as the place where women run everything. We do let the women run the children and the culture, and the frivolous end of the game. But when it comes to things worth while, the women aren't in it. When I talk to my wife about business or politics, it's just as if I was alone and talking to myself to get a line on what I ought to do. She don't know the a b c of practical affairs. That's as it should be!"

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

JACQUES FUTRELLE'S "THE THINKING MACHINE ON THE CASE"

For sheer ingenuity, the stories which Mr. Futrelle has built up about Professor Augustus Van Dusen, the Thinking Machine, are equalled by little, and surpassed by nothing in contemporary fiction. The soundest criticism that is to be brought against this second series of tales is that, as was the case with the first series, the invention is at times almost too clever. The deductions of the Thinking Machine are so swift and astonishing that the reader is often puzzled in following them. Mr. Sherlock Holmes had an uneven disposition and occasionally made mistakes. Professor Van Dusen is also more or less irritable, but his invariable infallibility proves in the end a strain on the credulity. Yet his exploits taken in homœopathic doses must appeal to the most jaded appetite.

As has been the case with several distinguished heroes of this kind of fiction, it is only in this second series of stories that the author found the situation for the proper and impressive introduction of the Thinking Machine. In the first tale of the earlier book Professor Van Dusen performed the extraordinary feat of escaping from "Cell Number 13." It was all worked out with great skill and dexterity, and one accepted it, provided one was willing to take an intellectual marvel for granted. In the first chapter of *The Thinking Machine on the Case* Professor Van Dusen called chess a shameless perversion of the functions of the brain, and said that by the use of logic a man who had never played the game could defeat the greatest master. It happened that there were on the scene the greatest chess players of the world, foregathered for the annual championships, and the slur did not go unchallenged. It was arranged that at the conclusion of the tournament Professor Van Dusen should meet the winner. This happened to be Tschaikowsky, the Russian. The Professor, who knew nothing of the moves of the game, received a morning's instruction from

*The Thinking Machine on the Case. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Hillsbury, the American master, and the same day met Tschaikowsky before a great crowd. As he sat down at the chess table the Russian smiled. He felt that he was humouring a crank.

Professor Van Dusen began the game, opening with a Queen's Gambit. At his fifth move, made without the slightest hesitation, the smile left the Russian's face. At the tenth, the masters grew tensely eager. The Russian champion was playing for honour now. Professor Van Dusen's fourteenth move was King's castle to Queen's four. "Check" he announced. After a long study of the board the Russian protected his King with a Knight. Professor Van Dusen noted the play, then leaned back in his chair with finger tips pressed together. His eyes left the board and dreamily studied the ceiling. For at least ten minutes there was no sound, no movement, then: "Mate in fifteen moves," he said quietly. There was a quick gasp of astonishment. It took the practiced eyes of the masters several minutes to verify the announcement. But the Russian champion saw and leaned back in his chair a little white and dazed. He was not astonished; he was helplessly floundering in a maze of incomprehensible things. Suddenly he arose and grasped the slender hand of his conqueror. "You have never played chess before?" he

asked. "Never." "*Mon Dieu!* You are not a man; you are a brain—a machine—a thinking machine."

Throughout the tales of *The Thinking Machine on the Case* the varied results of man's mechanical cunning play a prominent part. In the first story it is a motor boat carrying a dead man wearing a uniform that leads the authorities to think him a captain in the French navy, which crashes into a wharf in Boston Harbour. Another tale deals with the mysterious murder at his key board of the operator of the wireless of an ocean steamship. Of particular grimness is the story of "The Crystal Gazer," which introduces an elaborate device by which the victim, peering into a crystal, sees what he takes to be a vision of his own murder. Again there is "The Phantom Motor," which, night after night, enters one end of a short road lined on both sides by ten-foot walls, never comes out the other end, and cannot be found between. But what, above all, marks Mr. Futrelle's work in this as well as the earlier book, is not the cleverness of any particular tale, but rather the consistent excellence and fertility of invention of them all.

R. A. Whay.



THE STRUCTURE OF PLOT AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



GREAT deal has been written about form and plot construction in fiction; but the net result is such a discord of clashing opinions that a beginner in the art, who conscientiously consults the available text-books on the subject must soon reach a sad state of bewilderment. The most sensible and helpful doctrine would seem to be that the fewer cut-and-dried rules we lay down for structure of plot, the greater will be the freedom of the individual novelist and the proportionately greater chance for originality. The fault with the great majority of rules and classifications of plot is that they are the invention of the critic rather than of the novelist. It is the critic, and what is more, the dogmatic critic, who draws a hard and fast line between the novel and the short story, and will tell you peremptorily that a given situation is a short story plot and nothing else, and that another plot will make a good novel but must under no circumstances be used for the shorter form of fiction. Yet writers, from the vague beginnings of fiction down to the living present, have disregarded such arbitrary distinctions, and in doing so have produced much great fiction which the dogmatic critic finds trouble in classifying, and stigmatises either as the epitomised novel or the expanded short story, as the case may be. They fail to realise that any human story may be told in a score of different ways, each depending upon the mood and temperament of the narrator; that the big, central idea is usually one that can be conveyed in a single short sentence; and that to demand that one class of plots shall have a greater amplitude of words, a greater variety of incident than another is deliberately to disregard what the best writers have done and are still doing.

The simplest and most helpful way of regarding this whole question of plot

construction is to recognise that it is nothing more nor less than the weaving of a pattern, composed of the mingling threads of human lives. The possible numbers of these threads, the variations of the patterns, are as infinite as life itself. No one but the author himself has a right to say, Here is a pattern which must be woven from three threads only, and here is another which demands a score—because no one but the author has a clear conception of the intricate crossings of the threads, the new and untried interlacings by which he will achieve the symmetry of the finished design. All that we have a right to demand of him is no more than what is demanded of any Saxon peasant girl, tossing the bobbins of her pillow-lace—that the threads shall make a pattern of definite symmetry, not a mere meaningless tangle; and that every thread employed shall have its own allotted task, its visible structural necessity. Some threads play a more important part than others; but every thread that enters into the design of well-made lace follows that design through to the end. And similarly, in a well made novel, every character that enters in, whether his part be big or small, whether he remains within the field of vision or moves away or dies, should continue to make his influence felt up to the closing chapter.

The advantage of this comparison of plot to the practical art of pillow-lace is that it emphasises the inherent right of every novelist of infinite variety of pattern. Where the comparison breaks down is in its failure to recognise that the modern novel, like other forms of growth, is a product of evolution; that it is seldom that a novelist avails himself of the right to be as original as he chooses; and that the great majority of patterns in the fiction of to-day are merely modifications of well established and familiar types. What is needed is a new classification of fiction, based not upon theoretical distinctions between

novel, novelette and short story—graded like oranges, according to size—but upon the organic structure of novels past and present, studied with the intelligent patience that a Cuvier expends upon the bones of extinct and living mammals. It might not be impossible to hit upon some system of graphic chart, showing the interlacing threads of a plot, in such a way that the great fiction of the world could be definitely grouped and subdivided into orders and genera. One might, if whimsically inclined, draw an odd and yet suggestive parallel between the development of the novel, on the one hand, and the animal kingdom on the other. Fiction, like organic life, has had its protozoa period in the rudimentary forms of primitive myth and beast fable, its mollusc stage in the amorphous flaccidness of troubadour tale and picaresque romance, down to the full vertebrate development of the novel of to-day.

Such a division would not be wholly fanciful, because it would often illustrate graphically the inherent inferiority of certain forms to others. There is in particular one form of fiction that has grown of late in popular favour, whose lower grade in the scale of literature is forcibly suggested by analogy with the animal kingdom—that is to say, the novel made up of short stories, each more or less complete in itself, but dovetailing each into its adjacent neighbour so as to form a certain fragile but at least organic whole. Although a direct product of the needs of popular modern magazines, which seek for the sustained interest of a serial narrative, without too radical a break between the instalments, this form is really nothing more than a special modification of the old picaresco type, where one adventure succeeds another in an endless chain, and with no definite reason why a link more or a link less at any given point could make any palpable difference in the resultant whole. The late Grant Allen was one of the first to produce with some success a series of this sort that gave the impression of a fair amount of cohesion. The *Brigadier Gerard* stories are a good example of the same kind of *tour de force*; and at present an appreciable portion of the lighter summer fiction is built upon these models, experience teaching

that in the indolence of vacation time, the mind is grateful to a book which permits of relaxed attention at the close of each chapter. But the type has been and still is an inferior development; and nothing brings this more graphically before you than a comparison to the animal kingdom, in the scheme of which the interlinked short-story novel resembles nothing so much as the lower orders of articulates—certain jointed forms of worms and centipedes, in which each joint or ring plays its part in the combination, and yet if severed is capable of wriggling off by itself to continue an independent existence. The fantastic imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells has conceived of conditions under which a race of giant insects might attain a degree of culture rivalling that of man. And similarly there may come a time when that which we may call the Articulated Novel will prove its supremacy over other types—but hardly in our age and generation.

If we revert once more to the simile of the lacework pattern, the type of interlinked short stories appears as little more than a bunch of threads, in which a succession of slightly varied knots have been tied. Now, the lacework which nature is weaving out of the assembled life-strand of the world's population is too vast, too intricate for the finite mind to grasp. No novelist can ever attempt to imitate on a large scale even a modest segment of the pattern of this cosmic lace. The most that even a Balzac or Zola, a Thackeray or Meredith could attempt to do is to choose some single detail out of the infinite variety, and present to us, not the whole even of that, but only a cross-section of it, showing the interrelations of its threads for the brief span of a few hours, a few years, a few generations, but not their ultimate source or destiny. And when we think how inexhaustible are the patterns with which real life is daily supplying us, it is not surprising that the realist quarrels with the romanticist for his seeming perversity in choosing patterns of his own invention, in preference to those of infinite delicacy and variety which are all the time being visibly fabricated all around him.

No other recent story is so well adapted to illustrate the various principles of plot construction

here laid down as Maurice Hewlett's remarkable piece of verbal colouring, *The Spanish Jade*.

From the time when Mr. Hewlett first began to write, the patterns of his stories have regularly and instinctively been compared to the weaving of mediæval tapestry—an interlacing of a multitude of threads, showing a strange and mellow richness of colour. *The Spanish Jade*, unlike *The Queen's Quair* and *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, is a story of modern times, and its fabric shows an unfaded brilliance of dyes such as the old tapestries must have had in the days when they were freshly woven—not crude or glaring, but tensely vivid with the primal colours of human joys and pains. It has been the author's pleasure to make of *The Spanish Jade* a novellette; and there will be critics ready to point out the nicety of instinct that led him unerringly to choose the one correct measure for his theme. And yet, had he developed it to the amplitude of the old-fashioned three-volume novel, or on the other hand condensed it to the required limits of a short story, Mr. Hewlett's mastery of his technique is such that it is safe to say he would in either case have conveyed the same sense of the one inevitable form. A woman ready to lay down her life for the man she loves—that is the world-old theme of *The Spanish Jade*, a theme that has been treated in fiction of every known dimension, and will continue to be so treated. And the mere fact that this particular woman is a Spanish outcast, a girl of the gutters, with a savage beauty, a wild-hearted, passionate, lawless nature; that a delicate, thin-lipped young Englishman who saves her from a pack of human curs who are hounding her, is the first man from whom, in all her young life, she has received real kindness; that under the sway of love and gratitude, she stabs to death the Spaniard who would have killed them both, and then offers her own life in atonement, to save her Englishman from the blood vengeance of the dead man's kin—does not carry with it

an obligation to tell this tale within less than five thousand words, nor in upward of fifty thousand. As it happens, while choosing an intermediate form, Mr. Hewlett has done a very perfect and very surprising thing; he has told a story, which, while you read, gives you the impression of great dimensions—a vast canvas, overspread with a vista of “a great, roomy, haggard country,” as he defines the Spain of 1860; a kaleidoscopic, shifting of scenes and of people; a sense of gazing into measureless depths of human passions; of having known and lived with the personages of the story, not merely through the brief space of a few printed pages, but through the intimacy of a lifetime. And yet, when the story is done and the cover closed, the human truths he has told are so simple and so clear that a single chapter might have embodied them. In other words, Mr. Hewlett is one of the very few artists of this or of any age who produce what effects of time and space they will, regardless of the limitations of their canvas. *The Spanish Jade* may not represent Mr. Hewlett at his best as a story teller, but as proving him a master of technique it is of extreme interest.

Mr. Anthony Hope belongs to the writers whose normal length of breadth is the measure of the short story. And this is said quite deliberately, without forgetting the number of altogether serious and not unsuccessful attempts by Mr. Hope to write the novel of twentieth century English manners. In his novels there is always a suggestion of effort that is almost a strain. If you listen very attentively, you can almost hear him saying, “See what I can do, when I take myself very, very seriously!” You feel, on the other hand, that his *Dolly Dialogues* almost wrote themselves. Yet how utterly he would have spoiled them, if he had tried to give them greater cohesion, to weld them into a satiric novel of even so light a weight as Mr. Benson's *Dodo*, to mention a contemporaneous success. *Dodo* was of much less palpable substance than the *Dolly Dialogues*; yet it was rightly cast in conventional novel form, because whatever ability Mr. Benson has lies in the direction of the sustained effort, while that of Mr. Hope does not. Accordingly



readers who demand primarily of fiction that it shall be in whatever form is productive of an author's best efforts are apt

to welcome a new volume of such cleverly made stories as Mr. Hope has brought together under the title of

Love's Logic. Out of the fifteen separate stories which make up its contents the choice of those deserving of special mention is difficult; but the two which have given the present reviewer special enjoyment are "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess" and "Slim-Fingered Jim." The first of these is a refreshing bit of satire, picturing the pride with which the snobbish wife of a plodding London solicitor receives into her household and introduces to her friends, the Princess Vera, her husband's client and claimant to the throne of one of the smaller Balkan principalities. But as time passes and the Princess's funds dwindle away and the chances of her recovering her rights grow slim, the hostess's attitude changes also; the guest falls from the dignity of Princess to that of Countess, from Countess to plain Fräulein; for a while longer she remains as teacher of French to Mrs. Thistleton's children, but even this cannot last, and soon a notice appears in the paper that "a lady strongly recommends her nursery governess." But on the very morning that the ex-Princess starts for a new situation, fate indulges in one of her little ironies, the long expected revolution in the Balkans takes place; and all that is left for the discomfited Thistletons to do is to hang up a commemorative parchment, "This room was occupied by Her Majesty the Queen of Boravia on the occasion of her visit to the Manor House." And nothing annoys Mrs. Thistleton more than to have her youngest daughter ask, "Why didn't you put one in the little room upstairs, too—the one she slept in all the last part of the time, mamma?"

"Slim-Fingered Jim" is a more subtle, more difficult type of story, and one that a single jarring word would spoil beyond remedy. A notorious thief, who hitherto has always just evaded justice, is at last caught and receives seven years of penal servitude. The news is in the morning

papers and Charlie Pryce reads it aloud to his guests at breakfast along with other bits of gossip. Now it happens that little Mrs. Pryce had once crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer with Slim-Fingered Jim, in the days before her marriage—and because each had seen what was best and finest in the other, he had told her frankly the sort of life he led, and she had kept his secret. And, while they both knew they could never meet again, and he went back to his life of crime, and she did the expected thing and married according to her mother's wishes, it is quite clear that the passage of years has not lessened the hurt of the news she has daily been expecting and that has at last come.

The Adventures of Charles Edward, by Harrison Rhodes, is a very good example of the sort of vol-

ume that has already been characterised as of the Articulated type.

Aside from the fact that the same set of characters reappear in the successive episodes that constitute the adventures referred to in the title, that the first of the series tells incidentally how Charles Edward first met his wife, and the last is a glorification of Charles Edward, Junior, there is no attempt at structural symmetry, nor any logical reason why the number of adventures might not have been eight, or twelve, or twenty, instead of the ten included in the volume. But whatever their number, and structural relation, only a very unreasonable critic could deny that they possess the quality of entertainment. Imagine a young American in London for the first time, a total stranger without even the documentary aid of letters of introduction; and because he happens to see dining at a table next him a young woman who fulfils his ideas of what the one woman in the world should be, he conceives the audacious idea of inviting a dozen guests of distinct social prominence, the list carefully including the young woman in question, to an exclusive little dinner for the following week. And so cleverly does he word his invitations that the guests one and all accept with alacrity, under the impression that he is an old acquaintance; and although some

of them have suspicions, the only one who really discovers the hoax is the young woman for whose sake it is perpetrated. And since she very soon afterward becomes Charles Edward's wife, it really does not greatly matter whether the secret is kept or not.

Of similar episodic vein is *The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife*, by Mary

Heaton Vorse. If you have an abiding love for the water; if the smell of tarred rope, the salt tingle of brine, the quiver and plunge of any and every sort of craft beneath your feet, from a punt to a racing yacht, are things that fill you with joy; then Mrs. Vorse's whimsical little volume will lay strong hold upon you, and you will take it off quietly by yourself, safe from interruption, and laugh softly over it and be grateful for its humour and its insight. And if, on the other hand, you are one of those who have tried valiantly to qualify either as a yachtsman or a yachtsman's wife, and have owned yourself vanquished, you will still find in the book abundant entertainment, and an ironical appreciation of your point of view, even though the laugh is often against you. Furthermore, one may justly pay it a compliment rarely due to fiction of the episodic sort, of feeling that instead of there being a superfluity of episodes, there is on the contrary no page that we would willingly have sacrificed.

The Chaperon, which is the latest tourist novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is much like the earlier volumes produced by this indefatigable partnership, excepting that it contains rather a larger proportion than usual of guide-book, and a smaller proportion of plot. The automobile plays an occasional part in the story's progress; but most of the time it proceeds by the far more leisurely course of a motor-boat, along Dutch waterways, with agreeable interludes of the sort that is inevitable where the men and the women are both young. Imagine, if you please, two women, who receive, in place of a legacy of money, the bequest of a brand-new motor boat, perfect in equipment, which has been laid up for the winter in Rotterdam. Being of intrepid spirit, these young women determine, in-

stead of selling the boat, to enjoy at least one summer's cruise on board of her. But upon arriving at Rotterdam, they discover that the phlegmatic and thrifty caretaker of the boat, hearing nothing from the deceased owner, has rented it for the season to a young, wealthy and good-looking young man. It seems to them a pity that the young man should have his plans all disarranged; and when he suggests that there would be no impropriety in their all making the cruise together, since his aunt, the Lady MacNaire, is to accompany him, the young women fall in with the scheme, with almost unseemly eagerness. It happens, however, that the Lady MacNair is unavailable for the purposes of chaperon. Her nephew finding it impossible to prevail upon her to come, advertises for a ready-made aunt, and at the eleventh hour obtains one, in the shape of a keen-witted little American spinster, who charges him exorbitantly, over and above their first agreement when she finds that she must assume a title and a Scotch accent at a moment's notice. This fictitious Lady MacNair is the Chaperon of the title; and her presence is directly responsible for the numerous misapprehensions and awkward situations that give diversity to a placid description of a summer's tour through Holland—a tour that culminates successfully in two eminently satisfactory betrothals. And surely it would be unreasonable to demand more than this from any summer outing.

Harold Bindloss is one of the authors whom it is not quite easy to place accurately.

In all his stories there are moments when he impresses you with a certain dramatic force, an ability

to fling pictures before you that are not easily forgotten. But it is seldom that he succeeds in keeping this hold upon you for many pages at a time. There is no doubt that a vigorous pruning would greatly help to give his books to a uniform degree the quality which they now reveal intermittently. Take, for example, *Delilah of the Snows*. The nucleus of this story, when at last one gets fairly at the heart of it, is the blindness of a young man to the sterling worth of a

girl in his own class, his mad infatuation for another girl socially beyond his reach, and his final awakening to his folly when the other girl betrays him, as wantonly as Delilah betrayed Samson, into the hands of the authorities who demand his life. The scene of the story, at least of such part of the story as really counts, is the Klondike; and the sense conveyed of cold and privation and suffering; of primitive passions, and the application of the law that might makes right—all this is done forcefully and with good art. But the story begins at the wrong point; in other words, the lace pattern of his plot lacks symmetry; all the earlier portion of the story which takes place in England is really in the nature of surplusage, as though the author had idly amused himself by tying meaningless knots in his threads, before starting upon the serious work of the pattern itself.

Gleam O'Dawn, by Arthur Goodrich, is a book about which there can be no half-way opinion. You either do not care for it, or you find yourself enthusiastic in its praise. It is a story of the woods and the open sky and the primitive life

of scout and trader, Indian and half-breed, on the Canadian border line of civilisation. It gives you a sense of the beauty of a slanting gleam of sunlight, of autumn leaves wet with dew, of a hundred simple, natural things that it is well to notice and to love and which are too apt to be passed unheeded. The human lives in the book are boldly idealised, and yet at the same time leave a vivid sense of reality. The strain of Indian blood in the two principal characters, which insists upon coming unexpectedly to the surface, and producing strange clashes of opposing wills, is handled with a fine mastery over the intricacies of dual temperaments. And the big, kaleidoscopic spectacle of the hand to hand fight with a forest fire, where the Little Brown Girl and the man who loves her battle side by side against seemingly hopeless odds, is a piece of fine, strong, sustained picture-making in words of which an author is justified in being proud. Mr. Goodrich is to be congratulated upon having first designed a worthy pattern, and then upon having woven it with delicate and skilful art.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER XXIII



OR the rest of that day Father James was a more or less silent observer of the house and its inmates; with his native shrewdness, he watched Mrs. Power's effusive farewell to Isabel, and read in her smiles and nods and whisperings with Daisy the maternal conviction that at last the most wayward of her flock was to be safely shepherdded into the fold of respectability; then with his well-thumbed

breviary under his arm, and his shabby clerical hat shading the sun from his eyes, he betook himself to the garden, and as he walked up and down under the apple trees, muttering his office with the simple earnestness he brought to every duty, a subconscious portion of his mind was strained to catch the sound of voices from the drawing-room, where Daisy sat entertaining her guest.

He was not an inquisitive man, but he admitted to himself in the pauses of his devotions that he would have given a good deal to overhear the conversation, the gist and manner of that entertain-

ment, and when across the still, hot air of the garden he caught the rattle of an opening door and the light tinkle of teacups, his interest sprang up, and he was ready with eyes and ears alert when Daisy appeared with suspicious alacrity at the French window.

"Father James!" she called. "Father James, isn't your office finished yet? Tea is in, and you simply must have a cup."

A little smile crossed Father James's eyes, but his lips were serious as he closed his book obediently, blessed himself, and came slowly down the mossy path.

"Faith, 'tis fashionable you'll be making me, with your afternoon tea, Daisy!" he said pleasantly, as he stepped through the long window. "When I get back to Scarragh, I'll be ordering Bridget to call my two o'clock dinner lunch, if I'm not careful. Isn't that the way, Miss Isabel?"

Isabel was half sitting, half lying in a wicker chair that had been converted into a piece of drawing-room furniture by the aid of muslin cushions. At the priest's words she roused herself; and as she turned toward him, he was struck afresh by her personality—the conflicting tenseness and languor of her pose, the smouldering expectancy in her eyes, the curve and colour of her mouth; and with a touch of instinct he divined where her thoughts had been during the dull hour with Daisy.

"I wish I could order our servant, Lizzie, to call our dinner lunch," she said smilingly. "I love late dinner and afternoon tea and all nice things."

Daisy's refinement was slightly outraged by this bluntness, and she paused in her ministrations at the tea-table.

"I don't know how anybody can bother about meals," she said. "I think having to eat at all is a great nuisance. I could never care about it myself."

"Oh, I adore eating—eating things that are nice!"

"Do you? Wasn't it Lord Byron who could never bear to see a woman eat?"

Isabel laughed. "'Twas well he never met me! Do you think it really matters, Father James, if nice things make you feel fearfully greedy—feel that you must have them?"

Father James looked out of the window. "I suppose we ought to curb our appetites, child," he said, but his tone was awkward, for preaching out of his church was a thing he abhorred.

"Oh, why?" Isabel cried interestedly. "Why, when life is so horribly short?"

"Don't, Isabel!" Daisy broke in nervously. "I hate to hear people talking like that. I suppose we all must die some time, but what's the good of thinking of it?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Isabel threw herself back in her chair and turned her face to the sun. "I don't care what happens to me when I'm old; I only want to live every second of the time while I am young."

But Father James, who was still standing by the window, put up his hand. "Listen!" he said. "Isn't that Stephen's motor?"

"The motor car!" In a flash Isabel's body was galvanised into life: she sprang up and ran across the room.

Daisy looked round, a little contemptuous of her excitement. "Yes, that's the car," she said placidly. "We're quite used to it by now, only I wish Stephen wouldn't sound the horn at the gate; it wakes Baby, and then he's so hard to manage." She laid aside the tea-caddy and the silver teaspoon and slowly followed Isabel across the room.

"Won't you come out and meet them?" she added, looking from one to the other of her guests.

Father James obeyed the invitation, following her into the hall; but for some unexplained reason Isabel hung back at the drawing-room door, and from her solitary position listened with a beating heart to the stopping of the car and the confused greetings of Daisy, Father James, Mary and Tom Norris.

Meanwhile, the old priest, with senses alert, was looking for one set of circumstances—Carey's attitude, Carey's first words. He alone of the little group marked his expression as he stretched his long limbs after the tension of the drive; he alone heard his first words.

"Isn't Miss Costello here?"

It had come then, Father James told himself—the moment he had waited for and dreaded, almost as a mother dreads

her son's first lapse from virtue! His heart contracted, then expanded again in sudden, ineffable love and compassion. Stephen, the boy he had instructed for the sacraments, the man he had married, never needed friendship as he needed it now in this hour of coming storm! He went forward, as Carey entered the house, and took his hand in a warm pressure.

"Well, boy!" he said affectionately. "Daisy and Miss Costello and myself are waiting for our tea till you'd come."

Carey's hand tightened on his, and he saw the expression that greeted his words.

"So Miss Costello is here?"

"Yes; in the drawing-room over."

Father James stood aside to let him pass; and his glance was keen as a knife as he slowly followed and saw the meeting of the two.

The sun was enveloping Isabel in a mantle of gold as she came forward to offer her tardy greetings; and to Carey's eager gaze, stray shafts of it seemed to lurk in her hazel eyes, lighting them to strange new fire. His nature leaped in consciousness of her beauty, as he took her warm hand.

"What ages 'tis since I have seen you! And how well you look!"

"Ages!" she repeated unthinkingly, and let her fingers lie in his, while her lips, her eyes, her whole radiant face, gave unconscious point to the word.

"I'm glad to see you!" he said. "Very glad!"

Then their hands fell apart as Father James, hearing Mary's sharp voice in the hall, came gently up to them.

"Well, Miss Isabel, and what about our tea?"

Isabel laughed—a wild, low laugh of absolute delight.

"Father James! Father James, you must curb your appetite! Father James has been lecturing me on my greediness." Her eyes again sought Carey's, unable to repress the excitement welling in them.

"What! Lecturing you? Why, that's trespassing on my preserves! I don't allow any one to lecture Miss Costello but myself, Father James. She's had many a bad half hour with me!"

Isabel laughed again. Life was a

glorious thing! A tempting, radiant, dancing thing, all glitter of sun and sheen of flowers! What if Daisy were dull, and Mary bitter, and all the world of women heartless and scheming! Carey had come—Carey's eyes had lighted at sight of her—Carey's hand had held hers in a long, close pressure!

She turned, her whole being joyous and alive, as Tom Norris came into the drawing-room, while Daisy and Mary waited to whisper together in the hall.

Tom's face expressed involuntary admiration. "Hallo, Miss Isabel! There you are! And, 'pon my word, it does me good to look at you! How on earth do you manage to keep that colour when all Waterford is as washed out as a corpse from the heat and dust? 'Tis wonderful! 'Tis indeed!" He took her hand cordially, then turned to greet Father James. "And is that you, Father James! 'Tis a cure for sore eyes to see you! I thought you had deserted us altogether. But, do you know what! I believe there's work for you brewing outside there." He nodded jocosely over his shoulder to the hall, from whence little gasps and laughs and whisperings came in the voices of the sisters.

"What is it you mean, Tom?"

Tom laughed. "Ah, don't be curious! You'll know all in good time. I have only my suspicions as yet."

"What's that, Tom?" said Carey.

"Have patience! Have patience, I tell you! All in good time! All in good time!" And Tom laughed again in the pleased, mysterious way of one who could say much, did he care to speak.

Carey turned away uninterestedly. "Have it your own way!" he said. "Miss Costello, how do you like my garden? Come and have a look at it now, with the sun on the apple trees." He walked to the French window, and Isabel followed him eagerly.

As they disappeared, Daisy and Mary entered from the hall. They were both flushed, and Mary held herself even more independently than usual. Daisy looked round the room, and seeing that only the priest and her brother were present, she ran forward to Father James.

"Father James," she cried breathlessly. "Father James, do you know what! I

have such a secret—such news. Mary and Owen are engaged! Oh, how delighted Mrs. Power will be!”

Father James beamed all over his kindly rugged face. Whatever faults Mary Norris might have, she was one of his many children. It was inevitable that he should rejoice in her happiness.

“Do you tell me so, child?” he said. “Do you tell me so? Well, all I can say is Master Owen is getting a good wife! God bless you, Mary, child! God bless you! Does Stephen know, Daisy?”

Daisy looked round, still smiling in her pride and gratification. “Stephen? No!” Then a look of surprise crossed her smile. “But where is Stephen? I thought he was here?”

Father James said nothing; but Tom answered readily and unsuspiciously.

“Stephen! Oh, Stephen has gone to show Isabel the sun on his apple trees.”

“The sun on the apple trees?” repeated Daisy, laughing. “How ridiculous! What it is to have a hobby!”

“What it is to have an imagination!” said Mary with a dry little laugh.

* * * * *

Dinner that night was quite a gay affair. The announcement of Mary’s engagement gave an excuse for festivity; and Daisy felt pleased and flattered that even Stephen—the self-contained, sarcastic Stephen—should give himself up to the moment. Talk never flagged from the soup to the dessert, when Mary’s health was drunk in port specially decanted for the occasion. There was something peculiar, something electric in the atmosphere. Mary was keenly conscious of it; Tom and Daisy felt it vaguely; Stephen and Isabel, sitting side by side, secretly burned to the knowledge of it; while Father James, unusually silent in the midst of the festivity, saw and understood it with a curious sinking of the heart.

At last the meal was over; and, contrary to his usual habit, Stephen followed the party into the hall.

“This is an occasion, Daisy,” he said. “I think I ought to go into the drawing-room with you.”

Daisy looked gratified. “Do! Oh, do!” she said.

Mary turned and shot a quick glance at

them; but she said nothing. To-morrow she would be her old self again, speeding her barbed shafts, dealing her swift thrusts, but to-night—this night of unalloyed triumph—she had no time to waste upon Stephen. So without comment she suffered the party to cross the hall.

In the drawing-room they formed into a group.

“And now, what’ll we do?” questioned Daisy, hospitably concerned for the amusement of her guests. “What about bridge? You play, Isabel?”

Isabel drew back diffidently. “Oh, please no! I’m no good at cards.”

“Well, you will, Polly! And Tom—that’s two! And Stephen and Father James—that’s a four!”

A quick look of annoyance, followed by a quick look of determination, passed over Carey’s face. “Don’t mind me, Daisy!” I won’t play. You take my place.”

“Oh, but why? You always play.”

“I’m tired to-night.”

Daisy looked incredulous, for Stephen’s very attitude belied the idea of weariness.

“You’re giving it up because you think I want to play. Please don’t, Stephen.”

“No, I’m not. Don’t make a fuss about it.” Carey turned away, selfish as every man and woman is selfish when mind and body are centred upon one object, to the exclusion of all others.

Daisy laughed her silly, light little laugh. “Oh, very well! Have it your own way!”

But Father James stepped forward, breaking the silence he had hitherto preserved. “Stephen,” he said, “listen here! We’ll have a game of forty-five, and not mind the bridge to-night; then we can all be playing. Do, for the sake of old times!”

Distinctly, unmistakably Carey hesitated; then some thought of his own or something in the old priest’s face made his decision for him.

“All right! Very well!” he said brusquely.

And until the clock chimed twelve, and exhaustion was written on more than one face, Father James kept the game alive, stifling his own yawns, spurring the lagging players, clinging to his position as a soldier defends his flag.

CHAPTER XXIV

That night the threatened rain came, breaking in a torrent—a deluge—such as Irish skies can so readily produce. All through the night it poured upon the roof, relentless, unsparing; and in the morning Isabel, looking from her window, saw a garden green with moisture, paths that were no longer paths, but streams, and a sky that hung grey and low over the earth, seeming to pour forth its very heart in a flood of tears.

At breakfast the one topic of conversation was the weather—its effect upon the crops, its probable continuance, its possible abatement; for now that the longed-for change had come, everybody was clamouring for the dry warmth of the past weeks. At half past nine Carey's motor came round to the door; and in a swish and swirl of mud, Isabel saw him drive away with Tom Norris, while her heart beat to his last smile and to his last words, called back through the storm of rain, "I'll be back as early as I can. Mind you wait tea for me!"

Then there had begun for her that thing of weariness—a hopelessly wet day in somebody else's country house. After breakfast, Daisy had departed to the kitchen to consult with the cook; Mary, with an air of importance, had announced that she had letters to write; while Father James, taxing his imagination to the uttermost, had volunteered to teach her *bélique*. *Bélique*, therefore, they had played until lunch-time, when they had both laid down the cards with secret relief. At lunch the spirits of the whole party obviously flagged, and subjects of interest ran low, the talk for the most part dwelling upon Ted's cold and the fact that the doctor had prescribed another day in bed. After the meal, Daisy's duties being done and Mary's letters written, the three girls were constrained to leave Father James to his office and retire to the drawing-room, to wear away the afternoon as best they could, until five o'clock brought tea and the return of the men.

In the drawing-room all the windows were shut to keep out the rain, and a smell of must seemed to emanate from the furniture, drawn forth by the close

dampness of the air. The whole room wore a melancholy suggestion of autumn, impossible to reconcile with yesterday's summer sunshine; and as they entered it, Isabel looked longingly toward the empty grate.

Daisy followed the look. "We almost might have a fire!"

But Mary looked stern and instant disapproval. "A fire? Nonsense! We'd be suffocated. I wish I had stopped in town last night. The country is sickening on a wet day!"

"Oh, I don't know! If we hadn't a wet day now and then I'd never get my mending done. I may as well go and get my work-basket now!"

Daisy departed, virtuously and unimaginatively content; and Isabel dropped into the long wicker chair with an air of lazy indolence. Whether this action had in its essence something irritating to Mary, or whether the wet, disappointing day had worked upon her nerves, it is impossible to say, but she walked to the piano with an obvious air of annoyance and picked up her Tolstoy, lying where she had left it the day before. She opened the book, glanced at the pages, then threw it aside and seated herself on the edge of the piano stool.

For a minute or two she played disconnectedly, then she shot a swift glance at Isabel from under her eyelashes.

"By the way, Isabel, why is it you haven't congratulated me? Everybody else has."

Isabel turned, her colour slightly heightened. "Oh, I don't know! I thought 'twas the man that was always congratulated."

Mary reddened in her own turn, and played a chord or two. "I never knew you were an authority on etiquette!"

"I'm not. I only thought——"

"What?"

"Oh, I don't know!" With a sense of being bated, Isabel turned away and looked through the glass door at the dripping garden.

At the action, Mary let her hands drop from the keys, and wheeled round on the piano stool.

"Isabel," she said suddenly. "I'd like very much to know what you really think about Owen and me being engaged."

With the instinct of facing an antagonist, Isabel withdrew her eyes from the garden and met Mary's interrogative glance.

"I don't think at all," she said. "Why should I think?"

"Because you're not quite an imbecile. You must think something."

"Well, and if I do?"

"Then, why won't you tell me what it is?"

Isabel's temper, always quick, rose hotly at the persistence.

"Perhaps if I did tell you, it mightn't please you."

"Then it's something nasty?"

"Perhaps."

This time it was Mary's temper that was stung. She shut the piano sharply, and walked across the room to Isabel's chair.

"Look here, Isabel," she said, "I've had enough of this. Kindly explain exactly what you mean!"

Isabel looked up at her, and all the old dislike was patent in the glance that they exchanged. "Very well!" she said recklessly. "I'll tell you if you like. It's just this. I didn't congratulate you, because I don't think you are to be congratulated. I don't envy any one who is going to marry Owen Power."

Whatever Mary had expected, she had not expected this; and in her amazed anger, she stammered—

"I'd like to know exactly what that means?"

"Nothing. Just what I say."

She laughed loudly and sarcastically.

"Not a very convincing statement, I'm afraid! Have you nothing to add to it?"

"Nothing."

For a moment they continued to look at each other, and in Mary's hard glance and tightened lips there was all the prejudice, the impregnable bigotry that in time to come would hedge round her husband and her children.

"Then I'm afraid it doesn't injure Owen very much," she said; "and if you take my advice, Isabel, you'll be careful for your own sake how you air your sentiments. It wouldn't be wise to make an enemy of him, after that night in the Lover's Walk!" She laughed again, her

spiteful, cutting laugh; and before Isabel could retaliate—before she could extricate the barbed shaft lying in the words—turned on her heel and marched out of the room with stiff shoulders and head held virtuously high.

All through the succeeding period of solitude and the subsequent hour of Daisy's chatter, Isabel puzzled over the thrust, trying vainly to find its meaning, striving to understand whether it veiled a threat; then tea and the arrival of Carey and Tom Norris banished it from her mind, and when she retired to her room to dress for dinner her interest, her excitement and her sense of indefinite anticipation were surging through her again, hot and exhilarating as before.

Carey was alone in the drawing-room when she came downstairs, but at their first words Father James appeared, his breviary under his arm.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said cheerfully. "And do you know that the rain is nearly stopped?"

"Nearly stopped, is it?" said Carey not very interestedly.

"Nearly stopped, indeed! Praise be to God! Maybe we'll have a fine day to-morrow."

"Oh, goodness, I hope so!" said Isabel fervently. "To-day was terrible."

Carey looked at her and smiled. "Was it very dull?"

She shook her head, but her eyes sparkled. "I suppose 'twas better than being out in the wet."

"Better! Good Lord, no! The rain was splendid; the rain was magnificent. There's a feeling about scudding along in the car over wet roads that has no equal. Any fool can go out in fine weather. I wish I could show you what I mean!" His eyes turned involuntarily toward the windows, beyond which the grey sky was showing rifts of watery light.

As he looked, Tom Norris strolled in from the hall. "It's going to clear up, after all!" he announced. "Where are the girls? It's ten past seven." He compared his watch with the gilt clock on the mantelpiece.

At that moment Daisy hurried in, full of apologies. "I'm awfully sorry to be

late! Let's go to dinner now; Polly will be in in a minute."

"In? Is she out?" asked Tom.

"Yes. She said she should get a breath of air, if she was to catch her death from it. She was awfully cross after lunch, and dashed off without a word to anybody. I don't know what was the matter with her."

Tom laughed and whistled. "I tell you what," he said, "Master Owen will have to mind his P's and Q's with Mary. But come along in, I have a raging appetite."

They all filed into the dining-room, and were barely seated at table when the banging of the hall door announced the return of the truant.

Without ceremony Mary walked in. Her hat and fair hair were both plentifully sprinkled with rain, and her short skirt was splashed with mud; but her cheeks were red from exercise, and there was decision and energy in the carriage of her head.

Tom glanced up from his plate with a quizzical glance. "Hallo, Polly!" he said. "I never thought 'twould take you like that. 'Pon my word, I didn't!"

Mary took off her hat and threw it on a chair; then she seated herself next to Father James and began to rub her hands, which were wet and red from exposure to the weather.

"Didn't you?" she said coolly. "I'm glad I'm interesting for once."

Tom pretended not to hear. "Just imagine a sensible girl like you driven to meandering by yourself on a wet evening! God help us! Love must be a terrible disease!"

"'Tis well, then, you were inoculated so young! Stephen, can I have some soup?"

In banter and chaff between brother and sister, the dinner wore on: until dessert was laid upon the table; then Tom, losing interest in the game, turned his attention to the rest of the company.

"You're very quiet this evening, Father James," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

Father James, who had been listening to a low murmur of conversation carried on by Carey and Isabel under cover of Tom's noisy jesting, started almost

guiltily. "Nothing is the matter," he said. "I suppose I'm a bit dull from being in all day."

"Dull? Lord, no wonder! I felt like a stewed rabbit up in town."

"Why don't you all go out, then?" said Mary. "'Tisn't at all a bad night now."

As she spoke, she pushed away her plate, rose, and sauntered to the window.

"I wouldn't mind another turn myself, if any one else is on for it. Will you come, Daisy?"

Daisy rose. "I can't, Polly. I must go and tuck Ted in. He'll cry if I don't. Perhaps Isabel will go."

Mary received the suggestion in cold silence; Isabel reddened at the obvious slight, and Carey stood up with some precipitation.

"Is there any notepaper in the desk, Daisy?" he asked. "I want to write a letter."

"Yes, there is, Stephen. I was writing there before dinner."

It was Father James who answered; and, as if fearing his statement might be doubted, he went across to the desk and drew forth notepaper and envelopes.

At this point, Mary turned away from the window and took up her hat.

"Well, who's coming?"

Father James took an undecided look at Carey; but, as he saw him seat himself at the desk with businesslike decision, his expression relaxed.

"I'm on for a turn, Mary," he said. "If you'll wait while I get my hat."

"All right, Father James! Tom, what about you?"

Tom looked after Isabel, who was walking out of the room in Daisy's wake.

Mary stamped her foot. "Come on, for goodness' sake! Don't be always hanging between two fires. I had a letter to-day from Aileen Burke, and there's a message in it for you."

Mary knew her brother. There was no more hesitation; and when Father James appeared at the doorway with his hat in his hand, the three adventurers sallied forth into the hall.

Carey, sitting at the desk, heard the sound of their feet on the bare boards, heard their talk and laughter, then heard the shutting of the hall door.

Nothing in the world could have seemed to him so significant, so portentous, as that shutting of the door. By its heavy sound, convention—family influence—even friendship seemed to be shut away, leaving him alone with the subtle, secret things that lodge in a man's soul. The silence that succeeded was intense; he found himself listening, the pen upraised in his hand, the sheet of paper before him still clean.

But nothing came—not a breath, not a rustle. He dipped his pen into the ink; he wrote the date at the top of his letter; then suddenly, with an overmastering, irresistible impulse, he pushed the writing materials from him, stood up, and crossing the hall, walked into the drawing-room.

In the drawing-room the curtains had been drawn; on the centre table stood a lamp with a yellow shade, and seated within the circle of its light—her elbows on the table, her head supported by her hands—sat Isabel, with Mary's Tolstoy open before her.

At Carey's entrance she started and jumped to her feet, causing the book to fall to the ground.

"Goodness! How you frightened me!" she said, a dry, nervous catch clipping her words.

For answer, Carey came forward, picked up the book, and handed it to her.

"Why aren't you with the others?" he asked. "Why are you here by yourself?"

She laughed, still nervous, still overstrung. "Oh," they didn't want me; Mary Norris didn't want me. Couldn't you see?"

The words were poured forth quickly, but it was the quickness of irrelevance. Each knew by intuition that both question and answer were mere conventionalities, cloaking the thoughts that were racing through their minds.

For a moment Carey stood silent and undecided; then he walked to the window and drew back the curtain.

"It's quite fine," he said, looking out. "There's even a moon trying to come out. Look!"

Isabel was standing by the table, the book in her hand, the yellow lamplight falling on her dress.

"Look! Come here!"

With her pulses throbbing and with a strange sensation in her throat, she came toward him across the silent room.

"Look!" he said again. "The rain is over."

"Yes." The word was spoken automatically. She was conscious of nothing but his near presence, their intimate companionship in the dim window.

"Look here," Carey said suddenly in a tense, abrupt tone. "Let me take you out! Come with me in the car for half an hour!"

Isabel turned to him, her eyes alight and incredulous.

"In the car?"

"Why not? Where's the objection? If people can go for a walk, why not for a drive?" The faint opposition lent heat to his desire.

"But could we?"

He caught the note of yielding in her voice; he seized upon it greedily.

"Of course. Come on! Any minute they may be back." The fever in his thoughts ran through his voice, and its tone dominated her. Across the room the quiet lamp was making a pool of light; but outside, in the struggling dimness of moon and cloud, there was a sense of elemental things. She looked through the window and her senses seemed to waver, swimming out upon the darkness.

"Very well!" she said below her breath. "Very well!"

CHAPTER XXV

"We'll go by the garden."

Carey's voice was low, betraying the nervous tenseness of the man ridden by his desires and devoured by the fear that they may be thwarted. Walking across the room, he caught the handle of the glass door, and Isabel heard him swear below his breath as the rusty lock creaked and groaned under his pressure.

At last it swung open; and the clear air, drenched into added freshness, blew in across the room, making the lamp flame quiver.

"What about coats?" she whispered. "We can't go like this."

Carey paused in the act of stepping into the garden, and laughed with sudden embarrassment. "Of course!" he said awkwardly. "I was forgetting coats."

With instinctive caution, like people who are subconsciously sensitive of a guilty act, they stepped quickly and silently back across the room and out into the hall.

"There's nothing of mine here," Isabel said in the same lowered voice, as they stopped before the laden hat-stand.

"Never mind! Take anything. What about this?" He unhooked a long tweed ulster and held it up.

"That's Mary's."

"Then put it on—and let Mary be useful for once in her life!"

They both laughed inaudibly, as he held the coat out for her and she slipped her arms into the sleeves.

"Now, a hat! Can you manage this?" He took down a tweed shooting-hat.

She looked at it doubtfully. "'Twill be fearfully big."

"All the better! 'Twill stick on!"

She laughed again softly and excitedly, as she put on the hat and drew it down over her ears.

"What on earth do I look like?"

He paused in the act of putting on his own coat and looked down at the face raised to his.

"Irresistible!" he said curtly, and turning on his heel he led the way back across the drawing-room and through the open glass door.

As she followed him into the garden, he paused to close it.

"We can come back by the hall door," he explained. "Now, right across the strawberry-beds to the little gate in the wall! Give me your hand. 'Twould be a nasty place to stumble."

Unresistingly she let him lead her through the darkness, the heavy wet rhubarb leaves flapping against her skirts, the ghostly apple trees drooping dark and rain-laden above her head. It was only when they had passed through the garden door and emerged into the big, paved farmyard that he released her hand.

"Now, we're safe!" he said. "It's a matter of minutes now!"

Very carefully he struck a match, guarding it from the damp air; and hav-

ing taken his bearings, walked across to the great gate of the coach-house and lifted the iron bar from its socket. He swore again, as the bar reluctantly yielded; then he stepped back, as the heavy doors swung outward.

In the shadows of the whitewashed house the car loomed black and impressive. He stepped up to it, striking another match.

"Mike hasn't put a sponge to her yet. The idle ruffian! You won't mind?"

"No. Of course not!"

"Right! Then in you get!"

Burning with excitement, living as she had never lived before save in her dreams, Isabel stepped into the car, buttoning up her coat and pulling her hat well down over her hair.

In another moment the lamps were lighted, the engines set in motion, and the car was a restive animal, trembling, quivering to be off. Carey mounted to his place, and with a silence and precision that seemed to Isabel magical, they glided out into the yard and down the long, wet avenue.

She drew a sharp breath, and leant back in her seat, clasping her hands upon her knees, as her eyes took in the fleeting vision of the house with its lighted windows, and her face was assailed by the cool, delicious sweep of damp night air. It was the same attitude that she had assumed on the day, weeks ago, that she had first occupied this place at Carey's side—the same position, the same circumstance—yet what leagues had been covered in the field of intimacy since that first drive!

The five-barred gate at the end of the avenue was open, and without pause he guided the car out into the breen with the high white hedges where the luxurious scent of the hawthorn was lying heavy on the air. The remembrance of her drive in Mrs. Power's carriage flashed back upon Isabel with the warm, enveloping perfume, as they splashed down the lane and over the small stone bridge.

Emerging upon the high road, a choice of ways became inevitable, and she felt her heart bound with new excitement as Carey discarded the direction of Waterford and turning the car to the right, headed for the open country.

On any night the adventure would have been breathless; but to-night the elements conspired with fate in the making of an effect. As they passed into the wide roadway—the whole panorama of the sky opened before them—the great ragged space of the heavens rent by the moon's knife; the clouds, massed in grey banks to the likeness of towers, ramparts, castles; the moon herself, alternately revealed and hidden as the rolling veil of mist was blown over her pale face. It was a wonderful sky picture, pregnant with mystery, suggestion, peril; but Isabel, looking up from her own wild thoughts, found no fear, no menace in its wide, wind-swept surface.

Like a great beast, the car sped onward over the wet and shining roadway, past thick hedges, trees in full leaf, vast corn-fields that in the ghostly light looked like grey, encroaching seas. No word was spoken as they fled on, gaining speed with the flying moments. It was a mad drive—mad as the thoughts that were racing through their minds. Death would have come to either of them then without a tremor; for in every life there is at least one such hour as this—when physical danger and moral danger are alike meaningless, when the soul lifts to the immensity of conscious power, defying fate.

Onward, onward into the night they ploughed, the mysterious country flying by them, the water hissing from the swirling wheels. Here and there a gatepost flashed by, vividly white; here and there a cottage shot into the darkness, the coppery-pink of its windows forming the high lights in a picture where dense black tree-trunks were the shadows. Each landmark on the road fled past, barely waking recognition in Carey's mind. The Police Barrack, with its sharp white outline; the railway cutting, where the car seemed to leap as it shot across the rails; the forked roads, conjuring the gallows of old times or the staked body of the suicide; the scattered lights of Kilmacthomas, where the road for the first time faces the mountains that lie behind Dungarvan!

Like a fiend unloosed, the car thundered on—on toward the mountains and the sea. For the first time since they

had left Kilmeaden, Isabel turned and looked at Carey, seated tense and rigid at the wheel.

"How far have we come?"

"Fifteen miles." The words seemed phantom things, caught and tossed to her by the wind.

"How far are we going?"

Either he could not or he would not hear; for he urged the car forward, taking no notice of the question.

Up hill they sped, down hill, then once more up hill to the handful of houses, scarcely worth the name of village, that crowns the summit of the land; then once again the road dropped steeply—down, down, past the sparse trees, past the barren fields that whisper of the coast, until at last, with what seemed like a great convulsion, the car groaned to the sharply applied brake, quivering through all its powerful frame like a living thing, and stopped to its master's bidding.

Isabel caught her breath, sharply, audibly; Carey leant back in his seat, inactive for a moment after the immense strain of the drive. At last he turned and looked at her.

"Was there ever a drive like that?"

His voice was low and unlike itself; and Isabel sat silent.

"That was living, wasn't it?"

She whispered something, but neither of them heard any word.

Then he stood up, a powerful, sombre figure in the deserted silence of the night.

"Let us get out! Do you know that that's Dungarvan just below us—that Helvic Head and Ardmore are round to the right? We're almost in County Cork."

He spoke rapidly, uncertainly, and stepping to the ground, he leant against the car, as if still exhausted from his tremendous achievement.

"Come!" he said at last, turning to her suddenly.

Obediently she rose, and for a moment paused on the step of the car, looking down at him.

That moment was supreme; their eyes, meeting in the gloom, spoke secret things; their souls found each other in the profound solitude. In perfect si-

lence Carey put out his arms and lifted her from her place.

He lifted her down, but his arms did not relax as her feet touched the ground.

Thrilled and quivering, she stood motionless in his embrace, conscious of his eyes fixed upon her, intimately conscious of the hard throbbing of his heart—that sensation which every woman experiences for the first time with wonder and with fear.

"You know, don't you, why I brought you here?"

Her lips parted, but again no word came. She was aware in every fibre of his intensity, of his passion, of the reality that was sweeping through their lives.

"I wanted you away from Kilmeaden—I wanted you all to myself. Do you understand? All to myself. I've been mad for you for weeks—for weeks. Ever since I first saw you I've wanted this. There's no use denying it, there's no use fighting it. Every man has his day. Why shouldn't I have mine?"

She struggled a little in his clasp.

"Look at me!" he said. "Look at me! I've pictured this a hundred times—a thousand times; and a thousand times I've trampled it down. But it's no good! It's no good! You're always before me—your eyes—your hair—your mouth." He bent suddenly and kissed her—kissed her violently.

"Do you care for me? Tell me! Do you?"

She struggled again; then his passion kindled a fire in her; she threw back her head with a wild, free gesture, and her eyes blazed as they met his.

"Yes, I care. I've always cared."

For acknowledgment he released her suddenly, and taking her face between his hands, turned it up to the wan light.

"Is that the truth? The honest truth?"

Her glance answered his, burning, seriously. "Yes; the honest truth."

His hands dropped with a gesture of finality. "Then, by God," I'd go down to hell for you!"

(To be continued)

THE STATE OF PSEUDO-POETRY AT THE PRESENT TIME



VERY period of vital literature is followed by a nerveless period of imitation. Then after a time the outworn fashions are swept away by a rising school. Elizabethan imagination dwindled to the fantastic rhetoric and unshapely conceits of the "metaphysical" pseudo-poets. Against these Pope and his contemporaries protested in theory and practice. The Queen Anne wits insisted on regularity of thought and clear style. Each line ran straight and was planed off square on the end. Every metaphor was required to pass the entrance examination: "Are you an anarchist?" "Are you a biga-

mist?" Soon all London learned the trick and hundreds of little poets did a mail-order business in ready-to-wear couplets. After a time they were driven out of the market by Wordsworth, the first of the nature fakirs, and there rose the new order of poets, who went in for liberty, lyrism, ornithology, botany and rustic delights. Then poetry declined down the ample slopes of Tennyson and Browning. After them the lines between the schools cross each other and grow indistinct. By 1850 everybody knew everything that the world was doing and thinking. All kinds of literature flourished in some degree. Every form of poetry that had ever been tried was tried again and with fair success. It follows

that we who live in the flats beneath the Victorian plateau try every kind of poetry and succeed in none. Hence magazine verse. Current pseudo-poetry might be divided into some fifty groups. Following are analyses of a few:

EXHIBIT I

The Pseudo-Celtic

This style of poetry is written chiefly by the near-Irish of London, Edinburgh, New York and Paterson, New Jersey. The ingredients are ghosts, melancholy and Irish geography.

Example:

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF
TED-NA-BEAR

The desolate graves of Ted-na-bear
Yawn wide for the souls that come no more.
They have ridden away in the dusky air
And shriek on the hills of Soroshore.
Oh, Clontarf strand will weep to-night
And the cottage smoke will turn to white
Like the head of a bald man's hair.

And every grave is a heart of stone
With faith departed and fled away,
Gone with the wicked Sidhe, flown, far flown,
Over the crags of Knocknarea.
The pale red moon drops tears of blood.
The wan mists rise o'er Kenmare flood,
And the wild black host has gone forth to
slay.

EXHIBIT II

The Pseudo-Military

Class IV, Subdivision C, of this class consists of versifications of the Army and Navy Register and a Handbook of Dates. The purpose is to excite patriotism by means of historical names. Most of the species in this group are easy to write and are widely enjoyed by the masses. Among books useful to the military poet may be mentioned the Dictionary of National Biography, A Child's History of the United States and Anthologies of British poetry from the Old Testament to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Newbolt.

Example:

THE MASTERS OF THE MAIN

Whatever race would conquer,
Whatever race would win,
Must dip in blood and brine and mud,
Must dip in to the chin.

The peaceful landlocked nations
That never sailed the sea,
What are they but the Negro,
The Hindoo and Chinese?—
The Russian and the Tartar,
The red American,—
These never fared to sea nor dared
The storms that test a man.

The Norsemen sailed to Sicily,
They made the bone of France.
The Saxons sailed to England
And gave the gods a chance.
The English and the Spanish
Turned red the raging main,
And Spain was lord of Europe
Till England vanquished Spain.

Until he got a navy
The Jap made paper fans.
He minded his own business,
Not any other man's.
Now through the blue Pacific
His black destroyers dart.
He studies English history
And thinks no more of art.

O Farragut and Nelson,
Your flag is in the skies.
On Togo's panting warships
The cross of England flies.
The sun ne'er sets on carnage,
The red blood never dries.

O Drake, and Grant, and Raleigh,
On, on to take the town!
The French that fought at Marathon
Will beat the traitors down.
"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?"

But Bunker Hill is standing
Where Waterloo was won.
And not a man of all the fleet
Knew when the fight was done.
For Pickett's charge at Blenheim
Told us our flag was there.
The Kaiser drew his sword and clave
The fighting *Téméraire*.

EXHIBIT III

The Pseudo Sonnet in Obscurity

Class II-A of this group is the Sonnet in Sonorous Negatives. It is a very minor form, and is extensively practised

by the American Federation of Minor Poets, of which a walking delegate is Mr. George Cabot Lodge.

Example:

UNREQUITED INTUITIONS

Innumerable lights, unseen, unknown,
That burn unhindered by the irreverent eye,
Beyond the horizon's unscanned witchery,
Seen by the sight of gods and bards alone,
How strong and undissuadable is grown
The aurora borealis in the sky,
The unguessed dim echoes of the flames that,
shy
Yet lovely, are the pathways to the throne.

Ignorant of the multitudinous light,
We, unabashed and unafraid, look out
With our imperfect glimmerings of sight,
Catch the supernal halo round about
The unspeakable deep sources of your might
And with unquestioning faith relinquish
doubt.

EXHIBIT IV

The Pseudo-Nature Poem

This type is older than the President of the United States, but not so vigorous. The sub-species are many. Class II-B, Group 4, Subdivision *a*, consists of an outburst about a bird, one bird in one place.

Example:

TO A SCARLET TANAGER

O brilliant, bright, red-coated harbinger!
I don't know what you harbinge, but I see
Your flame amid the branches of the wood
And contemplate thee with sweet reverie.

Thou art the flash of Spring, the dying glow
Of autumn and I love the warmth of you.
You art the red blood of the year and flow
Through Nature's veins as wetly as the dew.

Thou hath made this a bright red-letter day
And printed in red ink this poet's word.
I'll send you to the *Outlook* right away
And build a cage for thee, immortal bird.

EXHIBIT V

The Pseudo-Devotional Poem

Under this head fall several main classes, which range from paraphrases of familiar lines out of evangelical hymns

to obscure compounds of mediæval symbols. Specimens of the latter class are produced by worshippers of stained glass and amateurs of the Gothic. Examples are inadmissible on the score of good taste.

EXHIBIT VI

The Pseudo-Persian

The essential characteristic of this kind of poetry is a gentle pessimism. Pessimism sounds wise and sheds upon the poorest thought a tinge of intellectual distinction which only an expert can tell from genuine colour. The Western mind will accept anything in the way of Oriental ideas, pottery or rugs. Modern, acid-treated Omar looks as well as the true antique and gives a warm glow to any well-appointed library. The ingredients of pseudo-Persian verse are wine, roses, Fate and proper names easily obtained from any rug-dealer's catalogue. It is a common error to suppose that the mark of the real Khorasan is the one-two-blank-three Fitzgerald rhyme design. Regular quatrains may preserve all the essentials, as in the first two of the following stanzas. Imitation Persian is easily woven by poets who cannot think, for the subject may change from Rubái to Rubái, even from line to line, and the printer will attend to the capitals.

Examples:

This Rose hath lain upon thy Lady's Breast
And yet its Petals curl and fade away.
So will She die when Time and Fate have
pressed
The Wine from her young Life, ah well-a-day!

For Beauty shall not live one Hour the more
For being beautiful. Good Wine will spill
As easily as bad, and Fate will pour
Good Wine and bad to Waste with equal
Will.

Life hath not told me what its Secret was
Nor spelled one Syllable of Final Laws.
For all its Words were put in 'Question Form,
And every Day it asked me Why Because?

Yet Wise Men will not spend their Breath to
curse

A dull unwitting Chance that might be worse.
For they will find that Life can be turned up
And read hindforemost like a Poet's Verse.

EXHIBIT VII

The Pseudo-Greek

Subdivision I, A, 1 (a) of this class is much occupied by Mr. Stephen Phillips. The method consists of taking a Greek legend and injecting modern emotions into it, as in "Ulysses" and "Marpessa." Will Marpessa choose Apollo like a proper Greek lady? Not at all. That sort of miscegnation has caused unhappiness in many a humble attic home. Greek gods had bad tempers and irregular habits. Marpessa chooses the human lover, Idas, so that she can have real babies and go to Mothers' Congresses. When Mr. Phillips's Ulysses, properly disciplined by the modern spirit, philanders with the demi-goddess, Calypso, there is nothing seriously Pittsburgh in the situation. His stout domestic heart longs for his own fireside and is no more deeply impressed by Calypso than by a plaster cast. He is unhungry for a human breast; he wants his wife and his slippers. Any Greek legend can be treated with this modern home-mother-and-facts preparation and made to look like new. Suppose we take the story of Ganymede. According to the Greek, he was so handsome that Zeus chose him for cupbearer and raised him among the immortals. The Greek mind assumed that Ganymede was proud of his elevation, but the Greeks were slave-owners and therefore incompetent to deal with the problems of free labour. We know that Ganymede did not like his place as butler on Olympus, and we may conceive him giving notice in the following terms:

O Zeus, my father, send me home again,
To one brief day of life upon the earth.
For thy benignant smile awakes in me
The memory of my father, Tros, my father
In human woe and human happiness.
No smile upon the perfect face of Zeus
Shines like the love upon my father's brow
Seamed by the aching years of life. He came
Out of the olden vigor of the world,
The race that reared the solid walls of Troy,
A simple shepherd bred of Nature's heart,
Who when the black hulls scarred the Trojan
shore
Laid by the peaceful crook and grasped the
spear.

There came a day when his unguided flocks
Huddled in mild dismay upon the wold,
When to our little house the neighbours came,
To comfort her who sat in loneliness,
Callirrhoë, my mother.

(Notice that touch of the Indiana farm.)

In the gloom
Beneath a shepherd's mantle lay a form
As in a moveless sleep. Ah, mother mine,
Then I became thy husband and thy son,
Took up the simple cares that he had taught
And watched our flocks until the trembling
hour

When earth sank dizzily beneath my feet
And mighty wings swept rushing at my head,
As up from Ida's crown I whirled to Heaven.

Then he goes on to explain how he first saw his girl:

Nesæa from her father's cottage came
And joined him by his flocks. Mine grazed
beside.

And she whose lithe and childish loveliness
Dawned but a pace from where I stood enrapt,
Her black hair scarcely to my shoulder high,
Grew all the world. Hadst thou forgotten her
When to my lot thy highest favour fell?
When round me swept the eagle's sudden cloud
I was stooped down to pluck a flower for her.
I dropped it there and there it withered lay
Until she came and knew the flower we loved,
Kissed it and put it in her girdle close,
Then mourned across the plains in loneliness
And wondered why I went and came no more.

Ah, could I be the shepherd lad again
And kiss her sorrowful lips to joy once more,
Stir from her heart the colour to her cheeks,
Caress the lines away, I would not ask
For other life on earth or on Olympus.
More earth holds not, and Heaven, ah, Heaven
is cold.
Send me to earth, O Zeus, send me to earth.

EXHIBIT VIII

The Pseudo-Allegorical

This is an easy style in which to mercerise a commonplace and make it a symbolic idea. The persons of the poem are a few lay figures, such as sculptors put on soldiers' monuments. These engage in a moral conversation. A little colour can be splashed on to their gar-

ments and movement can be suggested by a canvas wind machine.

Example:

METHOUGHT

I met a Figure on a wooded way.
Upon her flowing robe the ace of spades
Made a black blot, and she did softly play
A Jew's-harp in the silence of the glades.
And after her two other Figures came,
Mysterious as though they had no name.

One held its hand against its forehead white.
The other's hair flowed out upon the wind;
It stared steadfastly neither left nor right.
I looked again and saw that it was blind.

"Who are ye?" cried I. Said the first, "I be
She whom to double is to be undone,
Save my companion Thought stand next to
thee,
Or my companion Guesswork: choose which
one!"
They passed, and 'mid the dripping of my
tears
I knew they were the Spirits of the Years.

EXHIBIT IX

The Pseudo-Elegiac

One of the most populous divisions of this class is Group IV-C, 3, z, which embraces poems about poems, poets and poetry. Bardets, versalators, and manufacturers of Postum poetry have an

almost human passion for the work of the master poets and they are convinced of the dignity of the poetic art. They frequently affirm in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* that "We are a glorious company," or address "Milton and Keats, my brothers through the years," or exclaim, "O all ye little poet folk, keep on, keep on, the time shall be when we shall cease to be a joke and men will honour minstrelsy." A common expression of the self-fertilised muse is an address of approval to some established poet:

Example:

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE SENSITIVE PLANT," "CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE SENSITIVE PLANT," "THE CLOUD," "ODE TO LIBERTY," "FRAGMENTS," "JUVENILIA," "ADDENDA," AND OTHER FAMOUS POEMS.

Shelley!! thou shalt not die, for I will keep
Thy spirit fresh in my immortal lines.
Out of the night of thine eternal sleep
My rising star breaks into song and shines.

O ever-running rivers, ancient sea,
Soul of the West Wind, and O soaring lark,
Help me to save him. But for you and me
His work might perish in the ungrateful
dark.

John A. Macy.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The McClure Company:

Through the Magic Door. By Arthur Conan Doyle.

A volume of essays about books, giving an account of the author's literary tastes and experiences.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More.
In this series the author treats of

Dickens, Gissing, Freneau, Longfellow, Chesterfield, and others.

Four Victorian Poets. By Stopford A. Brooke.

A critical study of Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, D. G. Rossetti, and William Morris. The author's aim is to give a just estimate of the quality and importance of the work of these four Victorian poets. There is an introductory chapter which traces the course of poetry from 1822 to 1852.

VERSE, DRAMA

Brentano's:

The Jesters. Adapted from the French of

Miguel Zamacois by John N. Raphael.

A simple story in four acts of verse.

Electra. By Hugo von Hofmannsthal.
Translated by Arthur Symons.

A tragedy in one act.

Drama and Life. By A. B. Walkley.

The essays in this volume with the exception of two, *Modern English and French Drama* and *Some French and English Plays*, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, have all been taken from the *London Times*, of which paper the author has for many years been dramatic critic.

Broadway Publishing Company:

In the Bend of the Estatauc; or, The Indian's Story in the White Man's Words. By Samuel Justin Sparks.

The author tells us that having attended school with the Indians and having spent some time in Carolina, where this story begins, on the site of a one-time Indian home, he has been more and more impressed with the vastness of the misunderstanding between the red and the white man, which has caused so much suffering and woe.

The Century Company:

Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson.

This volume includes a reprint of the author's poems originally published under the titles *The Winter Hour* and *Songs of Liberty* and also many new verses on such themes as "Italy," "Public Events," "Heart and Soul," "Moments of Italy" and "Moral Beauty or Conflict," together with a few miscellaneous poems.

Duffield and Company:

To the End of the Trail. By Richard Hovey. Edited with notes by Mrs. Richard Hovey.

With the exception of some unpublished plays, the present collection contains all the important remaining poems of Richard Hovey.

Floyd-Genthner Press:

Barham Beach. A Poem of Regeneration. By Julia Ditto Young.

The publication in book form of a poem written in 1895, whose hero, "Theodore," was suggested by Police Commissioner Roosevelt of New York City.

Hicks-Chatten Engraving Company:

Where Flows Hood River. By Marion Cook.

A volume of short poems with many full-page illustrations from photographs and drawings by the author.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Tragedy. By Ashley H. Thorndike.

In the series of "The Types of English Literature," under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson. The author's aim is to "trace the course of English tragedy from its beginnings to the middle of the nineteenth century, and to indicate the part which it played in the history both of the theatre and of literature." He states that all tragedies of the sixteenth century are noticed, because of their historical interest and their close relationship to Shakespeare, but that after 1600 only representative plays have been considered; that the aim of the series has been kept in view, and the discussion, whether of individual plays or of dramatic conditions, have been determined by their importance in the study of a literary type.

The Macmillan Company:

The Unicorn from the Stars, and Other Plays. By William B. Yeats and Lady Gregory.

Besides *The Unicorn from the Stars*, a play in three acts, written in collaboration with Lady Gregory and performed for the first time at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in November, 1907, the volume contains two short plays, *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* and *The Hour Glass*.

Mayhew Publishing Company:

Susanna. By Walter Jasper.

A drama in five acts, the scenes of which are laid just outside of Babylon.

Sherman, French and Company:

Voices and Visions. By Clinton Scollard.

The first extended collection of Mr. Scollard's lyrical work since the publication of *The Lyric Bough* in 1904. The poems are grouped in three parts: Of Life and Nature, From the Book of Love and Out of the Orient.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

D. Appleton and Company:

Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer. Two volumes. By David Duncan, LL.D.

This biography, supplementing Herbert Spencer's autobiography published a few years ago, was written, the author states, in accordance with a promise made to Mr. Spencer twenty-eight years ago, and that in his will Mr. Spencer had the following paragraph inserted: "I request that the said David Duncan will write a biography in one volume of moderate size, in which shall be incorporated such biographical materials as I have thought it best not to use myself, together with such selected correspondence and such unpublished papers

as may seem of value, and shall include the frontispiece portrait and the profile portraits and shall add to it a brief account of the part of my life which has passed since the date at which the Autobiography concludes."

The Grafton Press:

Andrew Ellicott. His Life and Letters. By Catharine van Cortlandt Mathews.

The volume tells much of this man's chief public work, namely, his part in the survey and plans of the District of Columbia.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. By George Herbert Palmer.

A record of the life of an American woman whose work was of historical importance in the development of education in America. It tells of her successful work as president of the Wellesley College for seven years as a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, of numerous other important boards and commissions, and as Dean of the Woman's Department, University of Chicago. There are also interesting chapters on her travels in Europe, her social life in Cambridge, and her quiet poetic days in her country home at Boxford.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Concerning Lafcadio Hearn. By George M. Gould, M.D. With a Bibliography by Laura Stedman.

A study of the life and work of Lafcadio Hearn, dealing with both the good and the bad in his character and the strong and the weak points in his writing.

The Neale Publishing Company:

My Life and My Lectures. By Lamar Fontaine, C.E., Ph.D.

Major Lamar Fontaine has told of his varied experiences during the sixteen years in which he wandered about in China, Egypt, India, Palestine, and South America; also of his return to America and his enlistment in the Tenth Mississippi Infantry, of the Confederate Army.

Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada. Edited by George Rothwell Brown.

Reminiscences of Senator Stewart's adventurous life among frontiersmen, Indians, ranchmen, miners, judges, statesmen. He gives his experiences during his twenty-nine years of service in the Senate and furnishes character sketches of such men as Hannibal Hamlin, Buckalew, Cowan, Foot, Reverdy Johnson, John P. Hale, John Sherman, Benjamin F. Wade, William P. Fessen-

den, Andrew Johnson, Grant, Chase, Sumner, Greeley, Farragut, Sheridan—with all of whom he was intimately associated.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Memories of Eight Parliaments. By Henry W. Lucy.

The author, known as "Toby, M.P., of *Punch*," has given in this volume many recollections of the interesting and extraordinary incidents that have in his memory varied the daily round of parliamentary life. Not only has he written of the great personalities he has known—of Gladstone and Beaconsfield, Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, and many others—but also on a variety of topics, grave, humorous, and occasionally sensational, connected with his parliamentary experience.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Boston Book Company:

The Law of the Federal and State Constitutions of the United States. With an Historical Study of their Principles, a Chronological Table of English Social Legislation and a Comparative Digest of the Constitutions of the Forty-Six States. By Frederic Jesup Stimson.

The author's object in this work has been to give the history, origin, and present tendency of American Constitutions, and for this purpose the bulk of the work is made up of a comparative presentation of the forty-six State Constitutions annotated with the corresponding provisions of the Federal Constitution.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Wanted—A Theology. By Rev. Samuel T. Carter.

A continuation of the work of Dr. Carter in his contention against the scholastic theology. It is a very direct and plain-spoken indictment of the old doctrines and a plea for the enforcement of the true spirit of religion in the love of God and man.

The Next Step in Evolution. By I. K. Funk.

This is a study of the probability, significance and character of a second coming of Christ. The author believes that "Christ came the first time into men's vision by coming on the plane of their senses; He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up into His plane of spiritual comprehension. It means a new step in the evolution of man."

B. W. Huebsch:

The Religion of a Democrat. By Charles Zueblin.

The author here gives his views on the importance of religion in the life of the individual and in the life of the State. His discussions are under the following headings: Temperament and Personality, The Constraint of Orthodoxy, The Decay of Authority, Religion and the Church, Religion and the State and Impersonal Immortality.

The Macmillan Company:

The Government of England. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Professor of the Science of Government in Harvard University.

A description of the present political system of Great Britain. It consists of eight parts, dealing respectively with The Central Government, The Party System, Local Government, Education, The Church, The Empire, The Courts of Law, Reflections. The work is published in two volumes uniform with Bryce's *The American Commonwealth*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Philosophy of the Spirit. A Study of the Spiritual Nature of Man and the Presence of God. With a Supplementary Essay on the Logic of Hegel. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D.

In this volume the author's aim is to set forth a "systematic study of the higher nature of man in relation to the divine presence."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Seventeenth Century Men of Latitude. Forerunners of the New Theology. By Edwards Augustus George.

The life and writings of some broad-minded men in a narrow and bigoted period. This group includes John Hales, William Chillingworth, Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, Henry More, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne and Richard Baxter. There is a chapter devoted to each of these men and each chapter consists of two parts, the first considering his life and the second his works.

The Essential Life. By Stephen Berrien Stanton.

A volume of essays on the philosophy of life. Some of the essays are "The Spirit of Man," "Time," "Individuality," "Imagination," "Happiness," "Morality," "Environment" and "Spiritual Companionship."

Sherman, French and Company:

An Open Letter to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. *Apropos* of His Interview on the Separation of Church and State in

France. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by John Richard Slattery.

M. Sabatier meets specifically the charges that the Separation Act was inspired by hatred of religion in general, that it ignored the rights of property and the constitution of the Church, and that its effects would be disastrous to the Church in France.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Smiling 'Round the World. By Marshall P. Wilder.

The author, in his humorous style, gives his experiences on his recent tour around the world. He tells of his trip across the continent, of the voyage to Hawaii and his visit there, his visit to Japan, China, the Philippines, India, Egypt and Italy, giving his impressions of these various countries, and then describes the trip back to New York.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Lands of Summer. Sketches in Italy, Sicily and Greece. By T. R. Sullivan.

Dealing with the author's travels through the countries bordering on the Mediterranean—Italy, Sicily and Greece. The various chapters are: Spring-Time with Theocritus, From Athens to Corfu, Midsummer in Tuscany, Bergamo and the Bergamasque Alps, The Centenary of Alfieri at Asti, The Wraith of a Ducal City and Life on a Tuscan Farm.

The Soul of Spain. By Havelock Ellis.

The author has been a frequent visitor to Spain for more than a score of years and is a learned student of Spanish literature. He writes here of The Spain of Old Romance, The Women of Spain, The Art of Spain, Velasquez, Spanish Dancing, Don Quixote, The Gardens of Granada, Seville in Spring, etc., and also of the momentous changes which are now occurring in the life of the Spanish people.

The J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Struggle for American Independence. Two volumes. By Sydney George Fisher.

This is a continuation and enlargement of *The True History of the American Revolution* published some years ago in one volume. The author states in his preface that that work, while being a brief general account of the contest, dwelt more particularly on certain phases of the struggle which had been omitted or ignored by the historians. That it soon became obvious that it did not go far enough, that the original plan should be extended and carried out in more detail, and

that the whole mass of original evidence in libraries and historical societies should be made accessible and revealed to the public in as complete a manner as possible. Hence, this supplementary work.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Marie de Médicis and the French Court in the Seventeenth Century. Translated from the French of Louis Batiffol by Mary King. Edited by H. W. Carless Davis.

The author states in his preface that this work aims at "presenting the picture of a French Queen surrounded by her court, between the years 1600 and 1617, when Marie de Médicis was queen and queen-regent—a period of particular interest, because one in which a new dynasty, but recently emerged from the throes of civil war, had not yet suffered the fate which buries the individuality of princes beneath the artificiality of courts and courtly etiquette."

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Physical Geography. By M. F. Maury, LL.D., Late Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. Revised and largely rewritten by Frederic William Simonds, Ph.D., Professor of Geology in the University of Texas.

Since the first appearance of the book much new information has been made available by the advances of physiographic science in recent years. In order to incorporate this, Professor Simonds, a recognised authority, has thoroughly modernised the text of the book, revising and to a large extent re-writing the entire work.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Song Series. Book One. By Alys E. Bentley.

For young children. A collection of songs, the majority of which have not heretofore been printed. Many of the songs are illustrated.

The Child World Primer. By Alys E. Bentley and Geneva R. Johnston.

In preparing this book the aim has been to provide a reader that will appeal to young children, and to furnish a means of interpretation whereby children may overcome the mechanics of reading without the usual lengthy development.

Graded Games and Rhythmic Exercises. For Primary Schools. By Marion Bromley Newton. Edited by Ada van Stone Harris.

The work is classified under games for General Activity, Imitative, Sense Perception, Traditional or Folk-lore Games, Miscellaneous Games of Educational Value, Marches and Rhythmic Plays.

The Macmillan Company:

Principles of Secondary Education. A Text-Book. By Charles de Garmo.

This second volume of Professor de Garmo's work, which will be complete in three volumes, deals with "Processes of Instruction" and, as the author states, "seeks to impress upon the young student the few but vital mental processes that alone lead to enduring results." Volume I. treats of "The Studies" and Volume III. will take up "The Processes of Training."

Charles E. Merrill Company:

The Bender Primer. By Ida C. Bender.

A series of short, simple, natural and interesting word-pictures of happy child-life. The publishers state that the Bender Primer grew out of the needs of teachers at work upon one of the most difficult problems of the elementary school, that of teaching pupils not only to read but to love good reading.

Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary. By Richard Alexander von Minckwitz.

The latest addition to Merrill's German Texts. The introduction contains a brief sketch of the life and work of Goethe. There are also a number of "Critical Opinions" of eminent writers regarding the poem itself.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Wolfville Folks. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A series of short stories dealing with Western life.

Zollenstein. By W. B. M. Ferguson.

A story of love and adventure in the little Kingdom of Zollenstein. The hero, who has fallen in love with a Princess of Zollenstein, becomes involved in the struggle for the throne after the King has been killed on a hunting expedition, and while fighting for the supposed heir discovers that he himself is the rightful heir to the crown.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Husbands of Edith. By George Barr McCutcheon.

To completely frustrate the plotting and scheming of some public "grafters," Roxbury Medcroft, a noted architect, finds it necessary to be in London unknown to the men implicated in the plot

and who believe that he has left town and is to attend a convention at Vienna and after that to visit relatives of his wife's for two weeks. To accomplish his purpose he persuades an American friend, Brock, whom he meets in Paris, to impersonate him. Brock dons Roxbury Medcroft's clothes, also the monocle, and does his best to become accustomed to being called by his friend's name. Besides posing as the husband of Edith, he finds himself responsible for Toodles, the baby; Connie, a very charming sister-in-law, and Raggles, the French poodle. He visits the convention, is interviewed by reporters and, from his American point of view, makes statements in direct opposition to the architect's ideas. He is introduced to the relatives as Edith's husband, and all goes well for a time notwithstanding the fact that Brock and Connie fall in love with each other. When it is learned that Medcroft is in London, Brock is threatened with arrest as an impostor. Medcroft, however, saves the situation by appearing on the scene himself all unconscious of the trouble he has caused in addressing telegrams, explaining matters, to Brock instead of Roxbury Medcroft.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Liberators. By Isaac N. Stevens.

A story of future American politics.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Red Skull. By Fergus Hume.

The plot of this story is woven about the sudden death of a very wealthy man. He attends a garden party where a fortune teller predicts his death, which prediction is speedily fulfilled. His fortune is left to the baronet, his host at the time, and as soon as this is made public the baronet is accused of murder. Many complications arise in the efforts of various ones to reach the correct solution of the mystery.

Duffield and Company:

The Vicissitudes of Evangeline.

Beyond the Rocks.

The Reflections of Ambrosine.

The Damsel and the Sage.

By Elinor Glyn.

New editions of the volumes of which the author's present publishers have secured the publication rights from Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Dana Estes and Company:

A Comedy of Mammon. By Ina Garvey.

A satire on the follies of the "smart set" of English society. It is in the form of a diary. Blanche, who has

achieved her ambition by marrying a man whose means permits her to live a life of ease and luxury as a member of the "smart set," attempts to help out a younger brother by marrying him to the niece of a very wealthy man, while he is really in love with a poor school teacher. When the uncle finds out that the young man has married the girl for her money he immediately disinherits her.

Harper and Brothers:

R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People. By Margaret Deland.

Containing six short stories.

B. W. Huebsch:

June Jeopardy. By Inez Haynes Gillmore.

The story describes the exciting events of one evening in and around Boston. It deals with a necklace of priceless diamonds for the possession of which a gang of robbers had been plotting for many years.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

In the Dead of Night. By John T. McIntyre.

Succeeding in extricating himself from a revolutionary plot in South America, the hero comes to New York, and on the evening of his arrival is drawn into another plot the nature of which it takes him some time to discover. But he finally becomes enlightened, helps to baffle the intriguers and falls in love with the girl who was the means of drawing him into the mystery.

The Master Influence. By Thomas McKean.

The theme of the story is a political struggle. The scenes are laid in New York, Paris and Sicily, and the heroine is a girl who believes herself incapable of love.

The Duchess of Dreams. By Edith MacVane.

Mrs. Rumbold, learning that a Russian princess of her acquaintance has become a widow and intends leaving Russia on an extended tour, seizes the opportunity to invite her to Newport. The Duchess promises to spend a month with her. Great preparations for her entertainment are made. She becomes the centre of interest at Newport and Mrs. Rumbold ascends to the desired pinnacle in Newport society. At the last moment a cable advises her of the Duchess's inability to make the visit. Fortune smiles on the catastrophe and a young girl who comes to Mrs. Rumbold for aid is persuaded to impersonate Princess Varvara and is equipped with a wardrobe becoming her rank. All goes well until the farce is recognised by Prince Debreccin, a Russian spy.

He offers his silence in return for information regarding a treaty between America and Japan being arranged by a Commission convening at Newport and of which Jack Borridale, who falls in love with the Duchess, is the secretary. After vain attempts the Duchess finds herself unwilling to harm the young secretary. At the last moment the sole obstacle to the Duchess's plans, Prince Debreczin, is killed by an anarchist. Thus the social climber is saved from ruin and Jack and his "Duchess of Dreams" are happily united.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Five Knots. By Fred M. White.

A tale of murder and mystery. The victim is a wealthy but scheming ship-owner, who, thinking himself freed from any punishment for his former misdeeds, settles down in London. He is, however, followed there by representatives of those whom he had wronged, and to accomplish their purpose in securing his hidden treasure, these two Malays resort to murder by means of a torture known as the "five knots." A cord with five knots made in it is tied around the man's forehead in such a manner as to cause an undue pressure on the brain, thus bringing about the death of their victim without any show of violence.

The Heart of the Red Firs. A Story of the Pacific Northwest. By Ada Woodruff Anderson.

The story deals chiefly with its heroine, Alice Hunter, and her influence on the lives of those around her in the Puget Sound Country, where she and her sister have been brought up by an old friend, a judge of some means. Alice becomes teacher in the district school and has many admirers. Out of gratitude she promises to marry the judge, but circumstances decide otherwise and she finally marries Paul Forrest, the man whom she loves and who has loved her from childhood. There are many interesting scenes portraying the life in this Northwestern country; the ascent of Mount Ranier, the raising of Alice's cabin, Alice's fight with the forest fire, her rescue of Paul Forrest, and the discovery of his lost claim near the Nisqually River.

The Avenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The mystery of the story centres about the stealing of a package of love letters with the idea of using them for blackmailing purposes. A young girl involved in the hunt for the missing package undertakes to search the apartment of a man who is believed to hold the letters. She makes a mistake and enters the wrong rooms. The occupant of the apartment, a young English edi-

tor, returns just in time to discover her in the act of going through his papers. However, he is so attracted by her charm and beauty that he allows her to escape. A few minutes later the person she intended to rob is found dead in his cab just outside the door of his residence. The editor is called upon to testify at the inquest, but he refrains from implicating the girl in any way. He then goes to work on the solving of the mystery, and in the end it is discovered that the guilty one is the most unsuspected character in the book.

The McClure Company:

By Wild Waves Tossed. An Ocean Live Story. By Captain Jack Brand.

The hero of this story, which begins in England just before the War of 1812, is an American secret emissary. He saves the honour of an English girl who, after her father dies, is kidnapped by the man to whom she was betrothed, and who is the captain of the British brig *Porcupine*.

Retz. By Van Zo Post.

Count Retz is the hero of this story of love and adventure. He seeks the Court of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, where he becomes a great favourite. Having gained the Duke's permission to endeavour to rid Flanders of the Robber Barons of the low-Rhine, he organised a company of followers whom he called "The Shadows" and, after considerable fighting and without the promised aid from the Duke, succeeds in destroying every Robber Baron castle in the country. After the accomplishment of this feat he leaves Flanders with his followers and goes to France, where he is the means of replacing the French King on the throne, he himself becoming the constable of France.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Into the Primitive. By Robert Ames Bennet.

Miss Jenny Leslie, a wealthy American girl, Blake, an American engineer, and Winthrop, an English gentleman, are the sole survivors of a vessel wrecked off the southern coast of Africa. These three are absolutely dependent upon each other in this strange country in which they find themselves, a land uninhabited save by the wild beasts, and are compelled to resort to the most primitive methods in order to provide themselves with the bare necessities of life. The American, Blake, a rough and uncouth individual, whom the wealthy on board the vessel had shunned, now takes the lead while the Englishman proves helpless under the trying circumstances and finds himself

obliged to follow the dictates of the stronger character. The necessity for strength and courage brings out the fine character of the girl, and, despite the fact that she had been waited upon all her life, manages to adapt herself to the predicament in which they are placed. While at first despising the engineer, she grows to admire his strength of purpose and power to command, and a romance develops between these two.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Ned. Nigger an' Gent'man. A Story of War and Reconstruction Days. By Norman G. Kittrell.

Telling the story of how a man from the North visiting the South after the war is entertained in a Southern home.

L. C. Page and Company:

Captain Love. The History of a Most Romantic Event in the Life of an English Gentleman During the Reign of His Majesty George the First. Containing Incidents of Courtship and Danger as Related in the Chronicles of the Period and Now Set Down in Print. By Theodore Roberts.

On his way to London a young nobleman is robbed and left in the road unconscious. When restored to consciousness he finds himself at a farmhouse and is unable to recall his name or family connections. However, he goes to London and under the assumed name of Captain Love leads the gay life he had started out in search of. It is an accidental meeting with his father that restores his memory.

Spinster Farm. By Helen M. Winslow.

Giving the experiences of a maiden lady and her niece Peggy on the farm in Massachusetts, where they go to live in order to get away from the noise and bustle of city life. Interesting pictures of their farm life, of their neighbours and of the surrounding country are given. One of the amusing characters in the book is Hiram, the hired man.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Master of The Inn. By Robert Herrick.

The Inn is a doctor's house in the country which he throws open to men weary in body and soul. Many come in and share his simple life and wise counsel and depart wholly cured and ready to start life afresh. He resorts to no medicines, but joins with his patients, or his "boys" as he calls them, in a labour of love for others. The inmates of his home share in working the farm lands, and the proceeds, over and above the actual cost of running The Inn, go to the maintenance of a village

school organised by the doctor, or, as the men soon learn to call him, the "Master." No books or accounts are kept, money is never mentioned, but each patient, as he departs, drops whatever he cares to in a box placed back of the door. One patient, a surgeon, once of high standing in the medical world, who has been greatly benefited by his sojourn at The Inn, confesses the secret of his life to the doctor, whom he discovers also has a secret which has made him what he is in prompting him to live his life for his fellow-men. He learns that his debt to the doctor is greater than he could have imagined or could ever repay.

Monologues. By Beatrice Herford. With Pictures by Oliver Herford.

Containing six monologues — "The Country Store," "Piazza Ladies," "The Bazaar," "An English Lady Packing," "The Professional Boarder" and "A Sociable Seamstress"—all humorously illustrated.

JUVENILE

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Tommy Brown. A Bad Boy's Memoirs. By Aitken Murray.

Tommy delights in telling of his mischievous tricks and does so in the language and spelling of the "small boy."

Harper and Brothers:

The Enchanted Castle. By E. Nesbit.

A fairy tale in which strange and delightful scenes are brought before the eyes of Jerry, Jimmy and Kathleen, through the means of a magic wishing-ring.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Bell Book and Stationery Company:

De Quibus. Discourses and Essays. By William H. Taylor, M.D.

The author is Professor of Chemistry, Toxicology and Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical College of Virginia, and the principal part of this volume is made up of his lectures before the classes of this institution.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Light on Dark Places at Panama. By an Isthmian Stenographer. (Mary A. Chatfield).

Consisting of letters written for the author's literary club and telling of her experiences on the Isthmus of Panama during the time she worked in the Division of Meteorology and River Hydraulics, Colon Hospital, and Department of Material and Supplies.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Judge Waxem's Pocket-Book of Politics. By William J. Lampton.

Containing about three hundred "honest and fearless" maxims by Judge Wabash Q. Waxem, Member of Congress from Wayback.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Lawless Wealth. The Origin of Some Great American Fortunes. By Charles Edward Russell.

Most of the articles in this volume have recently appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* under the title of "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?"

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Romance of the Reaper. By Herbert N. Casson.

Four chapters of this volume were originally printed in *Everybody's Magazine*. In his preface the author says: "This is the story of our most useful business. It is a medley of mechanics, millionaires, kings, inventors and farmers; and it is intended for the average man and woman, boy and girl. . . . The fact is that the United States owes much more to the Reaper than it owes to the factory or the railroad or the Wall Street Stock Exchange. Without the magical grain machinery that gives us cheap bread, the whole new structure of our civilisation, with all its dazzling luxuries and refinements, would be withered by the blight of Famine."

Duffield and Company:

The Sayings of Grandma and Others. By Elinor Glyn.

A little volume made up of extracts from the authors' various books.

Edwards and Broughton Printing Company:

Defence of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. An Exhaustive Review of and Answer to All Attacks on the Declaration. By James H. Moore.

An analytical study of the record, oral and circumstantial evidences showing that the Mecklenburgers did declare their independence as claimed.

Paul Elder and Company:

Messages to Mothers. A Protest against Artificial Methods. By Herman Partsch, M.D.

Presenting a simple, practical and natural scheme for the right diet, care and treatment of mother and child, and a plea for the conservation of power for the proper performance of necessary physiological functions.

Forbes and Company:

What the White Race May Learn from the Indian. By George Wharton James.

As the publishers state, Dr. James has associated with the red men for twenty-five years, entering sympathetically into their life and customs, and strongly believes that in many essentials to health and happiness the Indian is wiser than the white man. Among other subjects the author writes on "The White Race and Its Treatment of the Indian," "The Indian and Outdoor Life," "The Indian and Sleeping Out-of-Doors," "The Indian and Physical Labour" and "The Indian and Certain Superfluities of Life." The volume contains many illustrations of Indian subjects from photographs taken by the author.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

How to Invest Money. By George Garr Henry.

The aim of this book is to present in clear form the simple principles of investment, and to afford the reader a working knowledge of the various classes of securities which are available as investments and their relative adaptability to different needs. There are chapters on General Principles of Investment, Railroad Mortgage Bonds, Railroad Equipment Bonds, Real Estate Mortgages, Industrial Bonds, Public Utility Bonds, Municipal Bonds, Stocks and Market Movements of Securities.

Government Printing Office, Washington:

Antiquities of the Upper Gila and Salt River Valleys in Arizona and New Mexico. By Walter Hough.

The explorations and discoveries treated in this volume were made in the southwestern part of New Mexico and in the southeastern part of Arizona. The volume contains many illustrations and maps which will interest and aid the student of archæology.

Harper and Brothers:

The Technique of the Novel. The Elements of the Art, Their Evolution and Present Use. By Charles F. Horne, Ph.D.

The aim of this book is to make clear the principles that underlie the most popular form of literature, the novel. In an introductory chapter the author states that this work "attempts first to establish what the essential elements of the novel are, then to trace their employment and development through early fiction until by their union in a single work they formed the modern novel and after that to follow each of them historically through their more recent usage, so as to understand their variations and value in the present day."

Henry Holt and Company:

People and Problems. A Collection of Addresses and Editorials. By Fabian Franklin.

The volume consists of two addresses made at the Johns Hopkins University in 1895 and 1897, an article, "The Intellectual Powers of Woman," published in the *North American Review* in 1898, an address, "Defeat of Public Discussion in America," before the Johns Hopkins Alumni, Chicago, in 1899, and of a number of editorials which appeared in the *Baltimore News* between the years 1894 and 1908.

North American Trees. Being Descriptions and Illustrations of the Trees Growing Independently of Cultivation in North America, North of Mexico and the West Indies. By Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph.D., Sc.D.

The object in this work has been to "describe all the kinds of trees known to grow independently of planting in North America, north of the West Indies and Mexico, and to illustrate them by figures showing the character of foliage, flowers and fruits."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Which College for the Boy? Leading Types in American Education. By John Corbin.

In describing a group of typical American colleges and universities, the author deals with Princeton, a Collegiate University; Harvard, a Germanised University; Cornell, a Technical University; Michigan, a Middle-Eastern University; Chicago, a University by Enchantment; Wisconsin, a Utilitarian University; with the Small College *vs.* the University; and with the Agricultural College. The author states that he has in this volume tried to show what sort of young men go to each college, what its traditions are, what the authorities aim to do, and what they are actually doing.

B. IV. Huebsch:

Things Worth While. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The third volume in "The Art of Life Series" edited by Edward Howard Griggs. At the age of eighty-four Colonel Higginson sets forth in a series of eight essays the result of his many years of observation and experience. It is a volume of reminiscence, wise counsel, criticism of life and manners, and homely philosophy.

Laird and Lee:

Letters to a Business Girl. By Florence Wenderoth Saunders.

Containing a series of letters from an

experienced business woman to her daughter just entering the commercial field.

The Strenuous Career or Short Steps to Success. By Rev. Madison C. Peters.

In which the author discusses many of the problems of modern life. Some of the chapters are on The Age of the Trained Man; The Country Boy or the City-bred Man; Poor Boys and Great Men; Does a College Education Pay? and The Genius of Energy.

J. B. Lippincott:

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore. Volumes I. and II.

This work on the writings and state papers of our fifteenth President will be complete in twelve volumes. Volume I. covers the period from 1813-1830 and Volume II. from 1830-1836.

Wild Flower Families. The Haunts, Characters, and Family Relationships of the Herbaceous Wild Flowers with Suggestions for their Identification. By Clarence M. Weed, D.Sc.

The author's object in this book has been to bring into easily available form a discussion of the more widely distributed herbaceous wild flowers which should so combine suggestions for operations in the classroom and out-of-doors that it would make the study of the wild flowers of real interest both to the teacher and pupil. While the arrangement of the various species is that of a grouping into families these families are placed in the sequence of the blossoming of the more important members, so that the season of flowering may be followed in a general way.

Little, Brown and Company:

In Greece with the Classics. By William Amory Gardner.

A volume which tells in the words of the ancient historians and poets the legends connected with places most frequently visited in Greece. It consists of original translations covering a wide field of Greek literature with a brief narrative of travel.

Longmans, Green and Company:
(Columbia University).

Early New England Towns. A Comparative Study of their Development. By Anne Bush Maclear, Ph.D.

Private Freight Cars and American Railways. By L. D. H. Weld, Ph.D.

In the series known as "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law," edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.



Twenty-eight volumes are published, comprising seventy-seven monographs most of which are sold separately. Other monographs are in preparation.

The Macmillan Company:

The Mother's Year-Book. By Marion Foster Washburne.

Being a practical application of the results of scientific child-study to the problems of the first year of childhood.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Duty of Being Beautiful. By Sara A. Hubbard.

The author bids all, as a matter of duty and privilege, to be beautiful. She contends that "there is no human being so dwarfed, so homely, so insignificant but it may grow beautiful to the eye and the mind by hallowed and persistent determination." She says "we ought to lay more stress on the culture of the heart than of the head; to care more for the development of the feelings and the morals than of the intellect. They are the foundations of character, and on character the highest manifestations of beauty depend."

The National Tribune:

The Economic Functions of Vice. By John McElroy.

The author discusses in brief form some moral problems giving his opinions on the same.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., Master of Peterhouse and A. R. Waller, M.A., Peterhouse. Volume II. To the End of the Middle Ages.

The work when complete will consist of fourteen volumes and will cover the whole course of English literature from the origins to the close of the Victorian age. Volume I. covered the period "From the Beginning to the Cycles of Romance."

Heredity. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A.

The aim of this work is to expound, in a simple manner, the facts of heredity and inheritance as at present known, the general conclusions which have been clearly established, and the more important theories which have been formulated.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Money God. Chapters of Heresy and Dissent Concerning Business Methods and Mercenary Ideals in American Life.

In the preface the author states, "As I conceive the evil of these American days, it lies in our ambition for mere wealth, for objective possessions, for

material successes. This has passed of recent years into a greed of gain, and our American virtue of thrift, with which no one could quarrel, has turned into an American vice of avarice. It has made us the wealthiest nation in the world, and we pride ourselves on this success; but I have had the temerity in these pages to suggest that there are other and perhaps nobler successes than the accumulation of wealth, and that a man, or a nation, may be rich and yet signally fail of being a factor in human well-being or human progress."

Singer Company:

Who Is Who In Insurance. An International Biographical Dictionary and Year Book.

It contains 2,591 biographical sketches pertaining to twenty-two countries.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list for the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

NOTE. There was a slight error in making up the Six Best Sellers for the June issue. The list as printed was:

	POINTS
1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.	340
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	110
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.	71
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.	60
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	58
6. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead) \$1.50.	57

The list should have been:

	POINTS
1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.	340
2. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	110
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.	71
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.	60
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	59
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	58

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Extton Manor. Marshall. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

6. The Grey Knight. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Four Pools Mystery. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Into the Primitive. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Seeing England with Uncle John. Warner. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Through the Magic Door. Doyle. (McClure.) \$1.25.
4. Modern Egypt. Cromer. (Macmillan.) \$6.00.

5. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Grey Knight. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Orphan. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Vayenne. Brebner. (McBride.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Into the Primitive. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Mystery of Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Seeing England with Uncle John. Warner. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Orphan. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Meryl. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Master of The Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50c.
6. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Case of Susan. Futrelle. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Silver Blade. Walk. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kennerly.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Husbands of Edith*. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. *The Coast of Chance*. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. *The Black Bag*. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. *Meryl*. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Avenger*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. *Rose MacLeod*. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. *The Coming Catholicism and Passing Protestantism*. Smyth. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
6. *Religion and Medicine*. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. *The Avenger*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. *Meryl*. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. *The Red Skull*. Hume. (Dodge Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Mystery of Four Fingers*. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
5. *The Sixth Speed*. Rath. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$1.50.
6. *The Metropolis*. Sinclair. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. *The Coast of Chance*. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. *Into the Primitive*. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. *The Silver Blade*. Walk. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. *Rose MacLeod*. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. *The Call of the South*. Durham. (Page.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. *The Husbands of Edith*. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *Marcia Schuyler*. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. *The Primadonna*. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

6. *The Coast of Chance*. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Come and Find Me*. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Rose MacLeod*. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *The Great Secret*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. *Modern Egypt*. Cromer. (Macmillan.) \$6.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *The Black Bag*. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. *The Coast of Chance*. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. *Vayenne*. Brebner. (McBride.) \$1.50.
4. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *The Husbands of Edith*. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. *King Spruce*. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *The Husbands of Edith*. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. *Rose MacLeod*. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. *The Coast of Chance*. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. *The Barrier*. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *The Orphan*. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.
4. *Prisoners of Chance*. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. *Three Weeks*. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. *The Yoke*. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. *The Avenger*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. *The Primadonna*. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Grey Knight. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Mount. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Some Ladies in Haste. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Cheerful Smugglers. Butler. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of the Red Firs. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Pioneer Days on Puget Sound. Denny. (Lowman and Hanford.) \$2.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Meryl. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Musson.) \$1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Bag. Vance. (McLeod and Allen.) \$1.25.
5. God of Clay. Bailey. (Musson.) \$1.25.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. The Grey Knight. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
3. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. R. J.'s Mother. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Cheerful Smugglers. Butler. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. On the Witness Stand. Münsterberg. (McClure.) \$1.50.

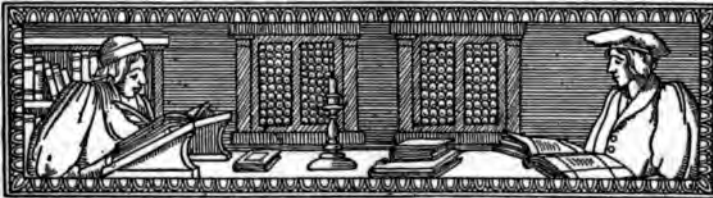
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

POINTS				
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " 2d	"	"	"	8
" " 3d	"	"	"	7
" " 4th	"	"	"	6
" " 5th	"	"	"	5
" " 6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 301
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50 245
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 139
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25 125
5. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50 56
6. { The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 52
 Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50 52



THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

AUGUST, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

There have appeared of late in the newspapers some very extraordinary stories about the various offers that have been made to President Roosevelt for his forthcoming literary work. From

these stories it would seem that Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, has been undergoing a violent siege by a band of magazine editors, who, fired by competition, have been bidding one dollar a word, one dollar and a half a word, two dollars a word, and even beyond, for anything that the President may write. Other tales have it that one publishing firm has made Mr. Roosevelt a flat offer of \$100,000 for a book about his forthcoming visit to Europe; and that another publishing house has bid \$50,000 for a book on sports and hunting. While we do not take all these stories quite seriously, there can be no question that the President is a very valuable literary property indeed. Everything seems to work to that end, his exalted position, his dominating personality, the subjects that he chooses to work about, perhaps even a certain quality in the writing itself. As a "seller" he takes rank with the most popular of contemporary novelists. For example, there was *The Winning of the West*. Probably no work dealing historically with the West has ever had a sale comparable to this set of books, which has appeared in all sorts of editions. We should say that after *The Winning of the West*, *The Outdoor Pastimes of the American Hunter* or *Ranch*

Life and the Hunting Trail come next in the matter of general popularity. Close behind these have been *The Strenuous Life*, *Rough Riders* and *The Naval War of 1812*.

There have been various portraits printed of persons bearing striking physical resemblance to President Roosevelt. As a rule all these persons have been comparatively obscure. The portrait which we herewith present, however, is of a man who has himself considerable claim to distinction, having won eminence along lines with which the President should have a large amount of sympathy. It is that of Arnaud Massey, the French golf champion. Massey is unquestionably one of the greatest exponents of the Royal and Ancient game that the world has ever known. Last year he was at his

**The President's
French Double**



THE PRESIDENT'S FRENCH DOUBLE



NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION

The real Pension de Shine

apogée; or, to use golfing parlance, "at the top of his game." He went to England for the British Open Championship, the highest class competition in the world, and won that event against a field that included all of the British cracks. Two weeks later he won the French Open Championship, despite the efforts of the best British players, who had gone to France in the hopes of getting revenge. In the British Open Championship of this year he could not repeat his win, although he finished among the first ten.



We have had occasion, in these columns, to speak with considerable enthusiasm of certain phases of Helen Green's *At the Actors' Boarding House*. Above all we were impressed by the admirable setting which Mrs. Green found for her stories. Mrs. de Shine's boarding house is a microcosm which becomes just as real to us as the Maison Tellier, or the Pension Vauquer. In the book the boarding house was represented as being on Irving Place. As a matter of fact the original Pension de Shine was situated on the north side of Fourteenth Street,

between Second and Third avenues. When Mrs. Green began newspaper work in New York she noticed that vaudeville invariably proceeded downtown, on arriving "on Broadway." The vaudeville people spoke much of that noted thoroughfare, but apparently dwelt in a humbler neighbourhood. So the writer followed vaudeville to its lair, and found, at — East Fourteenth Street, the sketch team who "worked" for "thirty a week and cakes" and, in just as great numbers, the "single act" or other turn, "who worked steadily at \$150 to \$200 a week." "They all lived alike," says Mrs. Green. "Seven a week it cost—and seven seemed plenty, upon investigation. I stayed two weeks. During the second week, the landlady, in tears, requested me to depart. I asked the reason of her inhospitable words.



NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION

R. H. Davis's *Vera the Medium*.

"The home of the Vances was on Thirty-fifth Street nearly opposite the Garrick Theatre. It was one of a row of brick houses with high stoops"

"'Last night at dinner,' said she, with visible agitation, 'Berther come in, and ast you four distinct times, "Will you have steak?" An' I stood there makin' signs, an' makin' 'em again. But it didn't have no effect. Mebbe it'll please you to know that I went an' paid sixty cents for sirloin steak—because I ain't a fool, an' I see you didn't like the grub; but kin I on seven a week give them people better?—Well, it's just makin' me sick to watch you, an' I got to ast you to leave. It's better so.'

"I met the laddly a few months ago. She wore at least a million dollars worth of diamonds, and a golden 'front' of great beauty.

"'I see you ain't doin' a thing to old Fourteenth Street,' she said affably; 'well, we all got our games, I s'pose—but it does seem as if people'd ruther read about Fifth Avenoo. I would.'"

■

It seems that Mr. Upton Sinclair's highly seasoned *The Metropolis* did not entirely exhaust New York as a literary field, even in Mr. Sinclair's own estimation. On the contrary, it was only the first volume of a trilogy, designed, to use the words of the official announcement, to be "An adequate presentation of the contemporary business and social life of New York City." The title of the second book of the series will be *The Moneychangers*. It is to appear some time in the autumn. It carries on the same characters that played parts in *The Metropolis*, and will reach its climax in the story of the financial panic of 1907.

■

There does not seem to be much known in this country about Gaston Leroux, whose detective novel, *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, last year a Parisian sensation of some proportions, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. He is a very young man, and *Le Mystère de la Chambre Jaune* is practically his first venture into fiction. Previous to this book he wrote a play called *La Maison*

des Juges, and three books which from the titles appear to be literary fancies of a semi-fictional nature. These are *Sur Mon Chemin*, *La Double Vie de Theophraste Longuet*, and *Les Heros de Chemulpo*. Gaston Leroux is the son of the well-known French musical composer, Xavier Henri Leroux.



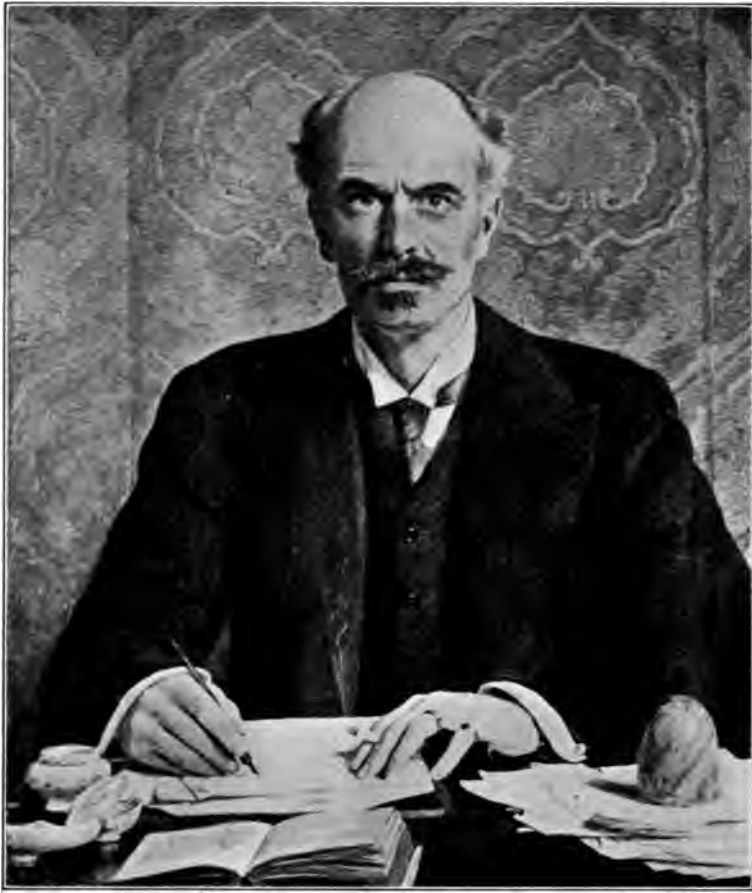
NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION

A temporary home of Hurstwood. Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*

The Norwegian novelist, Jonas Lie, who died recently in Christiania, shared with Ibsen and Björnson the honour of a national acknowledgment of his literary standing. With these other two matadores of Scandinavian literature, Lie was the recipient of a yearly governmental income, which enabled him to devote himself exclusively to literary work. While he has not won the international fame accorded his great compatriots, Jonas Lie, or to give him his full name, Jonas Lauritz Idemil Lie, was fully as popular throughout Scandinavia as were the others. And he was, perhaps, as man

The Late
Jonas Lie

Gaston
Leroux



MAURICE HEWLETT

From the portrait by Collier

and as writer, more beloved. His personal popularity at least was greater than that enjoyed by the two poets whose fame overtopped his. No poet in Scandinavia was more personally beloved by all who came in contact with him than was Jonas Lie. His strong-featured face with the humorous droop of the wide mouth, topped by the queer black cloth cap, without which, for years at least, he was never seen; his charm of manner, his easy affability, which had in it an unmistakable note of genuineness; all these made the man himself beloved and not easily forgotten by those who were privileged to know him. And as Lie was the most approachable of men, the number of his devoted friends was legion.

Jonas Lie was the son of a lawyer in governmental employ, and when young, the boy cherished a fond ambition for a life at sea. He did make one voyage in a schoolship, but it was discovered that he was incurably nearsighted, a defect which crushed his hopes of a career in the navy. He returned to school, and was prepared for the university by the gifted but eccentric Professor Heltberg, the tutor of Ibsen and Björnson. Björnson was a classmate of Jonas Lie, and Ibsen had left the "cramming bench" but half a year before. Lie studied law and took a governmental position. It was not until his thirty-seventh year that he entered the lists as an aspirant for literary honours with his first novel, *The Seer*. Lie



had done considerable journalistic work before this, and had written some scattered poems and short stories, which had passed quite unnoticed. But his little novel made an instantaneous success, and won him a travelling stipend from the government. After two or three more books, he was voted a yearly income, and spent most of his time abroad, studying and writing. Then he returned to Norway, and lived there until his death. The

Norwegians consider Lie their most essentially Norwegian novelist, and his sea and sailor tales are widely read.

Jonas Lie's marriage with his cousin, Thomasine Lie, was an exceptionally happy one. The novelist spoke often of the help his wife had been to him in his work, and wrote once to a friend "her name should stand as collaborator on the

title-pages of most of my successful books." Mrs. Lie died some years ago. Several sons survive their father; two of them, Mons and Erik, being already favourably known as writers. Bernt Lie, whose novels are widely read in Scandinavia and Germany, is a nephew of Jonas Lie. Besides the first success, *The Seer*, Lie's most popular novels are *The Three-Master Future*, *The Pilot and His Wife*, *The Family at Gilje*, *The Commander's Daughters*, *Pictures from the Northland*, *When the Curtain Falls*, and *Rutland*. He has written several dramas, but has not scored any great success in this field.

✻

Not only countless children, but very many grown persons as well, will be interested in the news that a new Brownie book, *Brownie Clown of Brownietown*, is to be published next month. In a way the publication may be regarded



GRACE SARTWELL MASON



LAST MEAL FOR THREE DAYS

Percy Megargel in the *Mountaineer*. Mr. Megargel and Mrs. Mason are the joint authors of *The Car and the Lady*, the latest automobile romance. Mr. Megargel is known as a long-distance motor driver in this country, having driven during the past three years various machines across the continent. *The Car and the Lady* is a tale of love and business rivalry between an Italian designer and driver of high-grade foreign cars and a young American manufacturer.



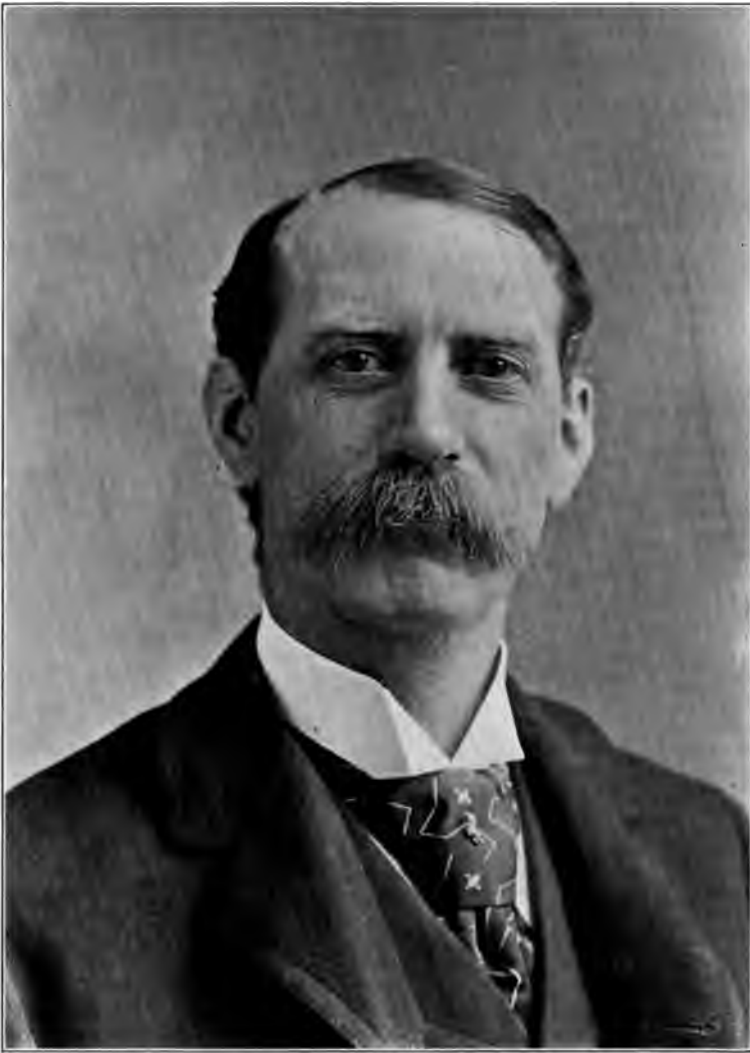
BROWNIE CASTLE

Palmer Cox's home at Granby, Quebec

as a kind of anniversary, for the first Brownies made their appearance just twenty-five years ago. **The Brownies and Palmer Cox** Palmer Cox has been asked on a great many occasions how he came to draw the little elfish creatures that have been so closely associated with his name. So the tale is not a new one; yet there are one or two details which we think are comparatively unfamiliar. Although Mr. Cox was forty-three years of age before he drew his first Brownie, he had heard of the strange people in his earliest childhood. He was born in Granby, Quebec, a Scotch settlement lying within sight of the Vermont mountains. The first settlers of this little Canadian colony had brought with them from Scotland much of the folk-lore of the Grampian Mountains. Of all the creatures that figured in the fairy tales which the women of Granby were wont to relate to their children, the Brownies had the greatest charm for the future artist. Despite their mischievous tendencies these Brownies were held to be the busiest and kindest of sprites, whose aim in the world was to lighten the labour of tired housewives. They worked

by night, each Brownie choosing some farm house whose mistress was noted either for her good disposition or her good looks. In certain regions of Scotland and Canada the superstitious still make it a habit to leave food on the table placed close to a window to induce the industrious Brownie to abide in the house over night.

Before he won recognition and success as the historian of the Brownies, Palmer Cox lived an adventurous and somewhat precarious life. At the age of seventeen he left his Canadian home and came to the United States with the intention of succeeding as a business man. After a few years he became convinced that the Eastern States did not offer sufficient opportunities, so he started for California. This was at the time of the Civil War, and as there were no trans-continental railways, Palmer Cox went to San Francisco by way of Panama, the journey being considerably enlivened by the pursuit of the vessel on which he sailed by a Confederate cruiser. In California Palmer Cox found employment in a railroad office, where he achieved no great amount of success. He already felt



PALMER COX

a strong leaning toward art, and the loss of several thousand dollars in a financial venture went far toward convincing him of his unfitness for a business career. The unfortunate loss leaving him without sufficient money to devote his entire time to the study of art, he turned to newspaper work. In San Francisco he wrote for the *Examiner*, the *Gold Era* and the *Alta California*, at the same time joining the famous sketching club, the Graphic, of which Benoni Irwin, the marine painter, was instructor. Among other members of the club at that time

were Marjot, the French painter, Thomas Hill, and Bradford, later celebrated for his Arctic scenes. In San Francisco Palmer Cox remained until 1878, when he returned East and made his home in New York.

In telling of this period in the life of Mr. Cox, Malcolm Douglas, who later wrote the songs for the theatrical representation of the Brownies, once said: "During this period of his life his animal drawings especially won the fancy of the critics and found an eager audience



Seasons come and seasons go,
Are ye mindful? are ye slow?
Have ye studied, prayed and planned,
How to gain the better land?

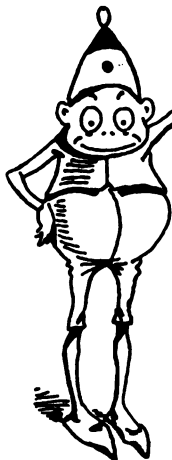
Palmer Cox.
Brownland, 1908.

among the readers of *Little Folks*, *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Young People* and *St. Nicholas*. Yet in depicting the humouristic side of the animal world he found that his work lacked that individuality which he knew it must possess to attain true success. He saw that he must hit on something distinctive, that would make his creations stand out from those of other artists—something that bore the stamp of originality, that was all his own. For years he searched his mind for a new theme to which he might devote all his energies, and at last he bethought himself of the Brownies of his childhood. The idea came to him as an inspiration. All at once it occurred to him that these jolly little elves, who had endeared themselves to the children of his native village, although they existed only as formless creatures of the imagination, might be

aptly portrayed in tangible face and figure and be made the heroes of exploits which, through the pages of periodicals, would win the affections of the little ones of the whole country. His belief proved true. The Brownies, which he first began to draw in 1883, when he was forty years old, became popular from the start."

"Feminine quality" were the bitter words which Lord Alfred Douglas, editor of the London Academy, applied in his wrath to Mr. Bernard Shaw. "Blazing boyishness" was the epithet with which Mr. Shaw, more amused than angry, retorted upon Lord Alfred Douglas. And since in any literary pillow-fight he aims best who keeps his temper,

A Desultory
Combat



To
Though ten thousand voices praise
Well thy charms and winning ways,
Still some graces we could hook
That the thousands overlook.

Palmer Cox.
Brownland, 1908

it is not strange that Mr. Shaw's designation of Lord Alfred Douglas was far the more accurate of the two. Readers of the opening paragraphs of the *Academy* and of the occasional articles signed "A. D." will feel the descriptive quality of Mr. Shaw's phrase, for underneath that top-heavy editorial manner of solemnity, certitude, literosity and British weekliness, the spirit is that of a curiously undeveloped person, that of a "blazing boy." But let us recount lovingly the details of the encounter, for as we have often remarked in these columns, writers seldom fight in print nowadays. Even so trifling an engagement as this is precious in these piping times and deserves wide publicity and the hearty encouragement of all who, like ourselves, regret the growing reluctance of journalists and men of letters to say the first hot, natural, senseless thing that occurs to them, thus diminishing what was once a source of lively public entertainment. It seems that the *Academy* of May 23d, in the course of a review of Mr. Shaw's *Getting Married*, accusing the play of many indecencies, attributed to one of the characters a remark which that character did not make. Whereupon Mr. Shaw wrote to Lord Alfred Douglas in part as follows:

DEAR LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS: Who on earth have you been handing over your dramatic criticism to? Your man, who must have been frightfully drunk, has achieved the following startling libel:

"The waiter, disguised as a butler, told us, among other things, that his mother was very fond of men, and was in the habit of bringing them home at night."

For that statement, which I need hardly say is pure invention, you will have Vedrenne and Barker, Frederick Harrison, and Hatman Clark (the actor concerned) demanding damages from the *Academy* at the rate of about £2,500 apiece.

Can you not manage to volunteer in your next issue a withdrawal of the article? As a rule, I do not like asking an editor to throw his contributor over; but when the contributor throws over the editor so outrageously as in this case, I do not see what is to be done.

I feel rather in a difficulty about it, because

I do not know who the writer is; and am afraid he may turn out to be some unfortunate friend of mine. . . . You will see that the writer gave himself hopelessly away at the beginning by saying that he left the house at the end of twenty-five minutes. Later on he describes a scene which he did not wait for, and contrives to get both a libel and a flat misstatement of fact into his reference. . . . It is conceivable that a critic, if very drunk, might possibly have muddled this honestly, in the way your man has done; but that does not make it any more defensible; and you can see how the gross coarseness of the blunder would affect a jury if the case came into court. . . .

■

Now we hold it is not decent for a scientific gent

To say another is an ass, at least to all intent.

Nor should the individual who happens to be meant

Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

■

The individual whom Mr. Shaw described as "frightfully drunk" happened to be Lord Alfred Douglas, who wrote the review himself, as, very likely, Mr. Shaw knew all along, for though the article was unsigned, the hand of Douglas was plain from the signs above mentioned—the heavy writing and the light thinking. Hence, with some asperity; Lord Alfred Douglas replied:

DEAR MR. BERNARD SHAW: I received your letter this morning with the greatest surprise. I strongly resent the accusation of being drunk which you bring against the writer of the article. It seems to me that it is characteristic of the feminine quality of your intellect, to which reference was made in the article, to make such an outrageous suggestion. As a matter of fact I wrote the article myself—

and he goes on to "confess" further "surprise" that "a man of your intellectual attainments," etc., etc. It is the usual letter of literary controversy. Attack the average writer, and he either retorts with an expression of "surprise" or remarks superbly that considering the character of his assailant he is "not at all

surprised." Why is surprise or the absence of it so highly esteemed for polemical purposes? Time and again we have been drawn by the promise of a good bout between literary egotisms, heard the hiss of the flying insult and the cry of the wounded vanity, seen the lie passing back and forth, and self-love stripped for action, only to find the whole thing going off in a mere popping of astonishments. It is an intolerable disappointment. There is hair to pull and mud to roll in, and there are lusty equivalents in our language for these warlike exercises. If writers carry their quarrels into print, let them go properly armed and equipped, using the massive or pointed weapons in which our tongue abounds, for when they make of it a public affair they must see to it that it has the quality of good literary pugnacity. A mere gasp of surprise at an adversary has no place in a decent literary controversy. It is as irrelevant as a sneeze and no more fit to print. We by-standers are very tired of reading that somebody is surprised by some vague "outrage" on the part of somebody else. To print it is an impertinence to us. We gather hopefully at these contests because we expect definite blows to be aimed by the combatants at each other, and some of them to be well aimed, resulting in no deep wounds perhaps, but at least in an occasional puncture, followed by a salutary deflation. We liked it, for instance, when Mr. Howells remarked of a certain writer some time ago that "he does his boldest thinking along the safest lines." It pleased us and tended to a permanent and easily remembered classification of the writer.

Finding the editor of the *Academy* so sensitive to the charge of drunkenness, Mr. Shaw very naturally makes the most of it in his next letter:

DEAR LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS: Thank goodness it was you, and not some poor devil whom it would have been your duty to sack. You *must* have been drunk—frightfully drunk, or in some equivalent condition; no normal man behaves like that. Now go right off to your solicitors, and show them my letter, and ask them whether they think the error a trifling

one from the point of view of a British jury. Show them the article also . . .

and so on, in the kindly but imperious tone of advice to the weak-minded. To which Lord Alfred Douglas, still flustered, replies rather literally that "I am a person who is very well able to look after himself without any assistance from you," and that, "Your letter is a piece of childish impertinence, but as it was evidently written in a fit of hysterical bad temper, I shall not count it against you." Then another letter from Mr. Shaw, closing the correspondence with a mysterious but presumably irritating air of triumph. "As you have owned up," says he, "we are satisfied; and the public will forgive you for your blazing boyishness." Finally some comments on the above by Lord Alfred Douglas, who of course says it is he who is satisfied and implies that Mr. Shaw has been properly punished and calls him the "Nietzsche of Bayswater" and declares that "There has been nothing so unseemly as Mr. Shaw's elegant talk about 'the sack' for a dramatic critic since Herodias desired the head of John the Baptist"—which last remark seems to us to pass over too many atrocities between Herod's time and the Shaw era to be strictly true. The sack of Pappenheim, for instance, the siege and sack of Haarlem, deeds of Alva, deeds of the Borgias, several torture episodes, some burnings, some boilings will occur to many of us as equalling if not exceeding in unseemliness these letters of Mr. Shaw. However, the editor of the *Academy* had the last word and printed the letters and his commentary under a victorious and most sarcastical headline—"The Shaving of Patshaw"—which recalls the familiar device of primitive controversialists who never wearied of proclaiming in the title the flaying, scourging, pillorying, excoriation and complete confutation which were supposed to be administered to their opponents by the text, a device that even a college journalist or rustic editor will now only occasionally employ.

Which is all very frivolous, we admit, and seems the more so at this distance

from the scene of conflict, but it serves well enough for a modern instance.

The Lost Opportunity

Shades of a thousand literary battlefields, how pitifully we have dwindled! There is not a good round curse amongst us, not a dangerous noun or prickly adjective. Tease an editor and out comes his pocket-handkerchief. He regrets and deplores the conduct of his adversary. He is very much surprised. A flutter and a fume; both crow languidly and there is an end of it. Is there no way of nerving the disputants? Think what a chance was lost in this instance. For some years past Mr. Shaw has been swaggering on the edge of his reputation, and all discreet admirers of his would welcome the push that sent him over. Not from fickleness or because they begrudge him the wealth and popularity which he has fairly won. But the period of fruition is a trying time for writers. It is the time when men knock off work and trust to their popular momentum to carry them along. They have, of course, a good excuse. Having done excellent work in the past and been underpaid for the best part of it, they may fairly argue that they have earned the right to be as silly as they please. It is time's way of redressing the balance of their early hardships. In trade, goods are first judged by their quality, afterward by their label. In the literary field, the same law holds good, and the man who could not find a publisher for the best work of his active brain may, after he has made his mark, find a public eager for anything that issues from that same brain in repose. Thus, perhaps, Mr. Shaw may argue, and we do not gainsay a certain poetic justice in the plea. It is the well-known law of success-momentum that poor work is hedged by a margin of safety, and that deterioration may go on for many years to all appearances undetected. Indeed, there have been historic instances of senile dementia without loss of public interest, the writer having as many readers as before he lost his mind. In view of these temptations and immunities, it seems a pity that there is no one to efface Mr. Shaw temporarily—no early Shaw to extinguish this later letter-

writing one, who shines with a dim light, guttering like a candle inviting extinguishment. A few years of quiet and taking pains, during which all letters to the press should be written by his secretary—letters rebuking America, wrangling over trivial grievances, tiresome letters to *Collier's Weekly* and the London *Athenaeum*, dull audacities in imitation of his early witty ones—and we might see again the Shaw of *Candida* and *Superman*.



On the other hand, no better subject for early-Shavian satire could have been found than the editor of the London *Academy*, who though in a literary sense a nonentity is valuable as a type. Criticism in the *Academy* is a branch of etiquette. It has a horror of all things to which it is unaccustomed. It snubs, not very effectively, perhaps, but with destructive intentions, several continents, and most forms of religion, natural and revealed. "Unheard-of" is its finality in condemnation. It somehow contrives to make even a good cause look a little ridiculous. Its recent attacks on British yellow journalism as exemplified by Harmsworth and the *Daily Mail* are so ill-executed that we forgot how well they are deserved. True, we say, a high standard is a good thing, but what business has this pompous little Briton to be waving it? It is not conservatism in action, but conservatism in retreat, merely fidgeting. Socialism is dismissed with an exclamation point, an alien faith with "What a way of worshipping God!" It is quietus enough for any unparochial philosophy to prove that it is unparochial. America is in the wrong set and "we note with the deepest regret" that after the remarks in our last issue she continues. We admit that Asia has some things to recommend her.

We have been assured by a Socialist friend of ours that Mr. Chesterton is a great writer, and that a recent review in the *Academy* did not do him justice, and we were recommended to read a book called *Heretics*. We picked it up and opened it by chance at a chapter called "Smart Novelists and the Smart Set." We have rarely read anything more patently foolish. . . . To such follies and insanities have



M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

Author of *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft*

Socialists brought us; they have given us the "literature" of Mr. Chesterton and they have created the *Suffragette*. To get rid of these things we must get rid of the Socialists. They are blighting and spoiling all that is fine and noble and lovely in this country.

The pages of the *Academy*, in the main interesting and well-informed, are streaked with this quality by the editor. We associate the quality with the British middle classes merely because we so readily recall the Podsnaps, Stigginses, Bumbles, Buzfuzes, elder Osbornes—the hosts of obtuse characters in fiction that happened to belong to them. We forget how Carlyle's famous "gigman" type flourishes in all parts of the British Isles, in circles the most aristocratic or literary, and how often Matthew Arnold's "Philistines" will be found to-day very sedulously insisting on Matthew Arnold. We forget that Thackeray's definition of a snob is badly in need of amendment, for a snob not only "meanly admires mean things"; he meanly admires the

great ones. He is a fugitive from one kind of vulgarity who falls head first into another. Mr. Shaw's opponent was the British type of the closed mind—a type very dear to literature, for good writers have always known that a small man may be made very interesting indeed by an accurate delineation. Mr. Shaw unfortunately missed the chance of adding to that entertaining literary stock of flies preserved in amber.

■

An unusual loan exhibition of American bookplates, largely relating to the Colonial period of our history, is to be seen at the Van Cortlandt House, in Van Cortlandt Park.

This exhibition has been arranged under the auspices of the New York Society of Colonial Dames, with the definite purpose of showing the bookplates of representative families of Old New York; though the lists include the



FIFTY YEARS A BOOKMAN. A. GROWOLL

In commemoration of his fifty years of association with and services to the American book trade, a dinner was recently tendered to Mr. Growoll of the *Publisher's Weekly* at the Players Club of New York

plates of prominent men of the other colonies. So far as New York is concerned, the names appended to the plates testify to the success of the original purpose. Among many other families of almost equal note, here are shown the bookplates of Bayard, Bedlow, Clinton, De Lancey, De Peyster, Duane, Duer, Dyckman, Goelet, Livingston, Morris, Rutgers, Stuyvesant and Van Rensselaer. Colonial governors are represented by the



HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of *A Grand Army Man*

plates of Dunwoodie, Fauquier and Earl Dunmore of Virginia, Dudley of Massachusetts and Pownall of New Jersey. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence no less than nine plates are exhibited, and Washington and the two Adams represent the Presidents of the United States. Among the other plates interesting for their former owners, we find the bookplates of William Byrd, the aristocratic owner of "Westover," Virginia; of Bishop Samuel Provoost and the early college presidents, Myles



ADELINE KNAPP

Author of *The Well in the Desert*



CICELY HAMILTON

The author of *Diana of Dobson's*, the successful comedy at the Kingsway Theatre, learned the art of play-writing from the standpoint of play-acting. Her most recent appearance on the stage was last month, when she played the Vision of the dead mother in *Hannule*, produced by the Play-Actors at the Scala.

Cooper and William Samuel Johnson; Jonathan Boucher, the loyalist clergyman of Virginia; Bloomfield, Schuyler, Morgan Lewis and other soldiers of the Revolution; Chief Justices John Marshall and Bushrod Washington, and the striking pictorial plate of Captain Stephen Cleveland, representing an American frigate in full sail.

The earlier American engravers of bookplates are well represented. In historical interest Paul Revere, the patriot goldsmith-engraver of Boston, comes first with his rare plate of Epes Sargent; Nathaniel Hurd, also of Boston, engraved a number of the plates shown, and among these is the Dering plate, which has the distinction of being the first American bookplate issued with a date—1749. Henry Dawkins engraved the plates of Francis Hopkinson and the patriot Duane, among others, and Elias Gallaudet was engraving in New York as early as 1759, and made the first plate for the New York Society Library. But Peter Rushton Maverick was the popular New York engraver of bookplates, and his



ROALD AMUNDSEN

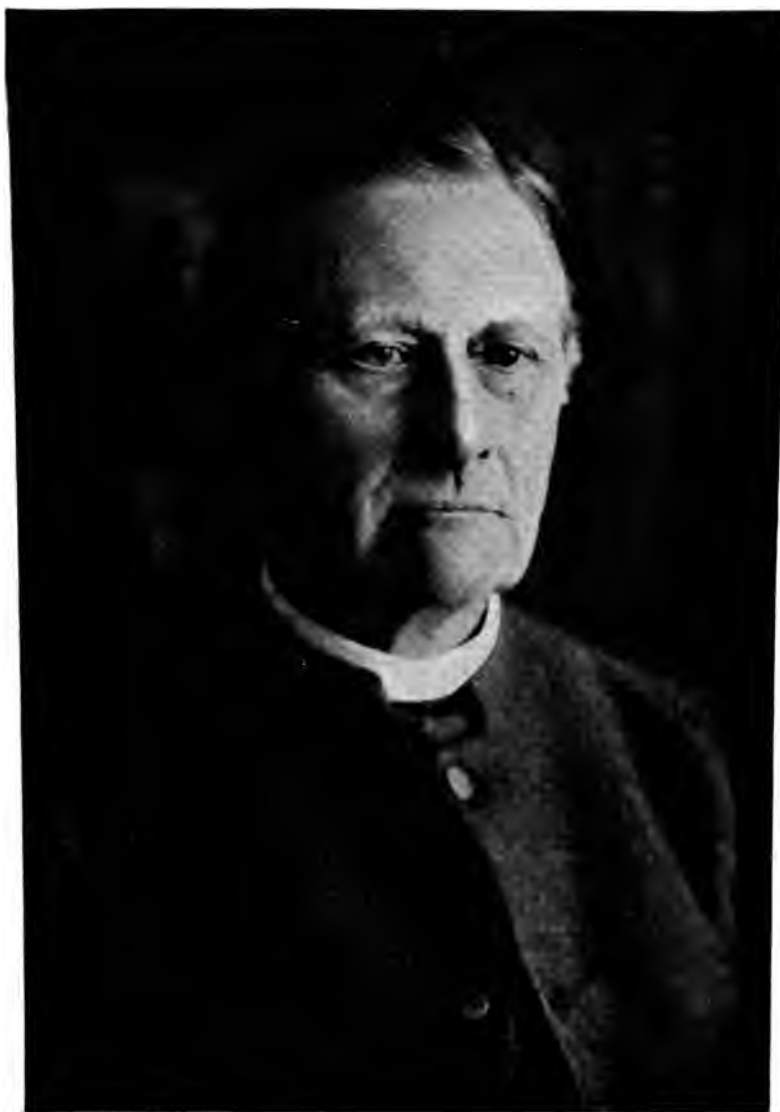


W. P. CRESSON

The author of *Persia, the Awakening East*

name is signed to a large number of the plates of the old New York families represented in this exhibition. An interesting exhibit is a very old pen-and-ink design for the bookplate of the Bedlow family, with its pious Dutch motto of "Myn Hoope om Hoogge." As including many excessively rare bookplates, as being unusually representative, and as the first exhibition of the kind held in New York, the collection is worthy of careful study.

At the present time there should be considerable interest in Roald Amundsen's *The Northwest Passage*. The author is a countryman of Dr. Nansen, and after the return of that eminent Arctic explorer in 1889 it was an ambition of Roald Amundsen to follow in his footsteps. In 1901 the Northwest project, for which he had hardened himself by working as an ordinary seaman on board a seal hunter amid the ice of the Polar Sea, was submitted to Dr. Nansen; and to him the record of the accomplished ambition is now appropriately dedicated.



REV. BARING GOULD

Captain Amundsen navigated the whole of the Northwest Passage between the years 1903-7, and by a curious coincidence the sloop *Gjoa* sailed through the passage on the three hundredth anniversary of Hudson's first voyage in its search. The passage was traversed by seven men in a small herring boat. As can be imagined, the experiences of those seven intrepid voyagers were exciting, but the possibility of achieving what had before baffled the boldest seamen for well-

nigh four centuries enabled them to endure these hardships with fortitude. The main object of the expedition, scientifically speaking, was the investigation of the magnetic conditions round the North Magnetic Pole.

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The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has just finished a new volume on Cornwall, the district with which his name is so closely identified, which is soon to be published



SIR HENRY IRVING

under the title *Cornish Characters and Strange Events*. As was the case with his other book, *Devonshire Characters and Strange Events*, this book will be illustrated with many reproductions of old prints. Among the seventy odd characters which figure in the Cornish book are the Pirate Trelawney, Mary Ann Davenport, Actress; Samuel Foote; Thomas Killigrew, the king's jester.

S. Baring-Gould

striking than his originality of style. True, by looking very closely, one could find at times—noticeably in *The Story of the Gadsbys*—the influence of Thackeray, and here and there were suggestions of Bret Harte. But, all in all, it was not easy to think of a scribe so little swayed by admiration for some one other. Yet some time ago, in recording the death of Joris Karl Huysmans, the *London Academy* made the statement that "Kiplingism owes much, if not everything, to him in the matter of style."

Kipling's
French
Influence

In the eyes of most of us no phase of Kipling's earlier work seemed more



WHISTLER



CARMENCITA

Aubrey Beardsley's larger portrait drawings of himself and of several of his contemporaries are familiar to every one, but it is not generally known that a number of the fantastic illustrations to the now rare little volumes in the Bon Mot series from his designs were intended as slightly disguised caricature portraits of well-known

**Beardsley
Portraits**



ELLEN TERRY

people of the day. As an instance the *Bon-Mots of Samuel Foote and Theodore Hook*, edited by Walter Jerrold, contain drawings which one of Beardsley's friends declares were intended to caricature Irving, Ellen Terry, Carmencita, Whistler, and Mme. Rejane. The reader may draw his conclusions from the accompanying reproductions.



MADAME RÉJANE



SOME GLIMPSES OF THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS"

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR



It was said a few years ago by a prominent critic that there had been but two genuine creations in the field of American fiction, Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus. And whether or not one is disposed to accept so sweeping a verdict, it is certain that the creation of Joel Chandler Harris has attained a permanent place among the immortal "real folks" in literature.

A half century ago Uncle Tom was assigned his place among those same immortals, a place won by the voicing of a fiery gospel, which called for sacrifice and revolution on behalf of the negro's wrongs. Uncle Tom came bringing a sword, but when, a quarter of a century later, kind Uncle Remus, his literary successor, appeared upon the stage, now dedicated to purposes of peace, his audience hailed for the first time the entrance of the veritable plantation negro, with all his quaint peculiarities and curious superstitions.

The negro had indeed figured in literature before the advent of this creation by Mr. Harris, but he had figured for a purpose, either to illustrate a principle (as in Mrs. Stowe's great novels) or he was the stage negro of the minstrel show, an intolerable misrepresentation.

But no such charge could be brought against Uncle Remus when he made his appearance; he did not "figure" as the negro or even "represent" him; he simply *was* the genuine plantation negro himself, and if one seeks an explanation of this happy achievement, the answer comes: The author of Uncle Remus, like his inimitable Brer Rabbit, was "born and bred in a brier patch" in Middle Georgia. Here, in 1848, on December 8th, Joel Chandler Harris first drew breath, and here he spent his happy and adventurous youth, amusingly commemorated in his book entitled *On the Plantation*.

When Mr. Harris chose for his subject the plantation negro, he had a character of much subtlety to deal with; his subject is a creature of extremes, carelessly happy one day and despondent the next, possessed of a pathetic philosophy which has sprung from his very helplessness, and also of a never-failing sense of humour, which acts as a continual balance wheel; he is a being whose mystical side has been highly developed and one to whom the "creeters" have become brothers and sisters, being endowed by him with all the human virtues and vices. This character the author has successfully materialised in Uncle Remus, whose province it is, not to present to us problems to be solved, nor is it intended that he shall become the property of the Folk-lore Society; his realm is a higher and more important one, for it is his mission to charm and to amuse that circle which after twenty years continues to widen about Uncle Remus.

Although Mr. Harris was the author of some twenty books, some of which, like his *History of Georgia* and the *Little Union Scout*, were of a sedate and educational character, his most popular works and those which suited his own taste the best were his humorous books. While his other books are not lacking in that charm of which he was the master, it is as the author of the Uncle Remus Series and kindred sketches that he holds his high and permanent place in American literature.

In connection with the appearance of Uncle Remus, it may be of interest to quote a few characteristic extracts from some of Mr. Harris's communications to his Boston publisher, penned at the time when he was producing the *Nights with Uncle Remus*. This was some half dozen years after that popular old dandy had first charmed his readers in the Sunday sheets of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and at this



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

December 8, 1848-July 3, 1908

XXXVII.

Brother Rabbit and the Mosquitoes

The next night, Sadddy Jack was still away when the little boy went to see about Uncle Remus, and the child asked about him.

"Bless yo' soul, honey! don't ax me about Bro Jack. He look lak he mighty ole on Tronby, but he mighty peart nigger, mon. He look lak he shufflin' long, but dat ole nigger sits over groun', sho. Inty year ago, maybe I mought or Rip' up wid 'em, but I let you know Bro Jack is a way head er 'is. He mos' shaly is."

"Why he's older than you are, Uncle Remus!" the child exclaimed.

"Dat wat I year tell Sum lak hit mighty luse, but sho ez your bawn Bro Jack is a heap mo' pearter nigger dan wat ole Remus is de little, yit he mighty hard: dat's Bro Jack up en down."

Uncle Remus paused and reflected a moment. Then he went on:

"Tallin' bout Bro Jack put me in min' bout a tale wick sho shaly mus' er happen in de down der in dat ar country whan Bro Jack come fow fow, so it later Kitch me in de neighborhood er de Amusement Kaze. He acit done upin tell it. I speck hit done wick Coase Sum Bro Jack 'membrance."

"What tale was that, Uncle Remus?"

"Sum lak dat one time wien everything er everybody wuz runnin' 'long de lak day 'bin

time one volume of the Remus sketches had already been issued in book form.

In March, 1883, Mr. Harris writes:

You may begin to make your arrangements for the Uncle Remus book, *Nights with Uncle Remus*. It will contain seventy stories. Eighteen sketches are already done, and these can go into the hands of the artist on the 1st of May, and by the 1st of June I want to have twenty more complete,

and the others right along. The introduction will cost me the most trouble and will be about twenty pages, but I'll defer that to the last. The other book sells steadily, about three thousand a year. Now then write me your views and intentions and desires. If half the book is in type by the middle of August you can hit Christmas with it.

The first week in June finds the author

the victim of various worries which are the portion of the editor as well as of the good citizen. He writes, as usual, from the editorial office of the *Atlanta Constitution*:

Your uncle has been bedeviled by a variety of causes that can scarcely find time to repeat themselves more than once before the millennium. One of our editorial writers has been laid up, and I have been compelled to do his work and my own, too; I have been performing on a jury; the *Century* has worried me with an objection to the coast dialect, but the objection has been overcome; and last and not least, I have been pestered about the order in which the stories shall come—whether they shall fall in divisions of groups or just run miscellaneous along like dry peas (or beans) out of a tin tube. I want to fix it all so that there shall be as few changes to make after the matter is in type as possible. I shall begin to send copy just as soon as I can dispose of some of my own suggestions and things, and by the time you begin to dine with the British dudes I hope we will have at least half the book in type and in the hands of the artists; but I trust you are not figuring to get it out before November. This will give you time to advertise it thoroughly as a holiday book and take advantage of the thousand and one tricks unknown to, but highly appreciated by, your esteemed correspondent.

The title will be

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS

Myths and Legends

of

The Old Plantation

by

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Sayings and His Sayings"

In connection with the publication of *Uncle Remus* in England, Mr. Harris writes toward the end of June, 1883:

In shuffling off the American Republic, so to speak, J. R. O. said the Remus business had been left in your hands. I therefore address you instead of the firm. I am delighted with the type and size of page as shown in the *London* sheets. I will forward you by express to-day or to-morrow the eighteen stories that are to precede the

Trübner sheets in the book. Pray let the one entitled "A Dream and a Story" (XVIII) fall into W. H. Beard's hands. If he deals with it at all enthusiastically his illustration will make a delightful frontispiece, for in that sketch lies the motive, the undertone, of the book. I'm not particular about the frontispiece; in fact, I think a frontispiece is rather out of date, but I want Beard to get hold of XVIII. If I do not greatly misunderstand him, he can deal with it sympathetically. I have been greatly worried of late by a great many little things, and my work has been interrupted, but I see the way clear now, and I think there will be little delay in the future. I shall send you shortly the last instalment for the *Century* in manuscript, so you can put it in type and then forward me the Trübner sheets to be used as copy for the magazine.

On August 3d Mr. Harris exclaims:

I'm almost ashamed to write; but the truth is I haven't done any writing outside of newspaper work for some time. I have what the doctors call fatty degeneration of the mind. I sat for a photograph Saturday and will send you one in a day or two.

Why in the name of goodness don't you get out cheap editions of my books? Perhaps you could gull the public that way!

Ten days later he forwards some copy, protesting:

This delay is unforeseen and unexpected and frets me a great deal more than it does you. The truth is, one of our writing editors is a New York man, and is eternally upon the verge of hay-fever or some other disease, and it is always breaking out unexpectedly. He has been gone now three weeks, and I have been having the devil's own time. Just as soon as he returns I am going to take a month off and devote myself entirely to Remus and Boston. Two weeks of such work as I propose to put in will clear up the stories; and the editor is due here this week. I think I shall come to Boston to write the introduction, so as to take advantage of the folk-lore collection in the Harvard Library and of the cool Widow Cliq. you spoke of. But you may prepare yourself to think very ill of me when you see me, because I am not going to subject myself to the embarrassment of seeing people. I am going to Boston, and

I will have the introduction done before you know it, and I'm not going to bore you at all. I saw this in the *Tribune* about the author of *But Yet a Woman*:

"Being a modest man, Mr. Hardy, as soon as he discovered he was about to achieve fame, determined to master the German language, and for this purpose rushed off to Germany, where he now is!"

I quote from memory; but is this the correct thing? I want to get into the drift, don't you know? And that is the reason I ask. If it should ever be my good fortune to achieve fame, where am I to go? If I have my own way about it, I shall go to England and study the English language.

I enclose a note from David Douglas, which the firm must answer. I have already written him stating that his flattering proposition has quite taken away my breath and all that sort of thing, and that I have two more sketches to add, and when will he want them, etc. Just write and say his letter has been referred to the firm; that the sketches in question will be issued by you in book form in the spring with the addition of some others now in preparation; that *Teague Poteet* is to be revised and added to; that *Mingo* is to be recast; and will Mr. D. D. refrain from bothering about these things until he hears further from the distinguished firm, the pride of Boston, and pray ask the beneficent D. D. what terms he proposes to pay the equally distinguished and notorious author; and say to him that if he has any doubt whatever as to native American pride and honesty, he can test them by sending the money in advance. In short, I hereby authorise the firm to swindle the Scotchman in my behalf.

On August 23d Mr. Harris is cheered by the prospect of the return to his editorial staff of the missing and much-needed New Yorker:

I enclose some more copy. . . . The counting-room has heard from our absent editor and telephones me he is to return "this week." If so, I shall devote my whole time to the book, beginning with next week. This means that I ought to average two sketches a day until the whole seventy or seventy-five are completed.

I hear you are going to charge \$3 for the book. This won't do. The public may

stand \$2 for the trash, but I doubt it unless you make the cover devilish interesting and romantic, so to speak.

Send a proof of Beard's largest drawing, where the Rabbit is sitting in his piazza talking to the other animals, to Church and ask him to do something (not in that line, but) in that vein. That hits it exactly. Can't you save me Beard's and Church's

*'Levin big fat some kisses in one tree,
My honey, my love!*

*Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?
My honey, my love!*

*Twin life, twin night, we'll dance all night
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!*

*Be big Owl Holler on my fer his matt,
My honey, my love!*

*Oh, don't stay long! Oh, don't stay late.
My honey, my love!*

*I'd aint so mighty fur trade good by gate,
My honey, my love!*

*Whan we all getter go win we sing out
My honey, my love!*

*My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!
(Joel Chandler Harris)*

original drawings? I should like to have them to hang up at home.

In October Mr. Harris writes after his return from Boston:

I can think of nothing better than *Mingo and Other Sketches* for the volume which we are to advertise as "in preparation," but I will rack my brain until the 1st of November, if that will be time enough to get an ad. in one of the front pages of *Nights with Uncle Remus*. . . .

The drawing of Miss Meadows and Brother Rabbit is charming. By all means make it the frontispiece. It will be more appropriate there than anywhere else.

My visit to Boston was one of unalloyed pleasure. I enjoyed myself thoroughly. I regret that I could not nerve myself to the point of seeing more of Mr. Howells; I regret, indeed, that I could not have seen more of all of you, and of Boston itself—but what I did filled me with delight.

During the preparation of *Mingo*, which followed the publication of *Nights with Uncle Remus*, he writes:

I enclose (together with wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year) the revised copy of *Teague Poteet*. I suppose you have the copy of *Mingo*. I don't want to cut my copy of *Harper's Christmas*. There will be no changes in the two set up, and let's see how much they will make. *Blue Dave* is pestering me as regards length, and I may have to recast it altogether; but the sight of *Mingo* and *Teague* in type will spur me on and give me an idea of what I have to do. Arrange for large, clear type and rather short measure, so as to have wide margins on the pages.

The many ills that flesh is heir to continue to interfere with the preparation of *Mingo*, and Mr. Harris protests three months later:

The delay in getting out the copy for the *Mingo* book has been no part of my scheme. For three or four weeks I had an abscess in my head, and symptoms of pneumonia, so that I had to keep my bed. Then my two youngest children had similar symptoms, and I have had no end of misery and anxiety. But *Blue Dave* is nearly done, and I'll forward a part to Cambridge this week. It will make 13,000 words. If you think necessary, I have another and a shorter sketch mapped out which I can write out. It is called "A Plot for a Play." The thermometer went down to 13 degrees below zero here, and we can't stand that, you know.

The next letter, penned April 24, 1884, is convincing evidence that the humorous author has many tragic moments and that behind that careless and spontaneous laughter which sparkles from the printed pages lurk oftentimes doubt, misery and self-dissatisfaction. And also that Mr.

Harris was keenly sensitive to any failure on his part to attain his own high standard.

I forward by express to Cambridge to-day the last story. It has given me a good deal of trouble. I have written what is equal to a hundred pages of matter in order to get it to suit me, and even now you will find it crude and amateurish. I'm disgusted with myself, and I've no doubt you are disgusted with me. I'm very unhappy about it, and sincerely trust you have been put at no serious disadvantage by my lack of art. I am convinced that what I send is trash, and I'm in that condition that the very thought of it is offensive to me. Send D. Douglas, 15 Castle Street, Edinburgh, an uncorrected proof of it. My regards to all—if they are not mad.

Four days later he continues in the same strain:

I telegraphed you Friday in regard to the concluding sketch. The form of it worried me greatly, the difficulty being that I had three different combinations of the same incident to choose from. It is not often that such desperate fecundity overtakes a man. What do you think of *Blue Dave*? And tell me what you think about the last? I'm nervous about the things. What is to be the date of publication?

Two months later the author, again in his usual cheerful frame of mind, acknowledges the receipt of his latest literary offspring:

The books came to hand after I had mailed my last letter. Of course I like them. A book's a book, you know. There's a funny streak somewhere in my disposition, and for that reason I like the cocoanut and palmetto trees on the cover. The man that designed the cover put these trees in because Georgia is a "Southern" State, and a Southern State must necessarily be in the very bowels of the tropics. The truth is that Georgia is no farther south so far as climate and vegetation are concerned than Massachusetts. The forests of Middle Georgia and the face of the country are almost exactly like Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. Nevertheless, the design is very neat, and, to my mind, whatever is neat is appropriate. I'll mail you



some songs during the week. I'll also have a photograph taken and mail you one, provided it is for your own private use and not for engraving purposes. Who is Charles Egbert Craddock? He is a good one.

A year later Mr. Harris writes briefly to his Boston publisher:

Your letters and your newspapers received. I have been quiet because I thought you couldn't like to be bothered. I have some new nigger songs, but they have been sold temporarily to *Youth's Companion*. They will be out shortly, when you can use them. Instead of "poems" your ad-

vertisement should have read, *Plantation Songs and Ballads*.

Is there anything coming to me?

Yours,

HARRIS.

How well this closing query, "Is there anything coming to me?" has been answered in the twenty years which have elapsed since it was penned has been attested by that material prosperity which was the portion of the creator of Uncle Remus, as was also the lively appreciation of public and critics. But after all, the answer is not yet. Uncle Remus still lives, and who may even now dare prophesy "how much is coming to him"?

Caroline Ticknor.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

The weather is so warm that we cannot engage in any preliminary persiflage this month. There is an atmosphere of dull and deadly work about the office. The Junior Editor, in his corner, is doing something or other with a look of dogged determination. We are more fortunate than he; because we have the contents of the Letter-Box to lead us out, as it were, into the open air of the greater world, and to give us at once amusement and inspiration.

I

Apparently, our readers have taken up a new *genre* of correspondence. In the old days, they used to be belligerent. Now they have become confidential and diffuse. Delightfully diffuse, of course; for their letters are never too long for our private perusal. Only, sometimes, we have to eliminate sentences when we print them, out of regard for the space at our disposal. For instance, here is a French gentleman, with a French name, writing to us, somewhat incongruously, from Canton, Ohio. The immediate cause of his letter is a burst of indignation against "A. C.," who, in the last Letter-Box addressed us (we must say rather too familiarly) on the subject of increasing this magazine's circulation.

Incidentally, we get some news about what is going to happen in France, and also some candid opinions as to the Anglo-Saxon race. Perhaps we ought not to publish what he tells us about the Royalist restoration, lest this should put the French Government on its guard. But we don't think a great deal of the present French Government anyhow, either for intelligence or capacity. Here is as much of the letter as seems to be pertinent, with perhaps a little more.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: I have just read the June number of your highly respectable magazine, and after perusing the unspeakable screed from the creature who signs himself "A. C.," hardly know what to say. I have rarely, if ever, seen a more horribly blatant shriek of vulgarity, a more noxious eruption of vapours from the pits of Malebolge, than that letter in regard to increased circulation for magazines.

Permit me to tell you that I am a Frenchman, a conservative of the *ancien régime*, and am now waiting for the Royalist restoration in France. Perhaps you are not aware that there will shortly be a revolution in France, by means of which the Duc d'Orléans will take his rightful seat on the French throne as King Philip VII., a restoration in which the vile atheistic, anarchistic *canaille*, such as Clément-

ceau, Briand, Fallières, Jaurès, *et al.*, shall be purged from the face of the land with fire and sword. The Royalists shall reassert themselves, and every one of the abominable reptiles who now disgrace the French nation with their malodorous presence shall be cast into the nethermost pits of hell, there to scorch and burn forever.

The creature who wrote you that letter, "A. C.," is a fair sample of what the harlot, misnamed "Liberty," and the shrieking apes of "Free Speech" have done for this world during the past century. The former is usually translated as lawless anarchy and the latter as atheistic yawps and Hearstian bellowings. "A. C." says: "Books are too mumbly and crumbly for this steam-whistle generation. We want something with a piston-rod in it." Now, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to smite this ruffian over the head not only with "a piston-rod," but with a couple of axes, which would effectually stop the revolving wheels in his pitiful, drivelling head.

Again he says: "Money is this generation, all right. We may not have such a cinch on heaven as the guys in the old days did, but we have a clip on this earth that would make theirs look like a washed-out shirt." This statement is probably true. Most persons nowadays, in this country at least, do not seem to be able to see anything else but money. They would cheerfully sell their souls to hell for it. Quite a number of them, according to the ten-cent magazines, have already made this Faustian bargain. Again the "A. C." creature vomits forth a Malebolgian gem of thought: "Wash your magazine in a solution of dough, and watch the circulation sky-root." The despicable, slime-brained vulgarian, a true huckster appealing to hucksters, is not aware that there is anything in this world but sordid lucre. I would like to tell him that in the seething centre of it there is a fiery hell intended for just such cattle as he.

He also shrieks: "None but kikes squeal about the corroding kiss of money to-day, and you don't want to be a kike, do you, old snob-belly?" A few lines further on, he refers to you as "Old Slatides." In this connection, let me inform you right here that if you were not an Anglo-Saxon, you would not stand for such disgusting epithets as applied to yourself. They don't add to the appearance of **THE BOOKMAN**, I can tell you. Frenchmen are usually gentlemen, but Anglo-Saxons—!

Perhaps you have read the accounts of the

attempt to remove the Dreyfus creature at the Zola orgies in Paris, and the reawakened Royalist enthusiasm in France. This means suppression of the sordid creatures of the "A. C." type, and the re-establishment of the ancient standard of honour, with *fleur-de-lis* above dollars and cents. It would be well for you to note the results of these events within the next six months. You do not have to publish this letter in The Bookman's Letter Box, as I am writing it principally for your own edification.

We sympathise with the feelings of our patrician correspondent. It is a little disappointing, however, to find that he allows his aristocratic calm to be ruffled by what "A. C." wrote. As to the Anglo-Saxons, it is quite true that we are Anglo-Saxon; and our Royalist friend says that if we were not an Anglo-Saxon, we "would not stand for such disgusting epithets," as applied to us. This raises a rather interesting question, which we deferentially refer to our correspondent. What would a French Royalist do if he received a letter containing obnoxious epithets, yet signed only by initials? He could not very well send a cartel to a couple of letters of the alphabet. Therefore, he would probably remain just as inactive as any Anglo-Saxon. However, we like his spirit, even though he does use the very plebeian expression "stand for." Needless to say also, we shall watch out for the Royalist restoration.

II

A reader in this city noted the letter which we published in June, referring to a private monument erected to John Wilkes Booth in a Southern city, the name of which was not mentioned:

I note that the name of the town in which this monument stands is unknown even to **THE BOOKMAN**, so that I can only hope that if your correspondent has sent you any further information, you may "privately" send it to me—in this hope I write.

It is not morbid curiosity which prompts this letter, but a sincere interest in the life and fame of President Lincoln—in all its phases.

Whether or not it would be proper for us to communicate information sent to us privately we are not prepared to say.

However, as the army officer who gave us the original information has not complied with our request for more, we can only answer that we are still ignorant of the name of the Southern town.

III

From Auburn, N. Y., comes a letter which is again confidential in its tone, with a pleasant discursiveness about it and an appreciation for good literature. We should rob it of much of its naïve and charming quaintness if we altered in any way its form or substance:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LETTER-BOX.

I am just after reading the excellent volume called the *Stooping Lady* by Maurice Hewlett author of *forest Lovers*, *Richard Yea and Nay*, and I was very interested in its pages. I think Mr. Hewlett is a very great man, one of nature's children. His Heroine Mary Chamre is my Ideal of what a noble girl can be also she has the ever favorite grey eye. All our novelists usually give their Heroes and Heroines grey eyes.

I've read some years ago that the grey eye was the strongest and the blue eye the weakest. Please let me know when you have time what you think about this. All people with the grey eye is not great or good, there is good and bad among them the same as others, but as a general thing I know those with that color that is grey and blue combined is noted for some great thing. Wellington the Heroe of Waterloo had this eye so had the greatest female in History, Joan of Arc the french Heroine, and many others two numerous to mention. You know this well enough. The one that put this in print as I have read a long time ago surely must have some good cause or knowledge—or he would never print it such an insignificant thing as that why are the grey eyes stronger—than others of colors is a mystery to me. Some people says it depends on the physical condition of the man. They give their opinion as far as that is. That is all they know. Now take these Army and Navy recruiting offices. They put a sharp test to a person's eyesight as they make you stand at a certain distance with one eye covered over with a card while you must tell the Numbers with the other. I was put thru such a test and came out all right. You must tell the color of different yarns also. In other many ways if your eyes are weak you will be

rejected; in the Army and navy bad teeth also; but it is about the Noble real grey eye I am talking about. It is not the prettiest eye. I think that the pale blue eye is the prettiest. All our writers use the grey with the exception of a very few. Please answer when convenient.

J. M.

The writer of this letter shows discrimination in his liking for Mr. Hewlett's books, and especially for *Mary Chamre*. But when we come to the question of eyes, there is room for a difference of opinion. In the first place, if our correspondent will read a great deal of poetry and prose, in order to get statistics, he will find that blue eyes have been more favoured by the poets, and for that matter by novelists, than eyes which are grey. Hazel eyes used to be popular, and the Irish balladists love the "roguish dark eye." It was probably Mr. Arthur Brisbane who originated the notion that only grey eyes are eyes of power. Maybe the fact that Mr. Brisbane's own eyes are grey is merely a coincidence. But in reality, the most famous people of history have not had pure grey eyes, but eyes that were either grey-blue or dark blue. Possibly it was this fact which led the ancients to give Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and of war, greyish-blue eyes. As to which eyes are the most beautiful, this, perhaps, is a question of individual taste; but we are quite sure that few persons would agree with "J. M." that pale blue eyes are the prettiest of all. Pale eyes are always indicative either of weakness or of insincerity, whether they are pale blue or pale grey, or what you please. However, we are glad that "J. M.," when he was put through the test, "came out all right" and that he could tell the colours of the different yarns.

IV

A lady in Roxbury, Massachusetts, is indignant because an article in the April number of this magazine said something which she did not like.

The article referred to is "The New Bae-deker." I do not wonder that the name of the writer does not appear.

The reference to Orr's Island is inexcusable,

even were it true, and shows absolute ignorance of true conditions. Any Pearl of Orr's Island since Mrs. Stowe's day exists only in the imagination of such uninformed persons as the writer.

This lady assumes that the reference to Orr's Island is not true, and she says that "it shows absolute ignorance of true conditions." Unfortunately for her, the writer of "The New Baedeker" wrote only the thing which he had seen with his own eyes. We may say that we have ourselves a good deal of personal knowledge of Casco Bay and that throughout the length and breadth of its archipelago no one has a good word for Orr's Island. Indeed, there is a general saying that Peaks Island and Orr's Island have given the whole beautiful group a bad name. On them alone are drunkenness and rowdyism to be observed; and any one who describes the conditions there deserves to be thanked rather than rebuked. Instead of berating the author of "The New Baedeker," the lady in Roxbury ought to urge her friends to suppress the sort of blackguardism which now makes one of the prettiest islands one of the most undesirable to visit. As to the Pearl—that remark shows her to have no sense of humour. There are many kinds of pearls, you know. Mrs. Stowe's Pearl was an ocean gem. The present Pearl is of the *bourguignon* variety.

V

A brief and somewhat peremptory letter comes to us from San Francisco. Here it is:

DEAR SIR: Will you please send me as soon as possible your Table of Attributes?

Possibly the weather had made us rather dull; but when we got this request it puzzled us for a while. Our table of attributes! What was it, anyhow? It sounded like a bit of furniture, and we found ourselves asking the Junior Editor casually whether he had seen our table of attributes anywhere around the office. He stared, rather. Then it occurred to us that our correspondent was some sort of a psychologist who wanted us to make a list of our personal traits and qualities and characteristics and tabulate them

for his benefit. But how is any one going to prepare a table of his own attributes? Who is to say just what they are? For instance, if we should ask some of our dearest foes to set ours down, and they should be catalogued by Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, for example, and the other Simple Spellers, it is not probable that we should feel like making them public. On the other hand, if they were to be set forth by the amiable readers of the Letter-Box, we should feel embarrassed. And, of course, we can't set them down ourselves, because we have a certain prejudice in our own favour. Therefore, on the whole, we must politely decline to ship our Table of Attributes to San Francisco, as per request.

VI

From Cleveland, Ohio, there is projected a question of general interest:

Will you tell me whether you think that Mr. Taft will be elected President?

This assumes in us the gift of prophecy, and we are always reluctant to enter the prophetic field. In the first place, we have in mind the awful example of the *New York Sun*, which, two summers ago, declared editorially, in double-ledged type, that no Republican could be elected Governor of New York State in that year; and in the second place, that the person who should be elected Governor then would be elected President in 1908. This was missing it with both barrels, and the very remembrance of it makes us feel extremely cautious. Moreover, whenever we begin writing on political subjects, we notice that the publishers of this magazine are apt to suffer from an attack of nerves. Therefore, we do not answer our correspondent's question save after much reflection and profound thought. We are willing, however, to make a definite assertion by which we are going to stand. If Mr. Taft develops great strength in the campaign, so that after the election he shall secure a majority of the votes in the Electoral College, he will certainly be chosen President. If, on the contrary, the voters do not flock to his standard in a sufficient number and if his Democratic

competitor shall get an electoral majority, then we are very certain that Mr. Taft will not be chosen President. And we are not going to take back a single word of this.

VII

We have in hand a letter, written with a pen of wrath and in a spirit of irate, corroding sarcasm. If we had done anything ourselves to call it forth we should

publish it right here and answer it at once. But it was caused by something that the Junior Editor did, and it says things about him which need to be considered before any of it appears in print. Consequently, we shall look it over carefully during the coming month and give it to our readers with some slight and very delicate expurgations. We hope that the Junior Editor properly appreciates our consideration for his feelings.

THE NEW THEATRE



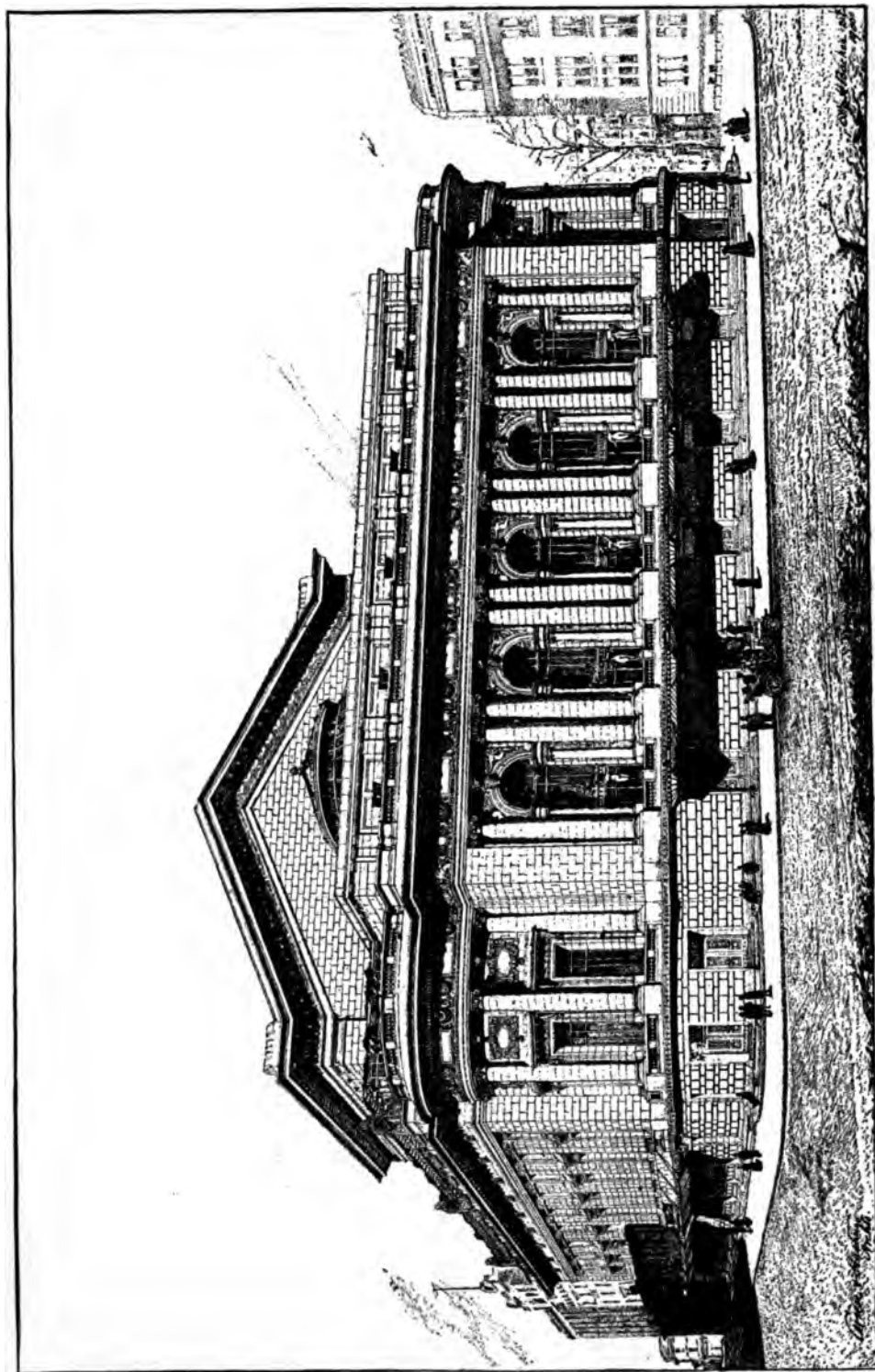
HE poor New Theatre! How many policies for its guidance have not been outlined; to what manager from Syndicated Dan to the independent province of Beersheba has not its directorate been offered, by those who have no lawful say whatever in the matter! On the one hand it is extolled as a sort of New Testament Moses destined to deliver the stage from the chains of a commercial captivity; on the other it is foredoomed to disaster by the prophets, as gleefully as though the gentlemen whose private enterprise it is were staking their money on the perpetration of some crime against the public weal.

Of the difficulties confronting them probably the founders are at least as well aware as are the lookers on. On the face of it theirs is a problem of no ordinary complexity: to agree upon a policy at once propagatory and catholic; to agree upon the selection of a director both conservative and radical, practical, yet radiating ideality; to agree upon the plays worthy of so exceptional an opportunity; to agree upon anything at all.

If I were king and building a new theatre of which the box-office returns might be regarded as a movable feast, my policy would be a happy mixture of the constructive and the destructive. First I would clear the ground by shattering a few old stage traditions, or

rather obsessions that threaten to crystallise into traditions, and then, having restored a few honourable traditions that have been suffered dishonourably to lapse, I would dedicate my enterprise to but one cause, the establishment of standards.

Foremost to go would be the prevalent extraordinary classification by which in an ordinary production actors are engaged when manager or dramatic agent has a finger in the pie. "Leads, old men, juveniles, ingenues" and such, as such, should receive a two weeks' notice with transportation to the land of departed histrions. Of course, these labels had their origin in the fact that the average play is supposed to represent the typical human group, comprising youth and old age with their characteristic infirmities, vice and virtue with their distinguishing attractions, family and sex relations with the complications to which they are liable to give rise . . . the human story in a nutshell. But the types have become stereotypes; the old man feels it incumbent on him to dodder, virtuously or viciously, according to his lines, but always villainously; the soubrette simpers and skips through the ages with perennial juvenility; the labels have degenerated into a cheap labour-saving device at the expense of sense and art. Technically Miss Capulet's nurse is the "old woman" of the play, because she is the eldest female character in the group; accordingly, through a misleading conven-



THE NEW THEATRE

From the plans of Carrère and Hastings

tion, the rôle generally is rendered in a mould of anile decrepitude, by a score of years too far gone to have foster-mothered the maturest of Juliets on the boards. Let us not be afraid of a judicious, well-considered iconoclasm. Time was when tradition crowned Shylock with three old hats. The stage has not quite gone to the dogs because Lady Macbeth no longer wears a black velvet frock, and because Hamlets on the hither side of baldness reject the wig that once was considered as essential to a portrayal of tragedy, as are crepe and black-bordered stationery to a proper expression of mortuary grief.

Foremost of standards to be restored would be that which requires the stage manager to be "an actor, a scholar, and a gentleman." These three, inexorably.

The initial standard of my new theatre's establishing would concern itself with diction, with good speech. It is expected of an accredited painter that he shall be skilled in the use of paint and brush; professionally a musician cannot go far without the scales on tongue's or fingers' tips. Familiarity with the use of the tools of his trade would seem to be a not unnatural requirement in engaging a workman in any craft, but the actor constitutes an exception as striking as deplorable, to this rule. An actor may walk the boards, the earth, and Broadway, with impunity, without a decent speaking acquaintance with the English language. The twangless tones, the clear-cut enunciation of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe caused the London critics much naively expressed surprise, until accounted for by recalling the British origin of these two distinguished American histrions. But what a commentary conveyed in the compliment . . . a commentary the sting of which lies in its undeniable truth. There is no diction on the stage, and very little off it, in America. "The idea of making such a sweeping statement," perhaps some of my readers will exclaim. But let them put their own words into the mouth of almost any member of any company at any leading theatre, and the chances are they will hear the mocking echoes cry, "The ideer of it!"

Some time since, I witnessed the per-

formance of a comedy, written by one of the cleverest of dramatists, one, too, who is noted for his genius for detail, produced under auspices so unexceptionable as to have ensured, one would have thought, thoroughness in all respects. But, alas for diction! The very name of the play, which was used as a catchphrase of every turn and angle of the story by the actors was rendered "Glad OF it!" It was left for Mr. Fitch when called on for a speech enlightenedly to remark that he was "GLAD of it!"

Once when addressing a body of young actresses upon this theme, I asked if they could pronounce with certainty of accuracy the name of one of the leading theatres of New York. But, shades of Phœbus Apollo! Of all those intelligent, ambitious young women calling themselves artists, professionals, not one of whom would have refused an engagement at the theatre in question on the score of unfitness, not one could state with authority whether *Lyceum* or *Lyceum* were that theatre's name!

At a rehearsal of a production of which I myself was an accomplice, the powers in charge asked me to sanction the omission of a line that appeared in the prompt-book, because the actress in whose part it occurred, after having struggled with it for a week, was unable to pronounce one of the words in it. As the sentence ran smoothly, and as the word, which was "retinue," presented no real lingual difficulty, I suggested that instead of cutting out the line, which was of some value to the scene, we should cut out the lady. This, however, both stage manager and acting manager assured me would be foolishness. They were only paying forty dollars a week for the part, and what could you expect from a forty-dollar woman! The next incumbent would probably be even more illiterate! Later I suggested that as the hero of the piece was supposed to be a man of the highest cultivation, the actor to whom the rôle was entrusted would improve his really delightful interpretation of it by a more careful attention to his emphases, phrasings, pronunciation of words . . . in short, to diction. At this the powers threw up their hands in horror. Did I realise they were paying

the man two-hundred-and-fifty-dollars-a-week! He was virtually a star! How could any one dream of taking such a liberty as to criticise him! Then, of course, they took refuge in the specious argument that the public didn't know the difference. Give the public heart-interest, lots of action, and a biff-bang curtain at the close of your big act, and that's all you need bother about!

What a distorted vision! The name of the play, which is the peg on which it hangs, may be thrown over the footlights any old way, so long as it "gets a laugh!" The name of the theatre with its classic allusion doesn't matter. The rôle is too important or too unimportant in the rough for care to be lavished on it in detail; the actor too cheap or too high-priced for expertness with the simplest tool of his trade to be exacted of him. Give the public the strong pabulum that from time immemorial they have demanded, and without which you can't coax or coerce them past the box-office, but let the delicacies of service go, the part of the entertainment that it should be a matter of your own pride and dignity to supply unasked. This view of the matter makes the stage a slave, an inferior, where it should stand for a leader, an authority. That the public by and large does not know the difference makes the stage's present slackness none the less reprehensible. A large minority of the public does know and reprehend. A large majority that does not know yet is sensitive enough to feel, and would not fail, however unconsciously, to respond to a better order of things.

In the matter of diction no doubt the public schools do their conscientious best according to their lights, which, however, unfortunately are not searchlights, and which penetrate but little beyond the class-room walls. At a convention of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language it was noteworthy that the teachers who made addresses, representative members of their calling, spoke with preciosity, as if in a carefully studied but still unfamiliar tongue. From the view point of the average student one could understand that there might even be a forbidding quality in their Academic correctness. As for the

rank and file of teachers a text-book knowledge of grammar may be theirs, but not so the habit of gentle speech. Poor diction is one of the primary studies of the city's kindergartens. Again it will be said the parents don't know the difference, and that while arithmetic takes vital hold upon a nation's development, with its change-making, dollar-and-cent-computing activity, slovenly speech never disqualified a pupil for any paid position whatsoever. Again is the argument fallacious, a miserable begging of the question. The schools, like the stage, ought to stand for authority.

Vain, too, is it to lift the eyes for help in this respect from templed hills. Ministers of all denominations are miserable sinners where diction is concerned, not one in a thousand being able to read absolutely without singsong or self-consciousness, and with a proper understanding of values. The Episcopal Burial Service generally gets itself declaimed sonorously, because the splendour of its periods makes it reader-proof, but for the rest the message of all liturgies generally becomes a mummified formula instead of a living, breathing word. What a lamentable loss of power! To say that so long as the message is of high spiritual appeal the manner does not count is simply begging the question. The finer the melody, the more desirable that the instrument should be in tune.

There is no escaping it; not until past-master of technique, perfect as an artisan, skilled in the use of tools so that they become the unconscious partners in expression can the workman dare proclaim himself an artist.

To achieve results along these lines would the theatre of my dreams devote itself. As for the choice of plays, that would be simplicity itself. The works presented would be from the pen of one author only . . . Shakespeare. But such exclusion, my readers will urge, would give no chance to budding playwrights. On the contrary, it would give them what they now most need, the chance to obtain the best possible education in drama before attempting to write plays. Many worthy attempts at the poetic, heroic drama nowadays are finding their way into print, the work of



college men and women who are seized with a desire to illustrate their graduation theses on dramaturgy. Archæologically, metrically, historically, from a literary standpoint, these compositions are of a high order of merit; in fact often they have but one serious drawback—they are very poor as plays. Greek meets Greek with Xenophonian accuracy, but without the tug of war. Emotions are lined up as categorically as in the table of contents of a text-book on psychology, but without the conflict of emotions that makes for drama. By unimpeachable classic routes are the soldiers personally conducted to the battlefield . . . but once there they stay inside the wooden horse. My special theatre would be, not experimental, but educational, and because the Shakespeare plays represent the highest-mountain-peak of dramatic achievement in the English language they should be presented, as a perpetual measure of values, in *sacula sæculorum*, until some future generation should have scaled their heights, out-written, and surpassed them. The comedy of manners, to produce which is one of the highest functions of the stage, instead of as now being at best generally a clever trick, the work of a catchpenny photographer, would be written with a hand more free, a touch more sensitive, would cut deeper, rise higher, would become not only a mirror of contemporaneous living, but a true criticism of life.

The performances of my theatre would be accessible to all sorts and conditions of citizens, with only certain restrictions as to the use of soap. Once when on an evening errand in the Bowery, my way was pointed out to me by a corner loiterer who proved to be a sailor idling away an interval between voyages. As he was intending, so he confided to me, to spend the remaining hours in a saloon, I suggested that instead (since he had already partaken of the joys of convivial opportunity) he should accompany me to my journey's end, to a Ben Greet performance of Julius Cæsar that was being given at the theatre of the Hebrew Educational Alliance. I do not think my acquaintance regretted accepting the invitation, and certain I am that Shakespeare

never had a more delighted auditor. A whispered explanation as to "which Guy is Jule" put him in possession of all the necessary historical facts, and a soaring imagination born of long sea-vigils did the rest. I found myself wishing then, as indeed I constantly am wishing, that there were something in the nature of entertainment with an uplift within perpetual reach of those with every capacity for appreciating the better but who perforce choose the worse because that is what is presented to them with alluringly open arms at every step of their city way.

All manner of productions would be welcome to the boards of my Shakespeare theatre, from those of the sumptuous school of Irving to revivals of Elizabethan austerity. The world's great actors of Shakespearian rôles should be decoyed by princely offerings to play in turn, to lecture, to read, to teach, in their own tongue. Flexibility in languages is one of the secrets of good diction in one's own mother tongue. Not a Hamlet should escape. Classes in diction should be open to all professions, and clergy with a prejudice against the stage should be invited to hear Mrs. Kendal read the Ten Commandments and the marriage service as an object lesson in impressive possibilities. The days should be revived when Dr. Johnson and David Garrick disputed as to the proper rendering of *Thou Shalt Not Steal*, and politicians and public officials should be encouraged to take sides. The Shakespeare Theatre should be woven into the curriculum of school and college; every child at some time or another should take an active part in a performance. That the public is ripe for this is proved by the interest always in the occasional performances of *As You Like It* and the like, got up by neighbourhood settlements. But the objection to these performances is their occasional quality, which necessitates an expenditure of time and strength on the part of the performers that unfits them for their regular school or bread-winning tasks. Systematised, however, they might accomplish something vital, educationally. One of the greatest criticisms on all the factors that should make for general improvement is their aloofness from daily life. The school, the stage,

the church, the library, regarded educationally, have yet to impose their form as well as their spirit on the nation's outward expression. Anxious to ascertain if young histrions could improve themselves in such a trifle as pronouncing their words correctly I went from branch to branch of the Free Library, asking for a Stormonth's English Pronouncing Dictionary. It was not on the shelves, because, I was told, there was no demand for it. One place only possessed a copy, which, after much red tape, was brought me, as a special favour, to look at, from the office of the head librarian. If in the lesser matter how much in the greater is there need of a requickening! Not the least thing to be achieved would be a slight diversion in the psychism of the national idea of humour. Real, vital, positive humour is one thing, on the stage, and that any audience, even in a lunatic asylum, may be counted on to recognise and acclaim with joy. But also there is a prevalent obsession that slang and catch-phrases are intrinsically funny, which is far from the case. Slang, with its local or national allusion, its picturesque metaphor, has its place in the nation's speech, but to suffer the whole vocabulary to consist of slang is a mark of decadence, mental, æsthetic,

spiritual. Such exclamations as "Damn," and "Oh, hell," at times are employed upon the stage with effective humour, therefore a certain type of auditors remain under the obsession that damn and oh hell are intrinsically funny phrases; and the charlatans of the stage count on them for the ready, mirthless laugh with unscrupulous frequency. But children who have drunk in the best in the way of speech, of ideas, with mothers' milk are going to demand better things of those who provide them with entertainment in later life. Children . . . the children of the poor . . . who know their Shakespeare, not as an academic necessity for passing an examination, but as a friend and playmate of their youth, will insensibly acquire the English language with the fluency with which the children of the rich are taught to lisp their prayers in French. The thing is not to keep standards in the office of the head librarian, in museums, in dry formulæ, between book-covers, but to make them an integral part of daily life and thought. Of course, all this is Utopian, but then, why not Utopia? Meanwhile to the New Theatre whose foundations are actually rising above ground let us wish all possible success!

Marguerite Merington.

THE CASUAL READER

Sensitive folk, who shudder at the bustling "modern spirit," majorities, millionaires, motor cars, popular fiction, Sunday newspapers, imperialism, giant strides, nervous tension, machinery and like matters, who think the love of beauty dead or dying, art on the wane, "culture" a forlorn hope, and taste commercially tainted, might take heart if they would look about and count the equally sensitive noses. They are a minority, to be sure, but a lusty one and exceedingly voluble. Consider the journalism of gentle contemplation. I have lately read more tender little open-air reveries, praises of Nature, praises of the soul, primrose reflections, shy

musings, upland dreams than I could mention, some of them in books, some in the magazines, but many of them in the newspapers, even the coarse, pragmatical, money-minded newspapers. The journalism of gentle contemplation has become a profession in itself. Consider the remarkable increase and multiplication of Mr. A. C. Benson alone. Add to the books written by Mr. A. C. Benson the books that might as well have been written by Mr. A. C. Benson; add to these the woodnotes and general reflections of all the periodicals, especially the quiet thoughts of British periodicals about friendship, eventide, charity, an old churchyard, downs, lanes, hedgerows, wild violets, choughs, rooks, rabbits, or a sunset—and the murmurs of

quiet meditation will swell to something of a roar. For literary seclusion is wonderfully prolific and Nature has, these many years, been almost mobbed for rustic notes. They are formidable in numbers and of an amazing unanimity, these fugitives from vulgar modern majorities.

There are hundreds of them writing as one man, and they are read by hundreds of thousands—very naturally, too, for the subjects are altogether amiable and the writers' intentions good, and we are glad in this kind of writing to take the will for the deed, thankful even for the bare names of pleasant things. They alleviate the advertisements, financial articles, leading articles, and book reviews. "Brook trout" sounds grateful after "rate of exchange" or "brokerage" and it is pleasant to turn from the man who has unmasked the designs of Germany in Mumbojumboland to the man who has removed four large stones from a hill-top and uncovered a stormy petrel sitting on her eggs. But the stormy petrel man is far prouder than his brother of Mumbojumboland. His "feeling for Nature" does not extend to that hard-worked person in the next column, who is plainly just as much a fellow-creature as a coot and ought to be as interesting as a moor-hen, and who if turned loose with a note-book might do as well by "Nature's secrets" as he does by those of the Great Powers—know when a thing is bosky and when a thing is lush, know the wonderful hour that is neither night nor day, and the tang of salt air, and the skirl of the haw-bird, and the booming note of the dugong, and where the bumbleberries cluster thickest and the wild pomatum blooms—do as well by outdoors, in short, as the haughtiest of Nature's tuft-hunters. That is the vice of rustic and contemplative journalism—arrogance and the proud sense of personal rarity.

"The only unity of a Diary," says Mr. C. Lewis Hind in the Dedication of his *Diary of a Looker-on** "is the personality of the Diarist." It is not in the least a diary; nor has it any personal mark upon it. It is a volume of trim little papers about many charming and

*New York: John Lane Company, 1908.

beautiful objects, pictures, books, the nightingale, daffodils, the sea, and clouds—essays in gentle emotion and appreciative observation which appeared in British newspapers and magazines. It is a gentleman-like and desirable form of professional activity, but as devoid of "personality" as any other kind of journalism—for example, the market quotations. Mr. A. C. Benson, also, insists firmly on a "personality," convinced that a certain smooth, sweet, even fluency in praise of quietude, flowers, brooks, the countryside, beauty, art, the ways of God, and resignation, is all his own. Yet no man ever stayed so long alike as Mr. Benson's manner. Each one of these many writers seems to think that when he has achieved a monotone he has expressed a "personality." An odd illusion, when one thinks how rarely "personality" appears in print. There is "personality," I suppose, in the descriptive writing of Meredith and Hardy, but that is literature. In literature men have the luck to be born singly; in journalism they are sometimes born in litters, but more generally are incubated in very large broods. The journalists of gentle contemplation are valued for their vocabulary alone. Personally they are undistinguishable.

I wonder if appropriate terms arranged in lists as in the spelling-books and followed by some single consolatory sentence would not serve almost as well. Thus—

Moor	Tender green
Heather	A glint
Bracken	A shimmer
Gorse	Bathed in sunlight
Curlew	Thrush singing
Lark	Lonely
Lazy clouds	Freshening breeze
Purple shadows	Lengthening shadows
Golden haze	One by one the stars
Distant chimes	Long-drawn sigh
A hush	Nature breathing
A cow	Vault of heaven

And as I made my way slowly homeward through the deepening gloom, it seemed as if some vast and mysterious but friendly power had strewn the soft, dark mantle of forgiveness over the world of struggling men and were whispering tenderly of peace.

F. M. Colby.

THE MOST INCREDIBLE TRUE STORIES IN THE WORLD



O one who sits down to write of The Most Incredible True Stories in the World there must inevitably come the memory of the sinister fate of the Sultana Scheherezade according to Poe's tale of "The Thousand and Second Night." Having during the space of a thousand and one nights kept her master from carrying out his evil vow by pouring into his ear the extravagant adventures of Aladdin, Sindbad, and the Young Prince of the Black Isles, Scheherezade is unfortunate enough to send Sindbad on another voyage, during which he discovers, in place of the magic lamps and all powerful "Sesamies" of Oriental imagination, a few of the actual achievements of modern life, the telegraph, the telephone, the steam locomotion, and, incidentally, the hoop skirt. Whereupon the Sultan, utterly disgusted with her lies, repents his long forbearance, and calls upon the Lords of the Bow-string. And that is always the handicap of one who deals with solemn truth. It was all very well for Dumas to present, in the guise of fiction, the extraordinary events in the career of Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo. Considerably more of a strain upon the credulity is the actual story of François Picaud.

A REAL MONTE CRISTO

In 1807, when Napoleon was at the height of his power, Picaud was a sturdy young journeyman cobbler of Paris, full of health and animal spirits, and happy in the love of Marguerite Vigoureux, a young girl of his own station in life. On the eve of his marriage hidden enemies denounced him to the Imperial government as a spy. He was cast into prison, where he remained forgotten by the world for seven years. Among his fellow-prisoners was a wealthy Milanese priest, who treated him like a son, and bequeathed to him seven million francs on deposit in the bank of Amsterdam. Furthermore,

this ecclesiastic told Picaud the secret of a hiding place in Italy where were concealed jewels to the value of twelve hundred thousand francs and specie amounting to three millions.

When the Empire was overthrown in 1814, Picaud was one of a vast number of political prisoners throughout France who were given their freedom. He proceeded to gather the priest's treasure and to plan vengeance upon his enemies. Who they were he did not know. Disguised as an Italian priest he succeeded by bribing the least guilty of the conspirators and discovering the entire story of his undoing. The leader in the plot he learned was one Loupain, who had married Marguerite Vigoureux, prospered, and become the proprietor of one of the handsomest cafés in Paris. Picaud went to the capital and under a suitable disguise obtained work as a waiter in Loupain's establishment. Fellow-servants there were Guilhem Solari and Gervais Chaubard, who with Loupain had denounced Picaud in 1807. The pretended waiter was not long in bringing his vengeance to a consummation. Chaubard was the first victim of his wrath. His body, pierced by a knife, was found on one of the bridges over the Seine. Loupain was disgraced, reduced to penury, and finally stabbed to death in the Tuileries Gardens. Solari was poisoned and died in frightful convulsions. But speedy retribution overtook the implacable avenger. One night Picaud was seized, bound, and borne to an abandoned quarry. In the darkness a terrible voice said: "Picaud, what name are you passing under now? Are you still the priest Baldini, or the waiter Prosper? You wished for revenge. You have sold yourself to the powers of hell. Ten years you have given to the pursuit of three wretches you should have spared. Me you dragged down to perdition. The diamond by which you bribed me was my destruction. I killed him who cheated me. I was arrested, condemned to the galleys, and escaped only after years of

torture. My one thought has been vengeance on the priest Baldini. You are in my power. Do you know me? I am Antoine Allut. How much will you pay for bread and water?" "I have no money." "You have sixteen millions. These are my conditions. I will give you something to eat twice a day, but for each meal you must pay me twenty-five thousand francs." However, the cupidity of the prisoner proved stronger than his hunger. He underwent terrible suffering without any signs of yielding until his captor, goaded to fury at the prolonged obstinacy, threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him to death.

THE IRON MASK

So familiar are the stories of Jean d'Arc and the Man in the Iron Mask that it is unnecessary to give them more than the merest mention. Yet unquestionably among the great incredible true stories of the world they belong very near the apex. The first is astounding in its contrasts and the swiftness of changing events. In a few brief years an illiterate peasant girl of Lorraine was able to free her country from English domination and to change for all time the entire course of French history. Familiar as it is, the case of the Man in the Iron Mask is still a live subject, owing to the slight vestige of uncertainty that still remains as to the identity of the mysterious prisoner. Who was this man who was guarded with such secrecy, whose face was always covered by black velvet, and about whom there have been so many wild conjectures? Abundance of documentary evidence will never satisfactorily clear away the delightful enigma. The story which Voltaire gave currency to the effect that he was a twin brother of Louis XIV, whose existence was suppressed for reasons of state policy, will always retain a certain hold on many minds. A still more extraordinary turn to the tale was given in a legend unearthed a few years ago by M. Funck-Brentano, according to which the mysterious prisoner was not only a son of Louis XIII, but the direct ancestor of Napoleon Bonaparte. The right of Napoleon to the throne of Saint Louis

through the Man in the Iron Mask was something beyond even the dreams of Dumas.

THE CASE OF KASPAR HAUSER

A case which in a remote way suggests the Iron Mask is that of Kaspar Hauser. To the present generation the name means little or nothing. Three-quarters of a century ago the story was one which held the attention of all Europe. Dozens of extraordinary tales were invented, circulated, believed. Responsible writers advanced the theory that Kaspar Hauser was a son of the Grand Duke Charles of Baden, kidnapped by the Countess of Hochburg in order to secure the succession to the children of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick.

In one of the streets of the old walled town of Nuremberg there was found one morning in May, 1828, a youth of sixteen or seventeen years of age dressed in peasant garb. He was dazed and able only to utter incoherent words. On his person there was a letter addressed to one of the town officials. This letter was apparently from an illiterate workman and related that the boy had been left in his care when an infant and brought up in the strictest seclusion. Within the first letter there was another purporting to be from the boy's mother and bearing the marks of crudity, saying that the lad's father had been an officer in a cavalry regiment. But, as might be expected in the circumstances, these explanations did not prove entirely satisfactory. Kaspar Hauser was extraordinary in many respects. His mind was absolutely that of a child. He loathed all food but bread and water, and every sight and sound of the world caused him extreme suffering. Under instruction he learned with extreme rapidity, and his own story, when he was able to tell it, heightened the mystery. According to this, as far back as he could remember he had always lived in a cage or a hole in the ground so small that the only way he could rest was sitting down with his feet stretched out in front. Until the morning of his discovery in Nuremberg he had never seen the sun or heard the sounds of the outer world. Two toy horses were the only objects of which he had any knowledge.

Bread and water had been served to him by a person of whom he spoke as "the man." One night when he was sleeping "the man" had awakened him, taught him to stand, walk, put shoes upon his feet and brought him to Nuremberg. The tale roused wide interest. The boy was adopted by the authorities and placed under instructors. In October, 1829, the waning interest in him was fanned to excitement by a mysterious event. He was found bleeding from a wound in the head. His story was that "the man" with his face blackened had assaulted him. The police, however, were unable to find any trace of the alleged assailant. After this curious crowds came from all parts of the country to see him. He was adopted by the eccentric Lord Stanhope, who sent him to Anspach to be educated. But his early promise was not realised. He showed signs of intellectual degeneration. In December, 1833, he was the victim of another strange attack. This time he was found dangerously wounded in the side and told a story similar to that by which he explained his earlier wound. People, however, had grown sceptical, and when he died three days later there was a general belief that his wound had been self-inflicted, but that the youth had not counted on its proving mortal.

BLUEBEARD AND MILADI DE WINTER

Folklore has had no more sinister tale to tell than that of Bluebeard and the closet in which was secreted the bodies of his curious wives. Fiction has few characters so diabolical as Miladi de Winter of *The Three Musketeers*, yet the Archives of the French Police of the year 1688 contain the account of an affair involving an English woman with all the fiendish attributes of Miladi and a series of atrocities that throw the crimes of the infamous Breton nobleman completely in the shade. This affair might quite properly be chronicled under the title "The Closet of the Twenty-six Severed Heads."

To grasp fully this story one must mentally reconstruct the strange, old-world Paris of the period—A Vanished City—a city of winding, dirty, ill-lighted streets which lent themselves to the plot

and the *guct-a-pens*. It was not wise for the law-abiding citizens to sally forth after nightfall. Then the town was given over to the bravoes and bullies, and that strange republic of beggars which gathered in the court of miracles. Men's minds were accustomed to tales of bloodshed and rapine, yet a series of events which for a time completely baffled the police sent a thrill of horror through Paris.

Within the space of a few months twenty-six young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. The reign of terror which followed was natural enough. The wildest stories were told. One rumour had it that the youths were victims of a certain princess of the royal family, who sought relief from the disease of the liver with which she was afflicted by bathing in freshly shed human blood. M. de la Reynie, the then lieutenant-general of the French Police, was in despair. Finally he recalled from retirement in the provinces the most celebrated police agent of the day, who was actually named Lecoq, and in this man's hands placed the affair. Lecoq used his own son, a handsome boy of nineteen, as the bait for his trap. Richly dressed, the youth walked about conspicuously in the various public gardens. Finally, on the fifth day, he saw a beautiful girl of twenty-two or three pass, closely followed by her duenna. It was not long before the latter found a means of entering into conversation. To the youth, who represented himself as having just arrived from the provinces with a well-filled purse, she told an extraordinary story. The young girl, she said, was the Princess Jabouski, the daughter of a Polish nobleman, and the richest heiress in Paris. The princess had confessed her interest in young Lecoq, and if he proved himself a man of spirit a glorious future was open to him. The detective son pretended to fall into the trap, and the meeting was arranged for the next night. In the shadow of the church of St. Germain de Auxerois, from which a hundred years before the bell had sounded the hour for the massacre of Saint Bartholemew, young Lecoq, closely followed by his father and his

father's agents, met the duenna. By her he was led through a series of dark streets and introduced, blindfolded, into a house. The beautiful princess was reclining upon a divan. Something about the youth's manner roused suspicion, and in response to a signal four armed assassins rushed into the room. Blowing on the whistle which had been given him for the purpose, young Lecoq bounded into a closet and barricaded the door. To his horror he found the ghastly companionship of the severed heads of the twenty-six missing young men. Meanwhile the police had broken in and the assassins were overpowered and secured. The details of the strange house of crime were so horrible that they were never told to the public. The four men implicated were hanged. The alleged princess, an English woman who had formerly been known as Lady Guilford, was imprisoned in the Bastille, but escaped by tricking her jailors in a manner that inevitably suggested to Dumas certain episodes in the career of Lady de Winter.

A GREATER BARRY LYNDON

Without any wish to disparage Thackeray's novel, it must be said that the career of *Barry Lyndon* is comparatively insipid and colourless when contrasted with the real story of the man who is known in history as Count Cagliostro. Cagliostro was the epitome of the romance of his age. For all its misery, and wretched landscape of beggared peasantry, burned cottages, and devastated fields, that eighteenth century is splendidly picturesque. Follow Cagliostro from city to city, from court to court, and you penetrate every phase of its colour and charlatanry, its gaming and banqueting and brawling, its grimacing and posture-making. Europe was an oyster for the adventurer who possessed the genius of humbug, and for sheer audacity the impudence of Cagliostro has never been surpassed. He stands unrivalled, the arch impostor of history.

That his real name was Balsamo and that he was born of humble parentage in Palermo in 1743 are details of little importance. He received an education that was only rudimentary, but picked up a

smattering of special knowledge that he afterward turned to material account. He was expelled from the convent in which he had been placed for instruction, and disowned by his relatives. By the time he reached manhood he had to his credit or discredit several thefts, forgeries and at least one murder. Undismayed by a term of imprisonment and a narrow escape from the scaffold, his ingenuity soon found a new means of adventure and gain. To a goldsmith named Marano he told a fabulous tale of hidden treasure, wheedling from him a large sum of money before disclosing the location of the cave in which he claimed the treasure was concealed. The goldsmith visited the cave and was set upon by six devils, beaten soundly, and left senseless on the ground. Perhaps through fear of Marano's vengeance, or perhaps because he found that Sicily offered too limited opportunities to his peculiar genius, Balsamo started out to exploit the world. He travelled through Greece, Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Rhodes, Malta and Italy. He turned to the study of alchemy because in it he saw the way to the colossal humbugs that he had planned. In company with his wife, the beautiful but unprincipled Lorenza Feliciani, he travelled about Europe, under various names, swindling people of all degrees. At one court he introduced himself as being one hundred and thirty years of age. His wife, who was in reality twenty, passed herself off as sixty, and spoke touchingly of her son, a grizzled commander in the Dutch services. The secret of their youthful appearance they pretended was due to a wonderful elixir of youth, which, needless to say, they were able to sell at enormous prices. There was hardly a capital in Europe in which this couple did not, at some time or other, practise their scandalous impostures. In Paris Cagliostro was implicated in the affair of the Queen's necklace, but escaped conviction through sheer impudence. In London, after some successes, he met with misfortune and was confined in the Fleet Prison. He already knew the inside of the Bastille. Undaunted by adversity he carried on his schemes of stupendous frauds almost to the very end.

HOUDIN AND LOUIS PHILIPPE

A link connecting the names of Cagliostro and the French conjuror Robert Houdin may be found in a story that may be justly termed *The Most Incredible Feat of Magic Ever Performed*. In 1846, Houdin, then at the height of his popularity, was invited to Saint Cloud to give a performance before the King, the Royal Family and Court. The conjuror had only his young son as an assistant, and could rely on no tricks of light or mechanism, as the exhibition was given in one of the drawing rooms of the palace. He finished with the following extraordinary performance. Borrowing several handkerchiefs, he wound them into a package, which he laid on the table. Then he went about among the guests distributing cards on which were to be written the names of places to which it was desired that the package be invisibly transported. Houdin then handed the cards to the King, asking him to select three at hazard and from them choose the destination he liked best. The first card read: "I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece." "That," said the King, "is too easy for the ability of a conjuror of the ability of M. Houdin." The second read: "The handkerchiefs are to be taken to the dome of the Invalides." "That," commented the King, "is better. However, it is much too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. The third card suits me. It is desired that you should send the handkerchiefs into the *chest* of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue." Houdin expressed his willingness to attempt the feat, and the King whispered an order that immediately sent a group of attendants to guard the orange tree in question. The conjuror placed the package of handkerchiefs under an opaque glass bell, and then waving a wand ordered the package to proceed to the place chosen by the King. When the bell was raised the handkerchiefs were gone, but in their place was a white turtle dove. A trusted attendant was sent to the orange tree to open the chest. He returned bearing a small iron coffer covered by rust. "Are the handkerchiefs in this coffer?" asked

the King. "Yes, sire, and they have been there too for a long time." "How can that be possible? The handkerchiefs were given you hardly a quarter of an hour ago." "Yet it is so, and your Majesty will be even more surprised when I prove that this coffer and its contents were placed in the chest of the orange tree sixty years ago. Deign to remove from the neck of the turtle dove the key of the casket." Louis Philippe unfastened a ribbon holding a small rusty key, unlocked the coffer, found a document bearing the seal of Cagliostro, and read:

This day, the sixth of June, 1786, this iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family.

Beneath the parchment conveying this message was found a package containing what seemed to be the six handkerchiefs placed on the table a few minutes before. In his memoirs M. Houdin offers no solution for the mystery. A shrewd annalist has explained it as being no more than a clever bit of psychology on the part of the conjuror, who knew the character of Louis Philippe, and knew him to be exceedingly clever in small things.

HOUDIN AND THE MARABOUTS

There are some points of resemblance between the story of Robert Houdin and the Marabouts and the story of Palmer's curse. The first named tale is, strictly speaking, incredible only when regarded from the Oriental point of view. In the fifties the administrators of the French African Empire were seriously hampered by the fanatical Marabouts, who by their tricks of juggling persuaded their followers of their own supernatural powers, and used this belief to fan the spirit of insurrection. Houdin was sent officially on a French war ship to Algeria to confront them. While his task proved easy, the trip was not without its dangers. In Algiers he had allowed himself to be shot at with pistols loaded by the Marabouts. But once in the interior, when he was absolutely without the tools of his pro-

fession, he was forced to repeat the experiment. He was frightened, but he did not allow his fears to be perceived. He persuaded his audience to postpone the test until the next morning in order that he might pass the night in prayer, as he was without the talisman that he needed if the feat was to be performed immediately. The night he devoted not to prayer but to insuring his invulnerability, and the next day before a great horde of Arabs he submitted to the test. The French conjuror insisted that, in the sight of every one the pistols should be loaded by his enemies themselves. Then he calmly took his place and gave the signal. The sound of the pistol had not died away when Houdin opened his lips, showing the bullet held firmly between his teeth. His infuriated adversary reached for the other pistol, but the conjuror was too quick. "You could not harm me," he said, "but now see how much greater my powers are than yours. Behold the wall." He fired, and out on the whitewash at the exact spot of his aim there crept slowly a great splotch of blood. The Marabouts, in terror, cowered before the prowess of the European magician.

PALMER'S CURSE

Less fortunate in his fate than Houdin was the English Orientalist, E. H. Palmer. He fell a victim to fanaticism, but the story of his terrible curse will long be repeated and cause shudders to run round Bedouin camp fires. Only upon the theory of metempsychosis can be explained his extraordinary powers of assimilating the languages and ideas of the East. He was brought up in the conventional atmosphere of England, but when he turned his attention to Oriental subjects, he did not merely learn, he simply absorbed. Not only were Persian, Hindustani, and Arabic perfectly familiar to him, but he knew every obscurity of the slang of the camel drivers, and during his long voyages in the East his European origin was never suspected. Just as Houdin had been officially employed by the French Government, so Palmer was by the English, but in a more intimate capacity. Before the exploit that proved fatal, he had many dangerous

adventures. Once he was led away by a treacherous guide and betrayed to an Arab gang who meant to rob and kill him. He guessed their intentions, and when they began to inflict upon him petty annoyances he pretended not to notice them. Finally, however, the abuse became too obvious to be longer ignored. He sprang to his feet and drew out a letter that he had received from an English lady. "This to me! Down on your knees, you dogs, and kiss the handwriting of the Sultan." Down on their knees, cowed and grovelling, fell his three hundred captors. In 1882 Palmer was sent on a secret service mission among the Bedouin tribes to persuade them against joining the rebellion of Arabi Pasha. He was betrayed and shot. But just before his death he laid upon his assassins the weight of his terrible curse. Now in the East a curse is something not to be regarded lightly, and Palmer's was one of particular awfulness. It was his last means of defence, and while it did not save him it blasted the hearing and destroyed the lives of those upon whom it fell. They shrank away from one another in horror, some of them confessed their crime and were executed; all of them, within a few months, came to violent deaths. Palmer's curse is still remembered with terror in the East.

THE REAL EUGENE ARAM

For the extraordinary story of Eugene Aram and his crime one cannot do better than to turn to Bulwer's story, which adheres very closely to the actual facts. The real Eugene Aram was born in Yorkshire in 1704. He was a school master and despite his roaming life acquired a remarkable knowledge of botany, heraldry, Chaldee, Arabic, Welsh, and Irish. His discovery of the similarity of the Celtic to other European languages was a really important scholastic achievement. He was an usher in Lynn Academy in Norfolk, and was working upon a comparative dictionary of all the European languages when he was committed to prison for the murder of Daniel Clarke, whose skeleton had been dug up. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial and he con-

ducted his own defence with great ability; nevertheless, a verdict of guilty was brought in and he was speedily executed. The justice of this verdict was vindicated by his subsequent confession of guilt.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT

Probably the annals of justice contain no case marked by more extraordinary features than that of the Tichborne Claimant which convulsed England for years. The blunt facts as they present themselves to-day are simply incredible. Imagine an ill-educated butcher of Queensland, Australia, who sees an advertisement asking for information about a certain Englishman of noble family who has disappeared, and conceives the idea of putting himself forward as the missing man. He does not bear the slightest physical resemblance to the man who he is trying to impersonate; he is utterly illiterate; he has no knowledge whatever of the French language, which the lost Tichborne spoke fluently, and his statements were at best wholly contradictory. Yet he persuaded the mother of the missing heir to recognise him as her son, he won thousands of adherents

to his cause, he succeeded in raising vast sums of money by issuing bonds, known as "Tichborne bonds," payable upon his obtaining possession of the property and even after his astonishing effrontery had been exposed, he was regarded with sympathy by a part of the English people who believed him to be a victim of class prejudice. The lost Roger Charles Tichborne had served in the British army, where he was unpopular, and in 1854, at the age of twenty-five, he sailed from Brazil in the ship *Bella*, which was lost with all on board. After the death of his father in 1862, a younger son, Alfred, succeeded to the estates. Lady Tichborne cherished the belief that her son Roger Charles was still alive and inserted advertisements asking for information on the subject in various papers throughout the world. One of these papers fell into the hands of Arthur Orton, the Queensland butcher, and led to the development of his plot. The two trials, one brought by Orton in 1871 to recover the Tichborne estates, and the other brought by the State against Orton for perjury in 1873, are said to have cost more than a million of dollars.

Firmin Dredd.

THE FUNCTION OF FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HERETO the modern novel, as the youngest type of creative literature, has been accorded a certain splendid freedom, without which nothing, either in the world of letters or of life, can ever fully accomplish its natural evolution. Now, however, that fiction is being taken more and more seriously, there is a growing tendency not merely to formulate the principles of technique as they have been practised by the great novelists of the past—a thing which in itself is eminently

worth the doing—but also to dogmatise about the novel of the future; to insist that the novelist has a right to do certain things and has not the right to do certain others; in short, to crystallise the forms of fiction, just as the epic and the lyric, the sonnet and the rondeau have been crystallised in the past. Each college professor who undertakes to teach a class of sophomores the elements of the short story, each literary agent who studies the requirements of various popular magazines, and advises young authors not to be too original, each professional reader who suggests that a novel be accepted on

tion that the end shall be rewritten
ling to a prescribed formula, each
er who censures a good story be-
it departs from the practice of Bal-
Thackeray or Stevenson—each
l of these are doing their little
n robbing the modern novel of its
y of form. Yet it is precisely its
timable advantage over the other
s of literature. It is only the novel
meet the needs of serious thinkers
f those who do not wish to think
that is equally adapted to express
foundest depths of human tragedy
light froth that floats upon the
surface of life. It is this very fact that
the novel is still essentially in its transition
period that gives it its greatest interest,
not merely for to-day, but for the future.
And for this reason it is premature to
ask, or at least to attempt to answer, as
so many critics have attempted, just what
are the true and proper functions of mod-
ern fiction.

At present there are almost as many
different answers to the question as there
are persons who venture to ask it. To
Zola, the one supreme function of fiction
is to tell the truth about nature and hu-
manity; to Anatole France, a scarcely less
important function is to lie magnificently,
because, he claims, there is in every one
of us a deep-seated need at times of being
lied to. To at least one-half of both
makers and readers of modern fiction the
one indispensable quality is that it shall
entertain. To a large and powerful
minority the true function of the novel is
not so much to entertain as to instruct.
Before these opposing views can be har-
monised, the vexed questions of realism
and romance, of the problem novel, of a
dozen other debatable grounds in fiction,
must be reconciled and settled. And this
would be an endless pity, because it is
from the very clash and opposition of the
different schools that the modern novel
owes its strength and its variety. It was
only through the sharp reaction from the
romantic school that we discovered what
might be done by naturalism; it was only
through the recoil from the brutal ex-
cesses of the realists that the finer meth-
ods of the psychologist were born. It
is, of course, quite possible that a day will

come when a wise eclecticism will have
decided in just what proportions the real
and the ideal, the external verity and the
introspective analysis shall be blended, in
order to make a perfect moving-picture
of life in words. But whatever the novel
of the future may or may not become, it
is to be sincerely hoped that the result
will be brought about by the simple work-
ing of the laws of natural selection and
not by the artificial influence of even the
best-intentioned critics.

There is, of course, much sound and
profitable advice that may be given to
the young novelist—and not infrequently
to the veteran novelist as well—but the
best of all advice is to remind them often
that there is no principle of literary tech-
nique which may not sometimes wisely
be disregarded, providing the author or
his theme or both are big enough to jus-
tify such disregard. It is easy to imagine,
were Scott or Thackeray or Dickens to-
day just beginning their career, what sort
of advice they would each receive from
well-meaning critics—how the Waverley
novels would be pruned to nearly half
their bulk, because it "took too long to
get into the story," and there was too
much description in proportion to the
dialogue; how Thackeray would be re-
minded, over and over again, that the
strictly objective method is by far the best
art, and that he must stop his lamentable
habit of obtruding his own personality
and indulging in intimate confidences
with the reader; and how Dickens would
be censured not merely for his verbose-
ness, but more especially for the undis-
ciplined vein of exaggeration that so often
gives his work the effect of caricature.
And yet it needs no argument to prove that
the great majority who read and value
Dickens and Thackeray and Scott to-day
do so because they are precisely what they
are rather than something they might
have been. Indeed, in the case of Thack-
eray, the present generation loves him,
not merely in spite of his deliberate in-
trusion, his pose as the Showman of his
Puppets, but very largely because of it.
And while the gain in technique in the
modern novel is undeniably great, and the
general standard of even the cheap, sen-
sational fiction is in structure substan-
tially higher than it was a generation ago,

yet we have to admit that could these principles have been formulated and enforced a half century earlier, something precious and irreparable would have been lost from the older novelists of recognised greatness.

Of course, to-day it would be no longer possible to write with the naïve disregard of technical rules that pervades Rabelais and Cervantes, and in lesser degree even Fielding and Smollett. We have been too carefully educated to the possibilities of faultless construction by Hardy, Meredith and Henry James in England, by Flaubert and Maupassant in France, ever again to revert to the amorphous looseness of the pioneers in fiction. And yet, as a price for this greater refinement, we cannot fail to be conscious that a certain rough and sturdy vigour has been sacrificed. In a certain sense the modern novelist is like the breeder of thoroughbreds, who says to himself: "The one proper function of the horse is to trot in something less than 2.10," and who systematically strives to eliminate from the horse all the qualities with which nature has painstakingly endowed him, excepting those adapted to the function of speed. The modern novel of the highest type is essentially a thoroughbred novel, a wonderful creation of its kind, showing the marks of its pedigree in every page. You can trace its descent unerringly; you can see just what it owes to the old robust English novelists, and just where the imported strain of Zola, Tolstoi, Ibsen, has further modified it. Yet highly developed as it is, one wonders sometimes whether this development has not in a measure been at the cost of vitality—whether, in short, any of our twentieth-century fiction will be able to defy the passage of the centuries like the stories of bygone generations, written in a spirit of blithe irresponsibility, before the art had time to grow self-conscious. It has carefully been pointed out by modern scholarship that only a negligible proportion of the tales of Boccaccio obey the rules of the short story; yet this fact did not prevent their enjoyment by many a generation before Boccaccio gathered them together and gave them their final polish—indeed, just how old they are, how many of them are

of Tuscan origin, how many he himself invented, how many go straight back to the old Milesian tales, are questions no one to-day can answer. And centuries before Boccaccio there was Apuleius, another jovial soul of Rabelaisian humour, a liar of such magnificent proportions that Anatole France once says of him: "I admit that Apuleius is my secret sin!" There are those of us who share this affection for Apuleius and who every now and then revert to him as we revert to Rabelais and Cervantes, and yet Apuleius obviously never dreamed that there was such a thing as the technique of the novel, but wrote simply because he had seen much of life and loved it greatly.

Regarding, then, this whole question of the function of the modern novel, the important thought to keep in mind is that, while as a literary form fiction is steadily moving forward toward a goal that at present is still too remote to be more than dimly seen, there is no need to trouble ourselves greatly about either its theoretical or its actual function. It is sufficient to judge each separate volume on its own individual merits. If it is a book written solely to amuse and worthily fulfils its purpose, then it is eminently a good book—after its kind. If it is what Mr. Crawford has called "that odious thing, a purpose novel," and also accomplishes its mission—in the triumphant way of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—then it also is a good book, after its kind. And while we must always pay to careful technique the tribute that is due to art for art's sake, we should never lose sight of the fact that sometimes certain other important qualities of fiction, character drawing, scenic description, subtle analysis of the emotions, are found at their best in books whose technique of construction is rudimentary.

The foregoing discussion was not suggested by any special book or group of books this month; and yet there is a good deal of it that will be found to apply to a majority of the volumes appearing at almost any season of the year. Take, for example, Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting's first attempt at a serious, full-length novel, *The Wayfarers*. Now, it would be

"The
Wayfarers"



unjust to deny to Mrs. Cutting a knowledge of the technique of fiction. In a certain province of the short story which she has made her own her command of the form is beyond reproach—indeed, it is quite as finished, in its way, as the short stories of Mrs. Deland or Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman. But the technique of the novel is quite a different matter from that of the short story; and it is impossible to read very far into *The Wayfarers* without discovering that despite much careful and admirable workmanship its construction is distinctly faulty. To some extent the title disarms the very criticism that the book first calls forth. The author seems to say that she has attempted nothing more elaborate or more systematically wrought out than to set forth in their sequence the various joys and sorrows that befall us by the way-side on the average plodding journey through life. She has taken for her typical examples a little family group in her old familiar setting of a small, suburban town in New Jersey; she shows us the struggle to make a small salary meet the needs of the growing family, the husband eagerly jumping at the first chance to exchange a mere clerkship for the bigger opportunities of the nominal head of a manufacturing company, the wife expecting to reap immediate benefit from this change of fortunes, and bitterly disappointed to find instead that she has less ready money, less pleasure, less of her husband's time and attention than before. And from the beginning affairs go wrong. A railway accident to the very train that is bringing the wife's young cousin North to spend the winter calls the husband away from business at a crucial moment; a fire in the machine shop ties up the manufactory for weeks and loses them many important orders; a failure of another firm that is heavily in their debt leaves them on the brink of ruin; the wife, in ignorance of the true state of affairs, and feeling only that she is being unbearably neglected, sets forth one night to throw herself into the river. Up to this time the reader's sympathies have been with her; now, however, they revert to the husband, who with a certain contemptuous pity convinces her that life is worth living, after all; yet, after the

turn of a few pages, it is she who comes in just in time to take from the man the pistol already pressed against his temple. Throughout the book domestic relations are further strained by the constant intrusive presence of the cousin from the South, a young girl still in the formative period, who does not know her own mind, and who manages to engage herself successively to three different men—the third one just in time to bring into the family the much-needed financial help that serves to avert the impending crash. Such, in all frankness, is the substance of Mrs. Cutting's book. It is full of careful portraiture, luminous little flashes of sympathetic understanding, whole episodes that, taken out of their setting, would make faultless Little Stories of Married Life. But, according to the strict requirements of construction, the novel as a whole lacks cohesion. There is no firm central purpose, no big, underlying idea held to throughout with a fine singleness of purpose. Growth of character there undoubtedly is; and yet the big events of the story are not a logical outcome of character, but of accident; fate intervenes in the shape of fire, railroad accidents, the shifting chances of the money market. The men and women she depicts are largely the victims, not of their own weaknesses and blunders, but of blind chance. Such are the reproaches which may be brought against *The Wayfarers* by the champions of dogmatic criticism. They are mentioned here in order to emphasise the contention that it is sometimes better to have genius than technique, and that a far greater weakness of construction may easily be pardoned in an author who has Mrs. Cutting's admirable insight into the human heart.

Unlike Mrs. Cutting, Margaret Deland is equally at home in the short story and the full-length novel.

"R. J.'s Mother"

R. J.'s Mother is a collection of six tales of novelette length, the first of which, the one that gives the volume its title, is easily the poorest. It is the story of a widower whose last joy in life went out with the death of his little boy, whose birthday was the 22d of November. Every 22d of No-

vember he goes to a toyshop and buys the toys that he would have bought for the boy had the boy lived—only to give them away to charity the next morning. And finally, after fourteen years, he comes across a bellboy in a New York hotel who is fourteen years old and whose birthday is also the 22d of November. He forthwith wants to adopt him, but the bellboy has a mother, the mother has rigid standards of propriety, and the only condition on which she will accept anything for herself or her son is marriage. Before the man has had time to marry her there is an accident to the freight elevator and the boy is killed. By this time, however, the man has seen enough of the mother to know that he wants her for her own sake; besides he feels that he "must have something to take care of." But if "J. R.'s Mother" has its shortcomings, they are more than offset by the fine workmanship in such a story as "Many Waters." It is an intimate and poignant little drama, picturing the awakening of a woman who, after many years of marriage, comes to realise that she really never before has known what manner of man her husband is. The story opens with a criminal prosecution. Her husband has lately closed up an estate, for which he has for a long time acted as trustee. One of the heirs, with no better proof than his early memories, disputes a certain item, the sale of a parcel of land, claiming that it had brought \$3,000 more than the accounts showed, and offering in support of his claim the old cheque given in payment. On the strength of this an indictment had been found, and in spite of the high standing of the accused, he was promptly brought to trial. Testifying in his own behalf, he explained quite simply that the purchaser of the land owed him at the time a personal debt of \$3,000, that both sums were embodied in a single cheque, that he had made entries at the time to this effect, but his account books were afterward destroyed by fire. His whole explanation was so simple, his reputation for integrity so well established, that it took the jury barely fifteen minutes to reach a verdict of not guilty. The wife has arranged in advance for a little celebration in the evening, so sure is she

of her husband's innocence. But by a cruel trick of fate, that very afternoon she unearths some old account books, dating back, some of them, before her marriage. "If we had only discovered these sooner," she thinks, "how much trouble they would have saved in proving our case," but a moment's investigation reveals to her, in her husband's own handwriting, undoubted evidence of his guilt.

The Heart of the Red Firs, by Ada Woodruff, belongs to the type of book that assumes that at least "The Heart of the Red Firs" one important function of the novel is to preserve a record of the transition phases of pioneer life.

The colonial novels of Mary Johnson, the cowboy as pictured by Owen Wister, the stories of the Alaskan gold fields by Jack London, are all different phases of the same general type. And to these *The Heart of the Red Firs* adds a vigorous picture of pioneer days among the hills overlooking Puget Sound. It must be conceded that the author understands her technique uncommonly well. She has to begin with the big general theme of life on the borderland of civilisation, with the wild magnificence of the landscape, mountain and forest, snow field and glacier, constantly obtruding itself until it seems almost personified into the central character of the book. And secondly, there is the closer, more personal interest of a central love story, a long, slow struggle of two fine, fearless human beings to discover that their true happiness lies in each other. There is also a subsidiary romance of a lost mine, discovered long ago in a blinding fog, and sought for often and in vain, until one day a landslide flings its first discoverer headlong and half dead almost into its newly cleft vein. In a few episodes such as this one feels a touch of artificiality, a little too obvious effort to achieve symmetry of structure. But for the most part one brings away from the reading an abiding sense of splendid freedom, health and courage in a glorious setting of fir-clad mountains.

The Post-Girl, by Edward C. Booth, belongs to the type of local fiction, as distinctly local as Barrie's *Little Minister*,

to which the publisher's announcement compares it. The setting is a small vil-

"The Post-Girl"

lage of Yorkshire, the central theme is the romance between a summer boarder—in the dialect of the district a *Spawer*—and a young girl of unknown parentage, who earns a meagre living by carrying the local mail. A deep love of music first brings the two together, and because they are both of them fine and true and worthy of each other, the friendship quickly deepens into something more abiding. But it happens that he is pledged already to another woman, and when he finds himself untrue to her in thought he frankly tells the post-girl that there is nothing left him to do but go away. Well, as fate wills it, a letter from the other girls comes just about this time, and the Post-girl, acting from a jealous impulse, secretes it. Unwittingly, she is by this act simply deferring her own happiness, because the letter, as a matter of fact, has been written to give the man his freedom. But in ignorance of this, she hides the letter, while she fights out the battle between her jealousy and her conscience; and when the latter triumphs it is too late, because some one else has found the letter and stolen it. But it is not this thread of plot that gives the book its value, but rather the unusually fine delineation of types, the quiet humour of quaint Yorkshire characters, the whole impression that you retain from the book, of careful workmanship, sincerity of purpose and that deep insight which comes from a sympathetic interest in human life.

The Blue Lagoon, by H. de Vere Stac-

"The Blue Lagoon"

poole, is not a well-constructed book according to accepted standards; but that does not rob it of the credit due to a successful attempt to do a rather difficult and unusual thing. This author is not the first writer of fiction who has asked himself what would happen to a couple of human beings if they should grow up in a state of nature without teaching or guidance, with no knowledge of the meaning of life or of death, no code of right and wrong beyond the

promptings of instinct. Morgan Robertson, in a short story called *Primordial*, worked out this problem to some extent by imagining two children cast away on a tropical island in the South Pacific, subsisting on wild roots and berries, and eventually attaining maturity and awakening to the deeper meanings of life. *The Blue Lagoon* may be best defined as an amplification of this same theme; and the psychology of the boy and girl growing up side by side on a tropical coral reef, solving the problems of existence unaided, in all the simplicity of the Garden of Eden, deserves frank praise for its careful insight. None the less, the mechanism of the story might have been advantageously simplified; and the final episode of the father setting forth, after many years, to find his child, aimlessly steering across the vast expanse of the Pacific, and then by blind chance encountering the pair he seeks adrift helplessly in a small boat, without paddle or sail, food or drink, acts upon the reader like a shock of cold water to awaken him from his credulity.

The White Rose of Weary Leaf, by Violet Hunt, is best defined as a sort of

"The White Rose of Weary Leaf"

modern *Jane Eyre* story, possessing all the defects of the Charlotte Brontë school and few of its merits. It is sensational, melodramatic, often crude in construction and in character drawing—and nevertheless there is a certain relentless sincerity in the story of the central character, a certain poignant tragedy in her fate that make it a book difficult to lay aside, in spite of one's frequent sense of exasperation, and equally difficult to forget after finishing it. The *Jane Eyre* of this story is not an inexperienced young girl, but a sad, disillusioned woman, who has long looked the world in the face and expects nothing from it but injustice. The Mr. Rochester has been married, not once, but twice; the surviving wife is not crazed, but simply a self-satisfied little fool. The spectacular tragedy is not a fire, but a railroad wreck, and even here the wife, though badly hurt, insists upon recovering, in spite of the doctor's assurances that she will die. The man, however, allows the other woman to believe

that the wife is dead; and from this initial wrong the story moves strongly on to a double expiation, told in a spirit of grim fatalism. It is astonishing that a book so faulty should here and there show streaks of such undeniable merit.

The Fair Moon of Bath, by Elizabeth Ellis, is a good example of the fiction

"The Fair
Moon of
Bath"

produced by the theory that its ultimate and highest function is merely to entertain.

There is no question that it performs this function admirably. If you like the type of story represented by *The Bath Comedy*, *The Orange Girl*, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* and other kindred volumes picturing life in England an odd century or two ago, then *The Fair Moon of Bath* should surely be suited to your taste. A hero with more gallantry than cleverness; a heroine quicker to believe idle gossip than her own heart; a deep-laid plot to place the Pretender on the throne of England; a list of names whose discovery would mean death for treason, hidden in the hollow of a lady's bracelet; that same bracelet, or one so like it that the lady believes it to be hers, found empty the next morning, and the theft attributed without due proof to the man who has, although almost a stranger, followed in the lady's train—not, as a matter of fact, to spy upon her, but because he has fallen very rashly in love with the lady's younger sister, the so-called Fair Moon of Bath. Just what were the consequences to this young man of being branded as a spy, what means he took to vindicate himself, and what had happened to the bracelet and the hid-

den and treasonable paper are matters which each reader, curious of such details, must discover for himself. Structurally the book is a careful piece of workmanship. It is a good example of the service rendered by good technique to the story that in substance is of no very serious moment.

A brief word must here be added about the latest book by Robert Herrick, who at present enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few American novelists who look upon fiction as a vehicle for

discussion of the serious problems of life. *Together* is, of course, a book far too big, too serious, too many-sided, to be adequately estimated by a mere paragraph among a group of miscellaneous volumes. But at least it is possible to point out that here for the first time the gravest aspects of marriage, and more especially the peculiar conditions of American married life, are treated with something of the frankness, the breadth, the sweeping generality of Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* and Zola's *Fécondité*. Mr. Herrick has done some fine work in the past; but nowhere before has he come so near to achieving epic bigness of theme and of treatment. Especially is he successful in his intuitive understanding of feminine moods under all the delicate and complex situations that his theme inevitably offers for analysis. As an example of the best sort of fiction that can grow out of the highly developed technique of the modern school Mr. Herrick's new volume deserves cordial and widespread recognition.

Frederic Taber Cooper.





RARE BIRDS. PORTION OF A DECORATIVE FRIEZE IN CARVED WOOD. BY ANDRÉ RELIER

THE SALON OF THE HUMOURISTS



It is the peculiar distinction of Paris that its art workers are adventurous spirits perpetually engaged in a feverish search for new forms of expression. There is no city in the world, probably, where the artistic impulse and the artistic faculty are so generally distributed, where so wide a range of themes is tolerated, and where the art output is so enormous. The consequence is that fresh outlets for the copious and varied art product are continually in demand. The two great salons of the Champs-Élysées and the Champ de Mars (valuable and interesting though they are as art manifestations) reject, through prejudice or lack of space, a large body of highly meritorious work and are notoriously ineffective in selling the work they do receive; while the Salon des Indépendants (known also as the Salon des Refusés), whose motto is "neither juries nor awards," has come to be treated as a joke by Parisians because of the hopeless mass of trash it contains. Therefore, the foundation of a new Salon, called the "Salon des Humoristes," in the spring of 1907, responded to a keen and long-felt need.

The first exhibition of this new Salon not only achieved a brilliant artistic success, but sold advantageously a surprisingly large proportion of the exhibits; thereby demonstrating that there is always a market for agreeable, companion-

able works of art which interpret life piquantly and which are not too large for the walls of the average apartment, as distinguished from the colossal Salon canvases which one would not care to summer and winter with, however much one may admire them in the spacious exhibition halls for which they were specially prepared. The result has been that many artists, who, at first, were disposed to sniff at the Salon des Humoristes, by reason of the trivial implication of its name, have become almost indecently eager to avail themselves of the advantages it provides.

The second Salon des Humoristes, which was opened the 10th of May and which remains open the same length of time as the other Salons, contains nearly two thousand exhibits by nearly three hundred living artists; a collection of most of the lithographs produced by the precocious Gustave Doré before he attained his majority; and a retrospective exhibit of the English humourists, embracing works by Hogarth, Rowlandson, Birch, Bunbury, Collett, Cruikshank, Gillray, Woodward, Leech and some thirty others. The Palais de Glace (formerly the Panorama of the Champs Élysées) in which the Salon is held, is a circular structure with a convex glass roof, whose main hall (about one hundred and thirty feet in diameter) is decorated in pale blue and buff and draped with stuffs of these same delicate hues. From the centre of this hall to its circumference radiate, like



HIS ENTRANCE INTO SOCIETY

"Come, my dear poet, say something to us."

"Have you remarked, Duchess, that this year's pawn tickets are pink?"

spokes from the hub to the rim of a wheel, low partitions covered with buff burlap which provide an incredible amount of attractive and well-lighted wall-space. Thanks to this ingenious arrangement, the bad hanging complained of so much and so justly in the other Salons is impossible; every exhibit shows for just what it is worth. The general atmosphere is one of extraordinary *intimité* (a word which our "intimacy" translates inadequately); and it is unquestionably to this quality of *intimité* that a portion, at least, of its vogue is due. The Salon des Humoristes is, for the moment, the most popular resort in Paris for the afternoon tea. Indeed, Parisians are forming the habit of going to it, very much as they go to the café, to meet and chat with their acquaintances and friends. The "*vernissage*" (private view) was pronounced by the entire Paris press more elegant and select than the *vernissages* of the other Salons and more like the *vernissage* of the best Parisian tradition than anything which has been seen in Paris for a number of years. "It recalled to me," wrote Henry Maret, one of the old stagers, "by its artistic aspect, by its enthusiasm, by its exuberant display of life and of youth

and especially by the absence of the common herd of Philistines, the *vernissage* of yore, the *vernissage* of twenty years ago in the defunct Palais de l'Industrie."

If there is a person of note in the Paris worlds of literature, art, politics, diplomacy, the theatre, sport, gallantry or fashion, who is not caricatured at least once in the Salon des Humoristes, it would be difficult to name him—or her; and certain celebrities (for example, President Fallières, Premier Clemenceau, the Socialist leader Jaurès, Prefect of Police Lépine, Senator Bérenger, Sarah Bernhardt, Henri Rochefort, and those two adopted Parisians, King Edward of England and King Leopold of Belgium) are caricatured so many times that their faces may be said, without the slightest exaggeration, to confront one at every turn. Thomas, the adroit pillager of churches; Rochette, the financial plunger; Ullmo, the opium-enraptured traitor, and the protagonists in the various scandals and "celebrated cases" of the past twelve-month are similarly favoured. In a bas-relief of wood and quartz, Lemoine, the bumptious inventor of a process for the fabrication of diamonds, is pouring from a horn of plenty gems as big as walnuts at the feet



"How is this! You are not blind to-day?"

"No, Madame, it is my weekly rest day."

of the English diamond merchant, Sir Julius Wernher, whose eyes seem ready to leave their sockets with surprise. Léandre, Lubin de Beauvais, Rojot, Foy, Borgex, Cappiello, Gyl, Cazals, Debain, Barère, Dorival-Bordry, Fleurac, Leal da Camara, Légar, René Bertrand, Lion, Maës-Laia, Mahut, Barcet, Médic, Moloch, Verjez and Sem contribute portrait caricatures in black-and-white, water-colours and oil. Sem and Roubille present a novelty in the form of a frieze of portrait-caricatures so cunningly conventionalised and disposed that they constitute admirable decorative motives. The distinguished playwright, Henry Bataille, makes his début as an artist with a series of thirteen subtly satirical heads; and the actress Odette Dulac, by several bits of sculpture, including a mask of her sister actress, Lucy Pezet, who is well-known to the concert-hall public of most of the countries of the world. René Bertrand, Prince Troubetzköy, Alfred Jungbluth, Breger, Gairaud and Léandre expose masks, busts, medallions, bas-reliefs or statuettes in marble and plaster; Fernand Clostre, statuettes in bronze; De Nellanville, in wax; and Ouillon-Carrère, in wax and plaster. In



MASQUE OF LUCY PEZET OF LA LUNE
ROUSSE. BY ODETTE DULAC

fact, the exhibitors in this Salon are so obsessed by the passion for portrait-caricature that they have practised it not only on paper and canvas and in marble, terra-cotta, clay, wax and bronze, but in several materials which we are not accustomed to associate with art work of any sort whatsoever.

A few seasons ago, the versatile caricaturist Caran d'Ache neglected drawing for a time and took to caricaturing the persons of his contemporaries in painted wooden toys. About the same time, the painter, Georges Bertrand, one of the decorators of the Versailles Hôtel de Ville, fabricated and set up a marionette theatre, the personages of which were dummies of the leading actors and actresses of Paris. Both these innovations immediately acquired a tremendous vogue, and the imitators of Bertrand and Caran d'Ache naturally became legion. In the Salon des Humoristes, Grandval, D. Thomas, and Cavallo-Cadet expose a large number of Caran d'Ache toys, among them elaborate groups entitled "Réjane and her Mules," "A Day at the Races," "The Balloon of Santos-Dumont," "The Committee of the Comédie Française," and "The Car of State;" and Madame Jungbluth, varying slightly the Caran d'Ache conception, a group of most diverting dolls. Benjamin Rabier,



MODEL RESTING. BY J. L. FORAIN

BEFORE



PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES AT LONDON

AFTER



A PHASE OF THE ENTENTE

whose unrivalled caricatures of wild and domestic animals have diverted Paris for a score of years, presents a veritable Noah's Ark of painted wooden creatures which he designed, cut and painted on the top of his house in the Rue Chasseloup-Laubat. Gir and Magloire, taking their cue from Bertrand, have each installed a Punch and Judy show equipped with effigies of well-known characters of society and the stage. Biot, Julliot, Acault and Laval present, under glass, horse-chestnuts carved and painted into grotesque semblances of celebrated individuals and of the following generic types: "Those Who Strike" (policemen and thugs); "Those Who Retire from the World" (monks); "Those Who Are to be Pitied" (the sailor, the rural postman, the man with a toothache, the common drunkard, the gallows-bird); "Those Who Deceive Us" (automobile chauffeurs and several sorts of women).

Finally, Gillet, carrying the Caran d'Ache idea still farther (to its logical conclusion, in fact), has fabricated several exceedingly droll images out of even less likely material. Thus:

"Morocco seeks to effect a loan. A Moroccan ditto" (statuette made of two dried apples, two prunes, two almond-shells, a fig and two crumpled paper bags).

"Père Thomas, in spite of his broken legs, presented a brave appearance, when he had donned his new blouse, and carried lightly his seventy-seven years" (statuette made of two dried apples, apple-seeds, almonds, hazelnuts, and two sacs of crumpled paper).

"The Sheik, in spite of his courage and his swarthy tint, his aquiline nose and his almond-shaped eyes, wore proudly the Cross of the Legion of Honour" (statuette made of dried apples, an almond, almond shells, grape-

seeds, and two sheets of tissue-paper.

Petty and trivial as these caricatural novelties are bound to appear in any printed description, they are not to be despised, for they express unfalteringly the precise things they aim to express. They have attracted a great deal of attention, not only because they are novelties, but because they display a great deal of genuine artistic and caricatural talent. In this connection it should not be forgotten that some of the most remarkable creations of the great Daumier were the tiny heads he modelled hastily in clay

while listening to the debates in Parliament—impromptu performances to which neither he nor any one else attached any great importance at the time.

The French caricaturist, who produces primarily for men and not at all for matinee girls, is neither haunted nor hampered by the spectre of propriety. He claims and is granted for his work the license of his artistic forbears, which, in effect, is nothing more nor less than the license of the smoking-room. He makes appallingly clear therein the radical distinction between the nude and the undressed. He not only revels in the



CIVIL MARRIAGE. THE KISS OF THE MAYOR. BY LÉANDRE

Plautian *équivoque* (which may mean nothing or everything), but he can be, when a reckless mood seizes him, downright coarse, brutal and blasphemous. The word reverence is not in his vocabulary. He would not be French, if it were. Hoary institutions, moral codes, philosophical systems, religious beliefs,

are all in his view proper subjects of ridicule, are all grist to his mill. He serves up the counterparts in art of the drolleries of Gargantua and Pantagruel, the *Heptaméron* and the *Contes Drolatiques* and of the tales of Catulle Mendès and Armand Silvestre; as, in the eighteenth century, the English caricaturists



JULES CLARETIE, DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE. BY A. BARRÈRE

One of a series of caricatures entitled "Turks' Heads"

(the retrospective English Exhibit is there to prove it) served up the counterparts in art of the drolleries of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Fielding. He rails with ribaldry at Scripture. He parodies impudently the religious themes particularly affected by the Old Masters. "Spicy" would be but a feeble word, for example, to characterise his versions of such venerable themes as the "Temptation of Saint Anthony" and "Susannah and the Elders." His conceptions of satyrs, Silenuses, hamadryads and bacchanals are, as some one once said of the Paris American Colony, "totally unfit for publication." He deems the vicissitudes of the checkered careers of the demi-mondaines of the day as legitimate material for his pencil and brush, and, in treating this material, he carries coals to Newcastle. French pleasantry of this temper, no matter how droll it may be, and no matter how much artistic talent it may represent, cannot be an article of exportation. It will no more stand an Atlantic voyage than the product of the French vineyards. Most of the caricatures of Abel Faivre, which are very close of kin to those of Rowlandson, come under this category; many of those of Mars, Moloch, Barcet, Lion and Merelo, and a few of those of Willette.

On the other hand, it must not be supposed that the note of the smoking-room is the only note or even the dominant note of the work of the French caricaturist. He possesses such an inexhaustible fund of mirth, such a store of quips and quirks, and such an irrepressible verve, and is such a versatile fellow withal, that he is never long at a loss for an original and unhackneyed pleasantry. He is adorably whimsical, fantastical, satirical on the slightest provocation—and even without provocation. His wit is successively effervescent and explosive like his champagne, insidious like his Bordeaux and soul-warming like his Burgundy. He perpetrates preposterous but wholesome parodies of the Classical myths and of the Mediæval legends. He materialises in the most astounding shapes the witches, ghosts and goblins of folklore, the visions of the sot and the drugfiend, and the nightmares and monstrous apparitions that harry the sleep of indi-

gestion. He magnifies the grotesqueness of gypsies, beggars, brigands and tramps. He indulges in extravagant prophecies, improvising hair-lifting adventures for the man of the future. He rails at the fat-witted complacency of the middle classes and at the pedantry of the blue-stockings. He exploits the diverting wisdom of the precocious child. He exposes with mischievous glee the naïveté of the peasant, the uncouthness of the common soldier, the curious superstitions of the fisher-folk, the amazing fatuity of the members of the police force, the petty grafting of domestics, the disconcerting incompetence of ministers, senators, deputies and judges. He turns the lime-light alternately and impartially upon the distorted conception of the workers and upon the follies and foibles of the people of fashion. He confers human traits upon animals, birds, barnyard fowls and even upon vegetables. He illustrates as freshly as if they had been written yesterday the works of Perrault, Cervantes, Villon, Hoffman, La Fontaine and Shakespeare.

This rollicking mirth corresponds roughly to that which, in the domain of music, is called in Paris *opéra-bouffe*. But the scope of the Salon des Humoristes is very far from being limited to the artistic counterparts of *opéra-bouffe*—to the works of the Offenbachs and the Meilhacs and Halévys of the brush and pencil. It embraces likewise *opéra comique* in the comprehensive French sense of the term. Now every traveler knows that the Paris Opéra Comique rarely, if ever, produces what we understand in America as comic opera. Its repertoire consists mainly of works, like *Carmen* (partly humorous and partly serious, but quite as much serious as humorous), which are produced in New York as grand operas; and its name seems to have been given it to distinguish it from the solemn Opéra (full official title *Académie Nationale de la Musique*), to the stage of which theoretically, at least, no work that is not preternaturally grave or uninterruptedly tragic is admitted. The founding of the Salon des Humoristes may fairly be said to have established an analogous, though by no means identical, distinction in the art

world of Paris; the sacrosanct enclosures of the old Salons corresponding closely enough for all ordinary purposes to the highly august and exclusive Opera. In other words, the Salon des Humoristes contains many works, which (all hair-splitting artistic orthodoxy apart) would be a credit to either of the old Salons.

It includes sepias, colour-prints, coloured etchings, aquatints, water-colours and oil paintings as well as black-and-whites. It includes brilliant posters (an art form which has proved in Paris, thanks to the

the realistic settings and the personages of Parisian life. He is a fantaisist who loves above everything to evoke the quaint shadows of the maidens who weep and who laugh in pantomimes, of the dancers who dance in the rays of the moon, of the cats which leap and pose on improbable roofs, of Pierrot, of the eternal Pierrot, renewed, sentimental and boyish, who loves, who mystifies, who amuses himself, who hectors others, who dies, who lives again unceasingly. We all know his series without words, his successions of eloquent gestures, his



THE DON JUAN OF BOULEVARD X. PLASTER STATUETTE BY THE ACTRESS ODETTE DULAC

prevalence of appreciation, the reverse of a passing fad) and schemes for posters, blithe and exquisite designs for fans, *objets d'art*, fire-screens, fireplaces, wall-papers and stained glass; ingenious, heartening friezes for the bath-room, the dining-room, the billiard-room, the smoking-room, and the nursery; and friezes and frescoes for divers places of public resort.

It possesses in Adolphe Willette (of Chat Noir fame) an artist whose best work is incomparable for its delicate fantasy. "Willette," says Gustave Gefroy, "has no great opinion, at bottom, of

stories mutely recounted by a garrulous pencil—subtle and diverting pages which have in them something of the fairy revels led by Queen Mab, and something of the piercing and almost imperceptible pizzicato which trembles in the deepest thickets of a symphonic forest. Their insinuating and mystic charm proceeds not only from the flowing and attenuated drawing of the little figures but from the peculiar colour of the ensemble. We touch here one of the characteristics of the manner of Willette. This draughtsman is a colourist. He knows all the varieties of pale grey; and he composes

delicately graded pictures with pure white and with all the decompositions of white mingled with parcels of black. He adores the light of the moon, the falling snow, the shroud-like fog. He knows the difference between the colour quality of the cup of a lily, the starch of a colarette, the transparency of a chemise, the flesh of a delicate woman. Yes, he seems to shed upon his volatile pages the pale radiance of the moonlit and starlit

vals in the spirit of the old Dutch and Flemish masters, which lack only the mellow, golden glow of their ancient models to make them little gems; and this glow they will acquire, perhaps, in time.

The oils of Albert Guillaume, the most popular, probably, of the artists whose specialty is the Parisienne, are at once penetrating social satires and robust paintings notable for their skilful hand-



GRAND OPERA. BY L. METIVÉT

night and to take malicious delight in powdering them with the flour of the ancient mills of the "Butte Montmartre" and with the rice powder which hovers over the balls of the Elysée. A hazy atmosphere of rice powder, drawing soft as a caress, and masterly modelling of anæmic but living flesh: these are the marks of his talent.

The oils of Eugène Cadel (almost as minute as Meissonier's) are village festi-

ling of light and for their rich tones. Guillaume's "The Philistines," exposing the supercilious inanity of the fashionable visitors to a picture exhibition, and "The Wasps' Nest," depicting the trials of the man about town at a charity bazaar, are paintings of real importance, quite apart from their wit; while "In the Omnibus" does not suffer greatly in comparison with the renowned canvas of Anders Zorn bearing the same name.



REVERY. BY JEANNIOT

The bucolics of Georges Redon, Lucien Métivet's burlesques of the absurd conventionalities of the stage, the artificially lighted interiors of Grün, the open-air nocturnal festivals of Richard Ranft, the naturalistic rural scenes of Ibels, the spring idyls of Fernand Fau, the uncanny demons, spectres, sprites and bad fairies of Gayac, the spirited ball-room scenes of Fernand Piet, and the pagan poems of Paul Hil are all oils of fine colour and honest workmanship.

Robida is endowed with a special faculty for revealing the humour of history. "Robida," said his friend Armand Silvestre, "possesses the erudition of Viollet-

le-Duc, but he also has the imagination of Gustave Doré and the comic verve of Gavarni." Job renders the picturesque aspects of history with equal accuracy and brio; his tatterdemalion Revolutionary soldiers recall the soldiers of Charlet and Raffet. Bac, who also occupies himself intermittently with disengaging humour from the past, offers an admirable reproduction of the spirit of the old coloured prints in a series of twenty water-colours entitled "The History of a Young Man of Family." Guydo and Jacques Dréa furnish several engaging presentments of the dainty marquises of the eighteenth century.



LEAVING THE THEATRE. BY A. JARRACH

Chéret, whom the late Lucien Muhl-
feld once called (in gratitude for his
artistic posters) "the greatest benefactor
of Paris," is represented by a series of
scintillating pastels; Léandre by more
than a score of numbers (several of
which are canvases), in his fascinating,
flowing style; Abel-Truchet, by several
joyous, but chaste, symbolic and decorative
nudes; Jeannot, by refined character-

studies of Parisian types; and Hémard,
by virile studies of Breton types.

The coloured etchings and aqua-tints
of Henry Detouche; the illuminations of
old ballades, rondels and epigrams by
Léon Lebègue; the sepias of Barcet; the
pastels and sepias of Louis Vallet; the
nursery pictures of Avelot, Borgex,
Poulbot and Mars; the Cambodian
scenes of Noël Dorville; the silhouettes

in colours of Brunelleschi; the children's friezes of Carlo; the coloured engravings of Bernard Boutet de Monvel; and the crayon and water-colour sketches on tinted paper of Édouard Touraine are all characterised by a certain playful elegance which is not precisely humour, perhaps, but which, since it puts the spectator into a highly amiable frame of mind, is a very good substitute therefor.

The wrath of the winsome Willette, familiarly known as "The Pierrot of Montmartre," has often vented itself in violent and threatening compositions which have made the smug hypocrites of the world of wealth and fashion fairly shake in their shoes; and nearly all these "merry men" whose trade it is to deal in persiflage, are capable of righteous indignation, under the spell of which they castigate their contemporaries with their scorn most unmercifully. In some cases, these pictorial diatribes are due to mere fits of petulance and are without the slightest ulterior significance; but, in other cases, they are an integral part of a systematic campaign on the part of thinkers who have deliberately resolved to force their fellows to think by portraying realistically the ugliness of their

lives and the deformities which the daily application of low ideals and cowardly compromises have imprinted on their faces. The chronic scorn of Forain, for instance, whose observation of life has transformed him into a consistent cynic and a political reactionary, is as thought-provoking as an able volume of social philosophy. Then there are the Anarchists and Revolutionary Socialists who dream of a wonder-working "social revolution" and who deem themselves specially commissioned to raise the standard and sound the tocsin of revolt. Such an apostle of insurrection is Leal da Camara, who offers, as a design for an election poster, a lighted fuse, the lurid smoke of which wears the form of a red Phrygian cap.

In spite of the absence of many artists (such as Raffaelli, Grasset, Monténard, Béraud, Zoloaga, Simon, Rivière, Alexandre Charpentier and Maurice Boutet de Monvel), whose works are frequently characterised by humour, and in spite of the abstention of such professional humourists as Caran d'Ache, Mirande, Huard, Lunel, Vogel, Somm, Jossot, Désiré, Renouard, Steinlen, Widhoff, Perelmagne, Jossot, Sancha, Vallo-ton and Jean Veber, the Salon des Hu-



FANTOCHES. BY H. P. DILLON

moristes demonstrates conclusively that the French humourists of to-day are not unworthy successors of their illustrious ancestors and immediate predecessors (Callot, Cham, Grévin, Daumier, Gavarni, Monnier, Charlet, Raffet, Grandville, Degas, Barric, Gill and Toulouse

de Lautrec) who railed at the affectations and follies and stigmatised the vices of their respective epochs. Whether it be viewed as an expression of French character and mentality or as an expression of French art, it is equally significant.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

E. A. Ross's "SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY"*

Now that the barbaric season is upon us, during which the American people will read more nonsense than it has perused in any equal interval for the past four years, when the distorted features of the rival candidates are bellying in the wind and "truth is a dog must to kennel," and intelligence a party treason; now that the country is in danger from Democratic wrack, Republican ruin, and that man no true patriot who will not lie for her sake, we earnestly commend this little volume to all editorial writers for the newspapers. It may tend to civilise political discussion. Not that anything could make political discussion approximate the common sense we often find in private life. Romance, exaggeration, evasion, are and always has been essential to it. In political discussion the enemy is not a man but a punching bag, and must be hit promptly and regularly. Ninetenths of political discussion is histrionic necessity. This is why the bad motive figures in it so much more prominently than in real life. Privately we know that the ratio of blunders to crimes is a million to one. Politically we reverse that ratio. It is easier to talk sonorously about crimes. The presumption of knavery is the first rule of political discussion, and the attack must be made in the form of an ethical romance—St. George and the Dragon. The people do not care for

*Social Psychology. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908. 372 pp.

realism at such a time. How tame it would have sounded in the old days to call McKinley a misguided man, when you could say he was "shaking Porto Rico over hell," or something of the sort. Nevertheless, Professor Ross's volume might somewhat humanise editorial writers by supplying them with a background common to thinking men. They might learn from it how tame and familiar are certain ideas that seem to them so wild and dangerous. Arguments now and then might take the place of ejaculations, and occasionally a head now hidden in the sand might emerge and take note of the passing of time. The intellectual timidity for which this country is so notorious abroad is due in no small part to the lack of a comparative basis for newspaper opinions.

Professor Ross quotes Boutmy on English conservatism—

"It began by regarding with contempt, anxiety, and sometimes even horror, the most innocent and useful discoveries: the use of steam, the submarine telegraph, the Suez Canal, and the Universal Exhibition, the postal reform, and the Channel tunnel. With greater reason organic reforms in the government have always been treated as *views* and *dangerous experiments* for quite a long time."

Professor Ross adds—

Let not Americans hug fondly the delusion that they are free of such trammels. Early in their history they did, indeed, for a time, evince a daring and splendid spirit of innovation. They fitted their institutions to their needs with a success that placed them in the van of progress. But to-day their idolatry of

an undemocratic Federal Constitution, their reverence for irresponsible power in the form of an "independent" judiciary and their veneration of a common law at variance with certain needs of an industrial civilisation are holding them back. In the march of peoples they must not only yield the banner of leadership to the younger societies of Australasia, but they ought, perhaps, to fall in humbly behind certain little peoples of old Europe—the Norwegians, the Danes, the Swiss. A people that tolerates the trammels that prevent it carrying out its deliberate intention to protect women and children in industry, safeguard the health of workers, regulate the conditions of labour, control corporations, fix railway rates or operate public utilities must suffer from a growing maladjustment of its laws and policies to its needs.

Such a book would be of especial value to Eastern editors. Not that it would replace any of their convictions, but it would add some relevancy to the way in which they are expressed. What is said against a thing would have some relation to what is said on its behalf. It would not be enough to say "unconstitutional," "socialistic," "executive encroachment," or to declare the use of the first personal pronoun in very bad taste. It would be necessary to advance to the further question, What of it? The reiteration of the words "My policies," even when printed in capital letters, would no longer be mistaken for a communication to any human mind. This is one of the mysteries of almost any large Eastern city, especially of the metropolis. In what company do editorial writers on American affairs pass their time? Is it the "bright young men" of their staff who encourage them or their maiden aunts? One may travel all day long without meeting one man on whom the sly allusion to "Dear Maria," the blighting sarcasm of the "big stick," the penetrating humour of the "Ananias Club," the comparisons with Louis XIV and Kaiser Wilhelm, the contrasts with Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Burke, seem to have left the slightest impression. Yet it is not the fault of the opinions, but of the writers' way with them. The value of Professor Ross's book to newspaper editors is that

it supplies a point of tangency to the mind of the community at large.

The modesty of his preface is ingratiating—

So I offer this book with the wish that what in it is sound be promptly absorbed into the growth of the science, and the unsound be as promptly forgotten. Indeed, the swiftness of its disintegration will measure the rate of progress of the subject. If it is utterly superannuated in twenty years, that will be well; if in ten years, that will be better.

The reference to the "science" and the fact that the book is in form a college text-book, with a "summary" and "exercises" at the end of each chapter should not deter the general reader. It has little in common with sociological manuals. It is written in English not in hybrid Greek and Latin compounds of the "socio-biologic" type. It deals with the subjects in which we are deeply interested and about which we are forever talking or speculating without suspecting that a group of men are trying to make a science of them. Or if, as laymen, we have tried to follow these attempts, they seem so forlorn that we are thrown back on our own thoughts again, for the sociologist is generally a man who had rather hide an old truth under a technical term than discover a new one. Professor Ross's manner is comparatively free from scientific affectation.

The earlier chapters traverse the ground covered by Le Bon and Tarde without developing anything especially new, but adding many fresh and suggestive illustrations. They bring together a great many more or less familiar but widely scattered theories and facts in regard to the unconscious interaction of minds. They discuss suggestibility, the mob, the crowd, fashion, the imitation of conventionality and the imitation of custom. By a massing of instances taken from a great variety of sources they give a new sense of individual limitations—the extent to which a man's soul is not his own. To be sure, the self-analytical will have discovered a short cut to many of the same conclusions—

It is not easy for us to realise how nearly to the very core of our lives conventionality sends its influence. To drive home the truth

let us dissect a number of deep-seated beliefs that, despite their air of validity, can be shown to be of illegitimate origin, and—for most people—of purely conventional acceptance.

He thereupon dissects the following: "That Manual Labour is Degrading," "That Civic Worth is Measured by Pecuniary Success," "That Conservatism is Good Form, whereas Radicalism is Vulgar," "That Things are Beautiful in Proportion as they are Costly." These seem too easy. In our humble moments of self-examination we all go deeper than that.

To be sure, the intellectual *élite*—perhaps one per cent. of one per cent.—will have what seem to them good and sufficient grounds for their manner of thinking. But when their way of thinking comes to be "the spirit of the age," these grounds are quite left out of sight, and all but the one in ten thousand will give you flimsy excuses rather than solid reasons for believing as he does. "The thing is in the air"—that is enough to make the vogue of anything that is congenial to the current way of thinking of people.

But analyse the "intellectual *élite*" and you will find little formulas of dissidence no less conventional than the formulas of popular agreement. Study a Shaw group or an Ibsen group. Consider the law of centrifugal imitation (the term sounds almost sociological) and the charm of exclusiveness and the prestige of paucity, and the curious identities of symbolical, impressionistic, individualistic, self-revealing, very advanced and would-be astonishing fraternities. *Ultima thule* also has its "cake of custom." *Procul este profani* is the watchword of a smaller mob, and there are no intellectual circles in which you can be sure that a man's soul would have anything left if all his "non-rational" borrowed ideas were redistributed to the neighbourhood. Professor Ross writes of conventionality very entertainingly indeed, but does not follow it even as far as this.

The tone of the book is temperate, but the spirit that of a man very eager to read the signs of the times and full of the sense or illusion of progress. His general attitude is well illustrated in this passage from his chapter on "Custom Imitation"—

So long as human beings are so lazy and thinking is so difficult, reasons will never be lacking for attributing the higher value to that which comes to us from the past. We are told to-day that the old has by that very fact given signal proof of vitality. Its survival demonstrates its fitness. This is the argument of the "historical continuity" school, which insists that the presumption is in favour of whatever is borne to us on the current of history. This consideration it was, no doubt, that impelled an English lord chancellor to declare that he was in favour of all established institutions, and in favour of them because they *were* established.

The student of society, on the other hand, realises that the correct inference is precisely the reverse. Owing to forces over which it has no control, society undergoes incessant change. In general, the longer the time elapsed, the greater the amount of change. Other things being equal, a society will have suffered greater transformation at the end of three hundred years than at the end of one hundred years. Hence the older an institution, practice, or dogma, the more hopelessly out of adjustment it may be presumed to be. The fitter it was when adopted, the worse misfit to-day. What comes from our grandfathers may suit fairly well the situation to-day; but that which spans a dozen generations is little likely to agree with the needs of our time.

The plan of his book calls for extensive quotations from other writers, and many of these are well-chosen and interesting, but a considerable proportion of them are taken from second-rate authors and journalists; they say nothing that Professor Ross could not express better and in fewer words, and they count for nothing as witnesses. They give the impression of laziness—a desire to escape the necessity of composition—which seems very desperate indeed when it goes so far as to fill an entire page with Colonel Watterson's grandiloquence about the "Smart Set"—

"Must these uncleanly birds of gaudy, and therefore of conspicuous, plumage fly from gilded bough to bough, fouling the very air as they twitter their affectations of social supremacy and no one to shy a brick at them and to cry, 'Scat, you devils!'"

And there is a great deal of claptrap,

almost as cheap as this, quoted in the text or preserved in footnotes.

C. M. Francis.

II

"CONFESSIO MEDICI"*

Many passages in this entertaining volume enhance the wonder of laymen that members of the medical profession are not more interesting as men. We take it for granted that our own experience is not unusual and that others have had equally bad luck in their attempts to draw the physicians of their acquaintance into the region of common interest. We are speaking, of course, of other laymen, not of laywomen, who are less apt to distinguish between the man and his profession and who often find extraordinary pleasure in a companionship that men have to be sick abed to enjoy. Doctors as a class seem strangely unaware of the social value of their experiences. They are *blasé* at the point at which the layman's interest begins.

As Matthew Arnold said of religion that it is morality touched with emotion, so practice is science touched with emotion: which is a fine occupation for any young man of no affection or aptness so extraordinary that it may not safely be crossed.

So reads the *Confessio Medici*, and it would seem to a layman that so it ought to be. And in regard to hospital life:

He need not go, like other young men, for that lesson to the slums; for they come to him, and that thrilling drama, *How the Poor Live*, is played to him daily by the entire company, hero and heroine, villain and victim, comic relief, scenic effects, and a great crowd of supers at the back of the stage. . . . Here are the very people of the streets, whom he passes every day, here they are coming for help, to him of all men, telling him all about it, how it happened, what it feels like, why they did it; looking to him right away for advice and physic. They are no two of them quite alike: and their records, laid before him, range through every shade from purest white to a nau-

seating black. He begins to see that he has more to learn than the use of a stethoscope: he must learn lives. The problem of lives exalted, or sunk, or messed away, knocks at his heart. Let other young men write lurid little books, and tear the veil from the obvious, and be proud of that achievement; what are they to him who entertains daily, as a matter of course, both Hell and Heaven?

But just there is the difficulty. Not much sense of "the thrilling drama" can be imparted to us outsiders by men to whom it is all so "obvious" and who entertain Hell and Heaven "as a matter of course."

Contrast with these crowded years the narrow outlook and bookish studies of young men reading for the Bar, or for the Civil Service; who have no Hospital, and entertain nobody. Or look away from the sleepless energy of a great Hospital to the emptiness of the City after office-hours, and the wastes of South Kensington from Saturday till Monday. There is not one profession that we need envy; for there is none that gives to its students such a good introduction to things as they are.

Yet on neutral ground, in matters appreciable to a layman, there is no corresponding contrast in the results. In spite of Plato and the other admirers of this profession, it is still a good safe rule for a well man to avoid talking with his doctor on any subject relating to human nature or "things as they are," lest he lose faith in time of sickness. For nothing so soon impairs confidence in the medical fraternity as contact with their minds when off duty.

That is why this small volume seems so exceptional. Its subjects are all found in medical experience and it is apparently addressed to physicians, but it transcends professional limitations both in its manner and in its thought. Nothing very wise in it and nothing in the least profound, but pleasant and sensible throughout, speculating a little, philosophising a little, discussing some obvious criticisms, answering many questions concerning which a layman is curious. There is the charge of materialism, for instance:

Foolish people talk as if it were some-

**Confessio Medici*. By the writer of *The Young People*. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1908.

how the doctor's fault, and a rebuke against him, that every scrap of his work is saturated with materialism. Why, that is just how he makes it tell. There is no place in practice for any other form of thought. Here, for instance, is a patient in immediate danger of death, but not quite past all hope of recovery. To the philosopher, the poet, he is *animula, hospes comesque corporis*. To the doctor, who must deal with him at once, and that by methods most unpoetical, he is neither *hospes* nor *comes corporis* but just *corpus*. We learned him as *corpus*, and it took us five years, and some of us more, to learn him that way; and we treat him as *corpus*, because it takes us all our learning to treat him that way. For the sake of our patients, the spirit of practice compels us to work always within the ring fence of materialism. . . .

In our practice we take it for granted that our fellow-creatures are what Haeckel says they are. . . . These cases of injury or disease of the brain, what are they, but brains injured or diseased? If you believe that they are more than that, put your belief to the test. Here is a case of cerebral hæmorrhage: *Cry aloud, for he is a god, peradventure he sleepeth, and must be waked*. And there is no voice, nor any to answer. From ward to ward, forcing on us the one simple explanation of everything, dominating the whole Hospital, bullying everybody, absolutely self-satisfied, rages Haeckel, never in doubt, never at a loss; and carries us along at his heels.

However, it seems that Haeckel holds true only when a doctor is practising on other people. When he himself is the patient he works out another philosophy.

I wish you therefore, young man, early in your career, a serious illness, or an operation, or both. . . . Of course, no problem is solved, no doctrines are shifted, by illness. Only, as you lie a-thinking, this cleared space of a few weeks does present to you an aspect of life which your work hides from you. . . . It is all very well, in the vanity of health, to call ourselves a succession of states of consciousness; that nonsense is knocked out of us by a month in bed, where we have time and opportunity to feel sure that we are not. An illness, I hardly know how, does tend to make us understand that matter and reality are not

interchangeable terms. Here, in this sense of the non-material reality of self, is a thread worth holding. Especially, it is to be found, and held, in the very act of surrender to an anæsthetic. For he who offers himself to be reduced to unconsciousness is most conscious; and the freedom of his will was never more plain to him than now, when he lays it down. With the first breath of ether he flings a last defiance to all that we call Haeckel, and swears that it is false. Which is a fine experience and cheap at the price.

Also a fine intellectual muddle, were it not for practical Anglo-Saxon indifference to logical system and consistency. But the author has no difficulty in keeping his philosophy out of his practice and advises others to do likewise. He makes light of previous education and general knowledge—regards them, in fact, as luxuries. "The use of culture," says he, "is not to help us in practice, but to console us for want of practice, and then it is above rubies." He thinks the non-scientific influences of the universities are of little use either in the hospital or in practice. It is not desirable that physicians should "think about thinking or feel about feeling." Nor should they go any deeper into psychology than suffices to satisfy the examiners. The book abounds in such amiable prejudices stated with candour and argued with ingenuity. It is written in many moods, sentimental, practical, reflective and pugnacious, and in a style that is brisk, sententious, a little too emphatic, but always readable.

C. M. F.

III

CONAN DOYLE'S "THROUGH THE MAGIC DOOR."*

Probably a good many persons will be led into buying this book through the belief that it is a work of fiction. If, having done so, they feel that they have a grievance, it will be because they have tossed the volume aside without any attempt at an adequate reading. For *Through the Magic Door*, though it contains no mention of the formidable Mr. Sherlock Holmes, or the indomitable

*Through the Magic Door. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: The McClure Company.

Colonel Étienne Gerard, is in all respects a very unusual and delightful volume. Above all it illustrates with striking clearness the literary influences which have been at work in moulding Conan Doyle's career as a writer of fiction.

To the mind of the present reviewer one must hark back to Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers* to find more ingenuous, agreeable reading of this kind. In much the same spirit that Thackeray used to picture himself sitting at dusk in an armchair of his library, wistfully watching the shadows of his favourite heroes of fiction—Uncas, Leather Stocking, Wildred of Ivanhoe, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan—"steal silent in," Conan Doyle invites you to accompany him through "the magic portal into that fair land where worry and vexation can follow you no more." In a style that is entertainingly free, colloquial and rambling, he prattles of his enthusiasms and his prejudices; at a moment's notice, whisking you from the court of the great Napoleon, or the society of "Gentleman" Jackson, "Jem" Belcher, "a manlier Byron," and other famous heroes of the British prize ring and their friends and patrons, the Corinthians, back to the pages of *Quentin Durward* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

The latter book Conan Doyle considers the greatest of all historical novels. Conceding the merits of *Ivanhoe* and *Esmond*, he yet maintains that if he had three votes, he would plump them all for Charles Reade's masterpiece. In his eyes *The Cloister and the Hearth* and Tolstoy's *Peace and War* seem to stand at the very top of the nineteenth century's fiction. "There is a certain resemblance between the two—the sense of space, the number of figures, the way in which characters drop in and drop out. The Englishman is the more romantic. The Russian is the more real and earnest. But they are both great."

Think of what Reade does in that one book. He takes the reader by the hand, and he leads him away into the Middle Ages, and not a conventional, study-built Middle Age, but a period quivering with life, full of folk who are as human and real as a 'bus-load in Oxford

Street. He takes him through Holland, he shows him the painters, the dykes, the life. He leads him down the long line of the Rhine, the spinal marrow of Mediæval Europe. He shows him the dawn of printing, the beginnings of freedom, the life of the great mercantile cities of South Germany, the state of Italy, the artist-life of Rome, the monastic institutions on the eve of the Reformation. And all this between the covers of one book, so naturally introduced, too, and told with such vividness and spirit. Apart from the huge scope of it, the mere study of Gerard's own nature, his rise, his fall, his regeneration, the whole pitiable tragedy at the end, make the book a great one. It contains, I think, a blending of knowledge with imagination, which makes it stand alone in our literature. Let any one read the *Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*, and then Charles Reade's picture of Mediæval Roman life, if he wishes to appreciate the way in which Reade has collected his rough ore and has then smelted it all down in his fiery imagination. It is a good thing to have the industry to collect facts. It is a greater and a rarer one to have the tact to know how to use them when you have got them. To be exact without pedantry, and thorough without being dull, that should be the idea of the writer of historical romance.

If Charles Reade is one of Conan Doyle's enthusiasms, Dr. Samuel Johnson decidedly is not. To his mind *Rasselas* is "that stilted romance"; *The Lives of the Poets* "a succession of prefaces"; the Dictionary, "a huge piece of spade work, a monument to industry, but inconceivable to genius." Doyle speaks with ridicule of Dr. Johnson's dogmatic talk, and finds his literary opinions beneath contempt. As for Johnson's political opinions, to Doyle's ears they sound like a caricature. "A poor man has no honour." "Charles II was a good king." "Government should turn out of the Civil Service all who are on the other side." "Judges in India should be encouraged to trade." "No country is the richer on account of trade." "A landed proprietor should turn out those tenants who did not vote as he wishes." "It is not good for a labourer to have his wages raised." These, comments Doyle, were a few of Johnson's convictions.

Conan Doyle answers his own ques-

tion as to which are the great short stories of the English language by constructing an imaginary team. Two places on this team he gives to Edgar Allan Poe; one for "The Gold Bug," and the other for "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Another American writer, Bret Harte, receives two places for "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Tennessee's Partner." Two places go to R. L. Stevenson, one for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and the other for "The Pavilion on the Links," which Conan Doyle considers the very model of dramatic narrative. When it comes to Rudyard Kipling, the matter of choice is not so easy. Doyle selects as the stories which have impressed him most "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Man Who Was," and "The Brushwood Boy," giving a preference to the first two. "No team of immortals," he says, "would be complete which did not contain at least two representatives of Kipling." Bulwer Lytton has a place by virtue of his "The Haunted and the Haunters," "the very best ghost story that I know." Grant Allen is included for "John Creedy" and Ambrose Bierce for "In the Midst of Life." But Poe Doyle regards as the world's supreme short story writer, with Guy de Maupassant as his nearest rival. The great Norman possessed natural inherited power, an inborn instinct toward the right way of making his effects which mark him as a great master. But he never, Doyle holds, rose to the extreme force and originality of the American.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

IV

STOPFORD BROOKE'S "FOUR VICTORIAN POETS" *

This is not only a delightful but an encouraging book. Always it is good to see an old man .

Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime,

and Stopford Brooke is now seventy-six. It is a full generation since Matthew

*Four Victorian Poets. A Study of Clough, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris. With an introduction on the Course of Poetry from 1822 to 1852. By Stopford A. Brooke. New York and London: The Knickerbocker Press. 1908.

Arnold wrote an essay to praise his *Primer of English Literature*, quoting Greek to say "thrice and four times the good things." And here he is, "at eve," in Arnold's own words,

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,

still investigating English poetry, with a quite indefatigable enthusiasm. It is only one of his enthusiasms, the other being a liberalised theology. In this duplicity of interest, among other things, his criticism keeps recalling that of Richard Holt Hutton, of the *Spectator*. What we may call, for want of a better name, by the old-fashioned name of "Unitarian" applies to the criticism of both. But the criticism of the literary journalist differs from that of the "ex-reverend" man of letters in the fact that Mr. Hutton escaped "orders," while Mr. Brooke "seceded from the Church of England." If the secession had been marked by anything like so good as *The Problem*, in which Emerson announced that the old-fashioned "Orthodox" congregationalism of New England would no longer hold him, it had been amply justified. But even in this ripe and mellow volume, one cannot help seeing that the author's personal position has imposed what may fairly be called an obsession upon his purely literary criticism. The general prepossession, shown in his introductory survey of the English poetry just before his particular period, to insist upon a poet as necessarily typical, if not rather symptomatic, is intensified, when it comes to his literary contemporaries, to an inquiry why they are not in holy orders.

Truly enough, in quieter times, past or future, they might have been or might be. If the Church of England, during Mr. Brooke's experience, had been normal, there would have been no incongruity in the thought of the Rev. Arthur Hugh Clough, the Rev. Matthew Arnold, or even the Rev. William Morris. It is true one does not quite see the Rev. Dante G. Rossetti. And one cannot quite see himself as a parishioner of the Rev. Mr. Arnold. One would apprehend that, like the dying pauper who called his fox-hunting spiritual adviser from the meet to babble to him of the green fields of

Paradise, he might be told that "he ought to be thankful he had a hell to go to." This imputed lack of sympathy with the rank and file of humanity Mr. Brooke in effect finds to be the explanation of the failure of Arnold's verse to attain a wider vogue. It is, indeed, a curious inquiry whether Arnold's verse would be read at all but for his prose. So far as the present reviewer's observation goes, those of his acquaintances who have been led to interest themselves in the poetry have been led to it through their interest in the prose. Whether or not it be just, it is easy and tempting to connect the poetical failures of the critic with the personal unacceptabilities of the young poet whom Crabbe Robinson, *apud* Bagehot, described as "probably the most able and certainly the most consequential of all the young persons I know," or whom Tennyson, *apud* Allingham, evaded at a dinner-party, upon the ground that he "didn't much like dining with gods." But Mr. Brooke renders a needful service by making it clear, or clearer, that neither Clough nor Arnold was or aspired to be the voice of England, but was at most the voice of the discontent and unsettlement of Oxford at the close of the fourth decade of the nineteenth century in his response to the inquiry why he did not "take orders." It is, of course, true that the implied question "runs at large." But it is also true that the implied answers were addressed to an esoteric circle. Tennyson and Browning, as Mr. Brooke has it, were "seated above the strife and moving on larger lines." Wherefore, for one reason, Arnold and Clough were "minor" poets. There are other reasons, of course there are. Mr. Brooke sets them forth with a delicacy and acuteness and withal a sympathy of criticism which make his book excellent reading. There were marked differences between *Thyrsis* and his threnodist, and these the critic brings out, though by no means in the form of an express Plutarchian comparison. How true of Clough, for example, that "Art has not thrown her mantle around over this man; the language does not enhance or uplift the thought; it rather depresses and lowers it; and, though we understand him, we wish that the clearness of

the poem had been accompanied by a finer composition and workmanship." How true, too, that "his literary position is solitary. He has no parents and no children." Mr. Brooke, however, "seems to trace in some of his religious poems the poetic influence of Keble," in whose work that ardent admirer and eulogist of Clough, his friend Walter Bagehot, could find nothing but "a translation of Wordsworth into the speech of women." And about Arnold there are a number of searching remarks which one does not recall having met before, but which need but to be made to have their truth recognised. He was "excessively conscious of being an artist" without being enough of an artist. "The instrument on which he plays is like a violin played by a regretful artist in a lonely room." Played out of tune, is the addition which will suggest itself to many a reader. The clever author of *Confessio Medici* has touched the point in saying, after quoting a cacophonous couplet, "So sings Matthew Arnold, if you can call it singing." It is not often that you can call it singing. The poet who could begin a sonnet with such a mouthful of consonants as

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my
mind?

suffered, beyond question, from a defective sensibility to the music of verse, since with him carelessness is always out of the question. But here Mr. Brooke has a remark worth attending to: "When the composition is good, the melody of the verse is also good. One excellence induces the other."

Mr. Brooke renounces the attempt to make out Rossetti as symptomatic of his period, which was also the period of the Oxford malcontents. No wonder. For Rossetti was merely a singer, an artist not too self-conscious, for whom poetry was not a "criticism of life," but an escape from life. He could sing modernly, almost journalistically, but that implies a vulgarity from which he was free, as witness *Jenny* and *The Burden of Nineveh*, which are heartily enjoyed by many who do not care much about the more characteristic work. This work is plainly enough an effort to get away from the light of common day, and from every-

day things, as much so as was Keats's work; and the critic has to admit that it is equally "out of the movement" which the introduction describes. But it was in the movement of its own, that movement in which William Morris was also an active and conspicuous member of the procession. What we were just saying about the possibility of a Rev. William Morris in the Anglican communion, by the way, gains point from Mr. Brooke's reminder that it was on a tour in France that Morris and Burne-Jones "resolved to give up going into the church." The movement in which these two so diverse poetical geniuses joined was begun by the author of *The Seven Lamps* and the *Stones of Venice*. Current criticism is in the habit of assuring us that Ruskin is quite negligible and Ruskinism quite dead. But to have been the spiritual progenitor of Rossetti and Morris will strike most readers as rather a distinction. True, the "research of paternity" if not "forbidden," is rather confusing. But the family likeness seems clear. Mr. Brooke's account of the gifts of these two pre-Raphaelites and his tracing of the operation of those gifts it would be very pleasant to follow, if one were unrestricted for space. Meanwhile, the most and best one can do is to point out this admirable little book to the readers for whom it is really intended.

Montgomery Schuyler.

V

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY'S "THE ART OF SINGING" *

If any one thinks that the art of singing is largely a matter of musical training, he will be disabused of the idea on reading the latest contribution to the subject. By going through the present volume (which is quite brief) with a fine tooth comb, one does come across some references to vocal art. Chapters eight and nine contain some good, practical hints on the preliminary study which the pupil should have in order properly to place and develop the voice itself. Insistence is laid upon breath control and perfection of

enunciation as prime requisites in the singer, and there are suggestions of practical value to the vocal student. Thus, "It is very important that students should be placed from the beginning under a thoroughly competent master"; and again, "A teacher of singing must be or must have been a good singer." There is, of course, nothing new in all this; and yet the emphasis laid upon them by a singer of note cannot fail to add to the force of the suggestions.

Sir Charles Santley is a prominent English baritone who has had a long and enviable career, so that his views are naturally of interest to any who intend to take up the profession of singing, as well as to those whose rôle is that of audience; but it must be confessed that in his book on singing he displays a keener knowledge of the business end of his subject than of the æsthetic side. There is a chapter, for example, "About Self," which is nothing less than a homily on the common sense, practical deportment of a singer, the advice of Polonius to his son being freely drawn upon for text. The earnestness of the author's admonitions, delivered by way of exposition on the Shakespearian lines, the patent triteness of his remarks and the curious intermixture of high moral tone and material shrewdness make most comical reading. And when one finds the chapter introduced by a statement that the lines from *Hamlet* contain the soundest advice that could be offered to young people when starting on the journey of life, that "they ought to be printed in large type and hung up in each class-room," "and expounded from time to time by a competent person, that every student may clearly understand them," and finally, that "no more fitting memorial could be erected to the genius of our immortal Shakespeare"—he realises that this is a beautiful illustration of the proverbial English lack of humour. One is irresistibly reminded of Bunthorne, "uttering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes."

Then there is a chapter on "The Use of Tobacco," showing that Mr. Santley is a strong champion of the weed. His ire seems to have been aroused by the fact that "one royal personage described it as 'that filthy herb'"; and he pro-

*The Art of Singing. By Sir Charles Santley. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1908.

ceeds to show how unfair that royal personage was. "Tobacco," he writes, "is grown in good clear earth, it is washed by the gentle rain which drops from heaven, during its growth it is as tenderly nurtured as the costly orchid; when mature it is still tended by watchful eyes and hands until it is ready for use in the shape of cigar, cigarette, cut for the pipe, snuff or for chewing, every process being carried on with perfect cleanliness! Again, I repeat, where does the filth come in?" The reader sees, of course, how intimately the art of singing is concerned with this defence of tobacco. Sir Charles himself found his first encounter with it "anything but soothing;" but he later came to enjoy it, and soon was able to (and apparently did) "digest tenpenny nails, anything, even slighting remarks made about the weed by feeble-minded scoffers."

But if tobacco is soothing to Mr. Santley, flowers evidently are not. A number of pages are devoted to a discourse on the danger to persons of temperament, of indulging in the enjoyment of flowers. "Flowers growing in the open air are innocuous, so far as I know, but growing or cut, confined in the space of an ordinary room, they are the cause of suffering, especially to those afflicted with highly strung nervous systems." Mr. Santley confesses his own sensitiveness in that direction, citing several experiences to show that the exhalations from flowers "have the effect of paralysing to a greater or less extent the nerves of the throat and so render the voice husky even to hoarseness." He graciously excepts the rose, from the odours of which he admits never to have experienced any ill effect.

"At the Base of the Ladder"—another chapter heading—the artist equipped for his public appearance has need of all his "fortitude," the path he is entering on being "narrow, steep and rugged." Sir Charles can help him here by drawing on his own personal experiences. It must be admitted that his advice is generally wholesome, especially where he urges that all contracts with the manager should be in writing. "Promises are proverbially made of pie-crust, and should be avoided in order to preserve a mutual good understanding. . . . Through neglect of at-

tention to this, I involved myself in a sea of troubles, and much against my inclination I resolved to quit the stage, the passion and lodestar of my life, as early as the year 1877."

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VI

MR. HEWLETT'S "HALFWAY HOUSE" *

After Meredith—Hewlett! When, less than a year ago, *The Stooping Lady* was published, it was at once evident whither Mr. Hewlett was tending. Attention was called in these columns to the striking tribute he had paid to the influence of Meredith, and the prediction was ventured that he would find his calling ultimately in the novel of modern life. His latest book comes to justify this prediction. It is a story of the present day—and Meredithian to the core. There are critics in whose eyes this will constitute a reproach; but to those who hold the author of *The Egoist* to be the greatest of English novelists, it will be gratifying to know that he leaves at least one thoroughgoing disciple.

Mr. Hewlett's new book throws its light backward on his whole career. He began pure romantic, and in those charming tales *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, he almost convinced us that romanticism was not yet dead. But the spell of this youthful enthusiasm did not last. Already in *The Queen's Quair* a more modern spirit, a more realistic manner, began to manifest themselves. The writer of romances begins to awake to the world in which he lives, *The Stooping Lady*, its scene laid in the time of the Regency, was Mr. Hewlett's Halfway House on his way down to the present. The journey of exploration ends with *Halfway House*—a comedy of degrees, he calls it; certainly a true comedy of manners, of the modern spirit; the tragi-comedy, one might call it, of the *Stooping Gentleman*.

State the root idea of the story in a sentence, and it has no ring of originality. Mr. Hewlett's invention has never been expended in creating unheard-of situa-

*Halfway House. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



tions. A girl, married to a gentleman twice her age, finds her nascent love stifled by his egoistic condescension. He is of a great and old family; she, a child of the "lower classes," a nursery governess when he meets her, has had her girl's affairs of love or what has passed for it. Believing her an innocent fool, he learns his mistake before the marriage, but goes on stoically, keeping his secret. A curious, subtle character, this John Germain: patrician as surely as he is egoist, an "immovable, triple-armoured man," who would die rather than betray a hurt. One places him beside Sir Austin Feverel and Everard Romfrey and Lord Ormont. I think he is, all in all, the most finely delineated of Mr. Hewlett's male characters; and he just misses taking the leading place in this story from its heroine.

It is the girl's character that gives the book its originality. By reason of her complexities the old situation takes a new turn. Her charm lies in her femininity, for she is not clever. She is "made for love," and so she has her passages of sentiment with lovers of her own station, she accepts the insulting condescension of a young man of superior rank, and almost gives herself over into his hands though she knows she does not love him. Yet there are depths to her character, for she lives through her years of married life, a wife only in name, and when the right man appears she finds her way to him. Not altogether admirable, she is undeniably charming—and as undeniably real. She is less splendid than some of Mr. Hewlett's heroines—with whom he sometimes seems so much in love himself as to be blind to their faults—but she is one of his truest personages. On her he expends his gift of the striking phrase, his genuine insight into human nature. For the first time he has here dispensed with the adventitious aid of a richly wrought background, and the truth stands out clear that his main concern is, as it has always been, with character. Mr. Hewlett's devotion to the example of Meredith is deeper than is shown by mere surface resemblances, noticeable as these are; it extends beyond questions of style or tricks of outward characterisation.

The question will be asked, as it always is when a writer of fiction shifts his ground: Is the new an improvement over the old? Of course it cannot be answered in absolute terms. To many the change will seem evil simply because it is a change. They are the people who, when a author has done a thing once, would hold him to doing it forever. Mr. Hewlett has achieved his striking successes in a field where he has few rivals. *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard Yea-and-Nay* and *The Queen's Quair* are likely to stand as the finest mediæval and renaissance romances of this generation. In his new departure, on the other hand, he challenges comparison with one of the masters of fiction. But the reference to Meredith is unjustified if it implies a copyist. Mr. Hewlett has individuality enough to be a follower without becoming an imitator. Consider his new book without reference to those that have gone before—think of it, if possible, as the first work of a new writer—and one would say: Here is the evidence of the freshest, most original talent that has appeared in years, the offering of an author who promises best of all the younger men now writing to carry on the tradition of English fiction.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VII

GASTON LEROUX'S "THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW ROOM." *

Gaston Leroux's *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, which while running serially in *L'Illustration* of Paris, made a profound impression on even sated readers of this kind of fiction, has been translated into English, and is being exploited as the "most extraordinary detective story of recent years." With full recognition of the merits of the tale, the present reviewer begs leave to say that it is nothing of the sort. To deserve such a verdict, a tale must be complete in every phase. *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* has all but one thing. It fails to carry entire conviction. M. Leroux flings before the reader the most baffling of problems; in the person of Joseph

*The Mystery of the Yellow Room. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Brentano.

Rouletabille he introduces an entertaining individuality; the story throughout keeps one in a constant state of suspense; yet at the very end one begins to doubt the author's sincerity, and to feel that in his desire for a new sensation, he has gone a step beyond legitimate bounds. There is not a doubt that M. Leroux, in writing three-quarters of his tale, had the American physician, Arthur Rance, in mind as the assassin. When readers of the serial began guessing too close, he threw aside his original explanation, to find a new one and a new culprit. In doing this he, in a measure, transgressed. Suppose, for example, that Gaboriau's Monsieur Lecoq should have taken it into his head to fasten one of the crimes he was investigating on Père Tiraclair; or that the author of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, when the story as a serial was drawing to a close, should have become exasperated because too many readers were guessing Stapleton, and brought about a complete surprise by having Sherlock Holmes turn suddenly on Watson, with an accusing finger, and a "thou art the man!"

However, this one fault of *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* should not be allowed to obscure its many and obvious merits. It is one of those tales which are essentially serials, and which are constructed, first of all, with a view to keeping the reader keyed up from instalment to instalment. Regarded as such, no one can wonder at its great value to the journal in which it first appeared. There is never a dull paragraph; beginning with a mystery of the very first order, it introduces surprise after surprise, and no sooner has a reader made the slightest surmise as to the real facts, than he is confronted with some new and baffling complication which serves utterly to upset his theory.

As for Joseph Rouletabille, the precocious young reporter of the *Epoque*, who unravels the sinister mystery, it is too early to say whether he is destined to take a great place among the detectives of fiction. His creator has intimated that there are more stories to tell of his prowess; but just at present he seems a trifle shadowy and vague. Certainly there is not enough to justify that line in the

narrative to the effect that the case won him the reputation of being "the greatest detective in the world."

There is one little touch in *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* which it is to be feared that many readers have overlooked. It throws a light on Joseph Rouletabille's ancestry, and will explain his singular forbearance at the end of the story, and the allusions to "the perfume of the lady in black."

Beverly Stark.

VIII

MRS. MCCLUNG'S "SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY" *

This little book reminds one of what Turner—or was it Whistler?—said to the lady who objected that she, at least, did not see the landscape as he had painted it: "But don't you wish you could see it that way?" Even the sternest realist of us wishes sometimes that he might see life as Mrs. McClung has painted it; wishes that kindness and charity and sweetness might so soon have its reward, and be so quickly able to weave a brighter pattern into the tangled threads of destiny. But even if we are forced to admit that a soft answer does not always turn away wrath, it is just as well to give the soft answer, to believe always the best of others, in the knowledge that our belief will encourage that best. This is the lesson of the little story that makes its simple honest appeal with no pretence at literary value, with no attempt at style, or even at careful correctness of writing. It contains all the overdrawn qualities of character, all the sudden changes of heart, and black contrasts of good and bad that make the real old-fashioned melodrama dear to the hearts of many. But some of the dialogue, particularly the talk of the children, sounds as if taken from life, and the naïve little plot flows along easily and is very engaging in its utter simplicity.

The setting of the story is not hackneyed. The portrayal of every-day life in a frontier Manitoba town might afford

*Sowing Seeds in Danny. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

a true artist opportunities for a new view of what is usually presented to us only in the spectacular form. Of this opportunity Mrs. McClung has taken no advantage. There is very little in her story that might not have happened in New England or in any other farming community gathered about a small town.

But little Pearl Watson, the youthful heroine, is very sweet in her twelve-year-old wisdom and helpfulness, and her thoughtful devotion to every one who

comes her way is nicely rewarded, just as it should be. Also little Danny, who from the title would appear to be the most important person, but who is often slighted for his sister, is an engaging infant. There is some quiet fun in the portrayal of other types, and there is an atmosphere of kind thinking about the loosely constructed narrative which gives an otherwise unpretentious tale a sufficient reason for existence.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

SOME NEW OUT-DOOR BOOKS*



I will surprise nobody to learn that this year's crop of nature books is much smaller than usual; but it arouses the interest a bit to note the relative scarcity of the "nature takir's" product. For example, there is no trace of his handiwork in the volumes at present under consideration. Has he taken to the woods, along with the "wealthy malefactor" and the "undesirable citizen"? Or is he abashed by the political platform writer?

Of the five books enumerated below, Mr. Job's is easily the most remarkable. Naturalists may find things in Mr. Job's book that will cause them to elevate their eyebrows, but after examining his bird pictures, and reading his descriptions of how he got them, everybody will be disposed to believe the stories that Moses (or whoever it was) told about his patience.

There are one hundred and thirty-odd of these half-tone illustrations, all made from photographs; and they include

*The Sport of Bird Study. By Herbert K. Job. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

Dan Beard's Animal Book. By Dan Beard. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Favorite Fish and Fishing. By James A. Henshall, M.D., New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

The Book of Fish and Fishing. By Louis Rhead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Huntsman in the South. By Alexander Hunter. New York: The Neale Publishing Company.

some wonderfully expressive portraits, as well as minutely faithful reproductions of nests and their surroundings. Apparently Mr. Job is not to be satisfied with blurred plates, retouched in the obvious and clumsy manner in which such work is usually done. He tries, and tries again, and keeps on trying until he gets a result that will stand on its own merits. And he seems to believe that good clear half-tones tell as much about the subject as do the wretched daubs (for many of them are nothing more) called "colour photographs."

"Studying bird and animal life with the camera certainly is splendid sport," says Mr. Job; and he believes that "to shoot successfully with the camera requires far more skill, nerve, patience, brain-power than with the gun, and yet it is not hard enough to be impracticable. Pursued to the full it means adventure on land and water, hardihood, climbing trees or cliffs, danger, travel and exploration to the remotest parts of the earth, if one wish." But no one who has tried to photograph birds will need to be told that to get good results calls into play all of the qualities our author mentions. Nor will such a person criticise the tone of gratification which sounds in his story of how he photographed a woodcock on her nest:

The spot she had chosen was on the mound around the base of one of the innumerable clumps of alders. There lay the bird among the dead leaves, without any protection of un-

dergrowth, right out boldly in the open, relying solely upon the blending of her colour and form with the surroundings. . . . The day was April 18th, one of the last cold days of a vigorous and hard-dying winter. With the mercury below forty degrees, dark and cloudy, a cold wind raging, and occasional snow squalls, it might not seem a very favourable time for photographing birds. But I dared not wait. . . . Setting up the camera on the tripod, I went to work taking pictures of her, at first from a little distance, so as to make sure of some result, in case she should fly, but presently as near as any one could wish, the lens being within a yard of her. During the two hours I was at it, the only motion she made was to wink once when a pellet of sleet struck her on her unprotected eyeball.

This reads as though the performance was a very easy one, yet one may be sure that during those two hours Mr. Job moved with the utmost caution, and that a clumsy or nervous person probably would not have got a single good exposure. At another time he tried to get a photograph of the same bird returning to the nest. "There I sat," he says, "with eyes glued to that spot in the leaves for four mortal hours. The bird did not appear, the sun went down, and I had to give it up." Yet he has three good pictures of this shy and elusive bird to show for his pains, and in the same chapter are reproduced photographs of the Wilson's snipe, the quail and the ruffed grouse, all brooding.

Mr. Job's account of how he photographed the ruffed grouse (partridge) is also eloquent of his patience and pertinacity. He had made one exposure of the bird, but it proved a failure.

The next two days brought pouring rain, but I tried it again on Memorial Day, arising at 4 A.M., as I had to be back at noon for public exercises. The bird skulked off again, so I set the camera as before, but she had not returned in over three hours. It was then 11 o'clock. I left the camera set, ran three miles down the trail in twenty-eight minutes, jumped into the buggy, and barely was in time for my appointment. The exercises were over by the middle of the afternoon, and I hustled back up the mountain, reaching the nest at 4.15. The bird was on, and I pulled the thread, the shutter set for its longest move-

ment, about a second and a half, and with the doublet lens, giving four times the illumination of the single lens. By 4.30 I had the plate changed and was in hiding. At 5.05 the hen had returned to her eggs.

Quite as remarkable as his pictures of these timid and quick-witted game birds are Mr. Job's photographs of hawks and owls. Indeed, such birds are preternaturally alert and keen-eyed, while the fact that they build high in good-sized trees, where there is almost certain to be more or less movement, of course increases the difficulty of getting a clear negative. And that steady nerves and plenty of courage are required is suggested by the following description of how the author set his camera to get a picture of a broad-winged hawk:

It was no fun rigging the camera in that slender oak, with nothing but the trunk to hold on to, one foot in a small crotch, the other supported by the iron spur [of his climbing irons]. There were sharp rocks beneath and I had to be exceedingly careful. Indeed one could not be enough so, having to use both hands at times to adjust the camera. It was awkward, nerve-trying work, and took a long time, but it was finally done, and the thread cable laid.

The foregoing excerpts may serve to show the spirit in which Mr. Job pursues this fascinating and useful pastime, and, incidentally, to show his narrative style, which it is not necessary to criticise from the literary point of view. One cannot help wishing, however, that the truly extraordinary illustrations in his volume had not been marred, as they often are, by text quotations, most of which read in this way out of their context, sound rather absurd. Why, for example, should such a legend as this have been chosen: "Ruffed Grouse on Nest. 'To find their Nests' (p. 4)"? Or this: "Northern Yellow-throat (female) about to feed young. 'Can be limited to accessible local birds' (p. 8)." From which we might infer that the feeding of "young" can be "limited to accessible local birds," whereas this remark refers to nature photography. Mr. Job will do well to see that hereafter his fine pictures are not stultified by this pointless use of his text.



Dan Beard's Animal Book, as a title, may sound a trifle self-conscious, but, as a matter of fact, it is simply racy of the frank and ingenuous character of its author, who is essentially a plain, blunt man that loves his friends—the animals, great and small—and cares very little what their Latin names may happen to be. He says that his book "is not a Natural History, neither is it a so styled Nature Book. It is simply a book of animals and is made from the author's personal notes and sketches made in the fields and forests for his own amusement, and not with a view to publication." Nobody who knows Mr. Beard will accuse him of being a scientific pedant, nor a master stylist. Indeed, his book is a curious hodge-podge—a mass of undigested information about all sorts of creatures, big and little, from elephants to wasps, the whole presented in a style a good deal of which would be none the worse for a little editing. And this rather bizarre effect is heightened by freak typography in the shape of running sub-heads in the text, like these, for example:

Up these rocks to the

LAND OF ETERNAL SNOW!

Up to the birthplace of the awe-inspiring glaciers, whose

EMERALD ICE, CENTURIES OLD,

Never ceases its imperceptible but ceaseless movement—

and so on. At times there are three or four of these absurd sub-heads on a single page. The practice is sufficiently ridiculous in a newspaper; it is preposterous in a book, and especially in a book like Mr. Beard's.

The book is profusely illustrated by half-tones of photographs, black and white drawings, and a few coloured plates, but though these drawings usually are reasonably faithful, their reduction to the required size often makes the explanatory notes, written in on the originals by Mr. Beard himself, so minute as to be practically invisible. Despite these faults, however, Mr. Beard has given us in this volume a great deal of the best kind of natural history—the kind that reveals the real personality of the animal. Mice (of various kinds), rats, wood-

chucks, flying squirrels, bats, 'coons, hornets, sea-cows, moose, deer, goats, buffalo, crabs, coyotes, bears, geese, salamanders, snakes, toads and elephants all come in for this familiar and friendly treatment, set off, here and there, by characteristic anecdotes of the animals themselves, and enlivened by the author's sense of humour. There are very entertaining and informing accounts of several of our native mice, and a good description of that remarkable little kleptomaniac, the pack rat, of the Rocky Mountains, who will steal anything that he can carry away, and is as likely as not to leave another article in place of the stolen one, whence one of his other names, "trade rat," and the belief of credulous persons that he tries to pay for everything he takes. For example, Mr. Beard tells the following story:

A man who was building a shanty in Pueblo sent to Denver for a keg of nails. He knocked out the head of the keg and let it stand over night. In the morning the keg was filled with table knives, spoons, a lot of pebbles, fragments of a buckskin glove, a set of false teeth, and a tin saucer; but there was not a nail left in the keg. The man who lost the spoons found his floor strewn with nails; the man who lost the buckskin glove found in its place a woollen sock, and the prospector who left his false teeth in a cup of water found in their place a cup full of nails. This all sounds very funny and humorous, but in the early days when men were quick with their guns, a thief's life was often a short one, but not always merry. The hills were full of men who came there to search for gold and who had never heard of or seen a pack rat. It is said that many a bloody tragedy was probably caused by the pack rats taking things of value from one cabin and depositing them in another, and the poor victim with the stolen goods in his shack was given no time for explanation.

Mr. Beard, like Mr. Job, is an earnest champion of the camera and the sketch-book as substitutes for the rifle and the shotgun. "The danger of the chase," he says, "and all the hardship, and all the skill of a woodsman are required of the man who successfully photographs wild animals, and it is these qualities which give real zest to the hunt, not the bloody

butcher's part of it." Certainly no one would want to kill the animals Mr. Beard writes about, and the entire spirit of his book makes it a capital one to put into the hands of any boy.

Lovers of the gentle art will find much that will interest them and little to criticise in Dr. Henshall's readable and handsome little volume *Favorite Fish and Fishing*. With the air of a man who knows and loves his sport he discusses the possibilities of black bass, grayling, trout, tarpon and various Florida fish, and his text is illustrated by thirty-seven pictures of the fish concerned, together with several good half-tones of fishing episodes. He will not get the assent of the entire fraternity of sportsmen to his proposition that "there is more real pleasure, and at the same time a manifestation of a higher degree of sportsmanship, in the pursuit of woodcock, snipe, quail or grouse with well-trained bird dogs, than in still-hunting moose, elk or deer," because "in the former case the bird is flushed and given a chance for life, while in the latter case the quarry is killed 'as an ox goeth to the slaughter.'" For there is plenty of room for difference of opinion as to which really has the better chance for life, the keen-eyed and keen-scented deer, who is off like an arrow at the slightest hint of danger, or the poor quail or grouse, whose whereabouts is made known by the dog, and who frequently gives the hunter a perfectly fair, open shot.

It seems pretty clear that the black bass is the doctor's favourite fish, and there will be no serious criticism of that preference by any fisherman. But he doesn't let his enthusiasm lead him into exaggerating the leaping feats of a hooked bass. "I have heard anglers declare that a bass could leap five feet high," he says, "when as a matter of fact they leap but a few inches, usually, and occasionally one, or at the most three feet, though I think two feet nearer the limit." Here, too, are some sensible observations as to why a hooked bass leaps at all:

He leaps into the air to dislodge the hook: this he tries to do by violently shaking his body, with widely extended jaws. He does

not "shake his head," as is often said, for having no flexible neck, his head can only be thrown from side to side by the violent contortions of the body, often using the water as a fulcrum, when he appears to be standing on his tail. A dog or a cat will shake its head vigorously to eject some offending substance from its mouth, and a bass does the same thing; but as he cannot shake his body to the extent required beneath the surface, owing to the resistance of the water, he leaps above it. And if he succeeds in throwing out the hook he disappears beneath the surface and is seen no more; his object in leaping has been accomplished.

This chapter includes a very good summary of the natural history of the bass, its distribution, propagation and culture. And the author also has a good deal to say about the different ways of fishing for bass, and concerning the various kinds of bait and tackle best suited to the sport. There are also many helpful suggestions here, though the doctor does seem a little dogmatic at times on the question of tackle. Two snapshots of leaping bass, taken by Mr. Dugmore, and remarkably fine pictures, add interest to this discussion of what Dr. Henshall calls "the game fish of the people."

The trout, Dr. Henshall calls "the angler's pride," with good reason, and after all your trout fisherman is not likely to be converted to any other kind of angling. Even the most enthusiastic bass champion can hardly maintain that the habitat of his favourite compares in attractiveness to that of the brook trout; and the doctor himself admits that "trout fishing is a summer idyl." An idyl it is, to be sure, for the man who, in his heart, cares less for the trout in the brook than for the brook itself; who hears and understands its voices, and feels quick response to its silent moods; yet who, withal, is not above enjoying the beautiful art of casting a fly. And then, as our author says: "Here, indeed, may be found a solace for every care, a panacea for every ill, furnished without cost and without stint from Mother Nature's pharmacopœia of simples: fresh air, pure water and outdoor exercise. But while all this is patent to the seasoned angler, the preachment of the resources of

Nature for the relief of the 'demnition grind' of those who dwell in cities cannot be too often reiterated."

Dr. Henshall treats the trout, the grayling and the tarpon with almost as much particularity as the bass, so far as their natural history, and the most approved methods of angling for them are concerned; but these matters are considered with even more detail by Mr. Rhead in his very useful *Book of Fish and Fishing*. This volume describes practically all of the fresh-water and salt-water fish that are taken with hook and line, "how to get them," "when to get them," "with what to get them," "how to play and how to land them," "the right way to keep fish fresh," and "how to cook them." In this way are treated fifty-odd varieties of fish, and the treatment is that of an experienced and sensible an-

gler. The book is well illustrated by good black and white drawings of most of the fish described, together with cuts of many different forms of tackle.

Mr. Hunter's book is a collection of hunting stories which certainly have the virtue of a lively narrative form. There is a very vivid and amusing account of a 'coon hunt and a good description of "an old Virginia fox-hunt." Quail hunting in Virginia, canvas-back and other duck shooting are described in a convincing, if, at times, a somewhat too flowery style, and sometimes Mr. Hunter's metaphors need untangling. But the chapter which he devotes to portraying President Harrison as a duck-hunter and a genial and thorough sportsman—a rôle in which he seldom appeared in public—is a clever and graphic bit of writing.

George Gladden.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER XXVI



EARLY an hour after the car had sped silently down the Kilmeaden Avenue, Daisy—placid, unthinking, wholly unsuspecting of the mine beneath her feet—came slowly down from the nursery, carrying her work-basket and a handful of socks.

The drawing-room, with its shaded lamp, its bowls of flowers, its quiet atmosphere, wore an air of innocence, as though no breath of passion had swept across it; but if the walls and furniture gave no hint of drama, human emotion was not unrepresented, for Mary stood in the middle of the room, all the rigidity of determination in her small figure, all the suggestion of controlled excitement in the pose of her head.

"So you're back?" Daisy said without

looking at her, as she stepped calmly to the table and seated herself in the light of the lamp. "What did you do with Tom and Father James?"

"They're in the dining-room, playing chess."

Mary's tone was sharp, acutely sharp, but Daisy was unobservant.

"Oh!" was all she said; then she added indifferently, "And where's Isabel?"

Mary made a little sound of sarcastic contempt.

"Isabel! Don't ask me!"

Then at last Daisy's attention was caught. "What's the matter, Polly?" she said, looking up.

"I suppose you didn't hear anything, while you were up with Ted?"

"Hear anything? No. What would I hear?"

"I thought you might have heard the car coming out of the yard about an hour ago."

"The car? At this hour of the night? The car?"

"Yes. The car! The car!" said Mary, mimicking her. "Oh, Daisy, you make me sick!"

In blank surprise, Daisy dropped the sock that she was holding.

"What on earth is the matter with you? What on earth do you mean?"

Mary turned upon her. "I mean, Daisy, that you're such a fool that a person can hardly even feel sorry for you!"

The attack was so sweeping and so unexpected that Daisy sat and stared.

Then it was that Mary, stung to definite action, boiling with accumulated knowledge, dealt her swiftest, best-aimed blow.

"Stephen has taken out the car—and taken Isabel in it!"

"Stephen! But, why? Where?"

"Ah, that's left to the imagination! But, then, of course, you have none!"

"Mary, what are you talking about? What do you mean?" For the first time a note of uneasiness sounded in Daisy's voice; her fingers unconsciously fumbled with her work-basket.

For answer, Mary walked over to the table and stood looking down at her. "Daisy," she said with deliberation, "do you mean to tell me that you really are as great a fool as you appear? That all these weeks you have never seen what I saw and what everybody in Waterford saw—that Stephen is head over ears in love with Isabel Costello?"

Like a child who has been dealt a slap across the face, Daisy jumped up, letting her work-basket fall to the ground in a confusion of needles and threads.

"Mary! Mary, you're mad!"

"Mad? Oh, I'm not the one that's mad!"

"But, Stephen! But—but he's married!"

Daisy's mind, trained in a circumscribed space, fed upon chosen food, refused the problem as something irreconcilable.

Mary, overmastered by impatience, threw out her arms in a gesture of exasperation. "Married, indeed! Good heavens, when will you learn sense? I tell you any living soul but yourself would have seen it weeks ago. I saw it

at the Fair Hill dance, the very first time he danced with her. 'Tis true, indeed, that there are no people so blind as those who won't see!"

"But, Mary, how could it be? How could it?" There was panic in Daisy's voice now, mingling with the incredulity.

Again Mary threw up her hands. "Oh, you exasperate me! You make me furious, when I see you going on day after day, eating and sleeping and smiling as if nothing was wrong! And all the time those two are laughing up their sleeves, to think what a fool you are!"

A crimson wave flooded Daisy's face. "Polly! Polly! Oh, Polly, don't!" she cried; and her voice ran up the whole scale of emotions until it ended in a cry of pain.

At the sound Mary's manner softened. "I don't mean to be nasty," she said, "but you make me wild. It's too much of a good thing when a married man goes out driving at ten o'clock at night with an unmarried girl!"

With a distracted gesture Daisy pushed the fair hair from her forehead.

"But, Polly," she cried, "it's impossible! It's impossible! It's out of the question!"

"Out of the question, no doubt! But, all the same, Stephen—the immaculate Stephen—is careering about the roads at the present moment with the prettiest girl he's ever met in his life. For she is that, whatever you or I may say!"

This touched Daisy to something nearer and more vital than fear; as far as the great passion could have being in her nature, jealousy flared up.

"Do you mean that he admires her—that he notices her?"

"Indeed I do."

There was no ignoring the conviction in Mary's tone, and before it the poor flimsy rags of Daisy's self-possession were scattered.

"How dare you say that, Mary!" she cried. "How dare you think such a thing! Stephen has always been a good husband—always, always from the very first. What do you know about it? You read those horrible foreign novels, and you think things happen here like they do abroad. But I tell you they don't. It's different—it's different!"

"Men are never different."

Again the conviction in the tone swept Daisy's mind like a cold wind.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. That you are a fool and that Stephen is—a man."

The pause that followed was long and deadly; when Daisy spoke again it was in a thin, faint voice.

"What makes you say that? Is it only because Stephen has taken her out to-night?"

"No; it isn't."

"Then what?"

"Things that people have told me."

"What people?"

"One person—Owen . . ."

"Owen?"

"Yes, Owen. Owen has summed her up pretty accurately, I can tell you! Oh, he was quite honest about it; he admitted that just at first he was taken with her, like the rest of the men, but he had enough of her that night at Fair Hill. You remember my telling you at the time that there was something behind that story of the cigarette?"

"Yes." Daisy's voice was dry.

"Well, the something behind it was—Stephen!"

There was the weight of a definite fact in this last pronouncement—to Daisy's narrow conceptions, something final and abysmal.

"And where are they now?" she cried, her sudden distraction linking the past with the present. "How long are they gone? Polly, what hour was it? What hour was it when they went?"

"'Twas nine," said Mary, knowing the value of a brief statement.

Daisy's glance sought the clock. "And now it's after ten; it's nearly half-past ten. Mary, what could they be doing for an hour and a half?"

Mary shrugged her shoulders with a world of suggestion; then her eyes met her sister's. "I'll tell you what you can be doing—if you have an ounce of spirit, an ounce of sense."

"What?"

"Be thinking out what you'll say to Stephen, when he does come back."

With a frightened gesture Daisy put out her hand.

"Polly! Polly! I couldn't meet them—I couldn't meet her!"

"Don't be afraid! She won't be anxious to meet you. But you must see Stephen. Everything depends on your seeing him to-night; everything depends on what you say to-night. You're his wife. You must assert yourself."

"Polly!"

"I mean what I say. You're his wife; make him know it."

"Polly! Polly, you're not going?" She sprang up, as Mary walked toward the door.

"Yes, I am. It's between you two."

"But, Polly!" Her tone was piteous, her face white. "Polly, I can't—I can't. I'm afraid."

Mary paused with her hand on the door. "But you must! No one can help you to-night. It's between you and him. All you have to do is to remember one thing—that you're his wife."

With quiet decision she walked out of the room, and Daisy sank back into her chair.

The half hour that followed was the worst that had come to her in all her narrow, sheltered life. Pain, jealousy, acute nervous anticipation warred in her brain like a peal of discordant bells. Hot rage scorched her, as the hands of the old gilt clock crept on, marking the minutes; cold dread chilled her bodily, as her imagination strove to conjure her interview with Stephen. A dozen times she started up, imagining the sound of the car; and at the realisation of each mistake, she sank back again, physically sick and faint. When at last the real sound came—no myth of the brain, but the whirr and grind of tyres on the wet gravel—her whole life seemed to ebb away, leaving her utterly cold, utterly impotent.

Holding to the back of a chair, she stood listening with morbid intentness. Mary had closed the drawing-room door, but in the silence of the night each sound of the return came to her distinctly—the throb of the engines, the crunch of the brake, the succeeding silence that told of the entry into the house; she heard the feet on the uncarpeted hall, she heard the hat-stand sway, as fresh wraps were added to its load; then she heard Isabel's

voice, sounding astonishingly full and vital.

"Good-night!" it said. "I suppose they're gone to bed—if they're not playing cards."

Then Carey's voice, very low in tone. "Good-night! Sleep well!"

Then a silence, a silence in which her strained imagination suddenly took fire, burning up her impotence.

In that second of intense jealousy, she could almost have gone forward, have opened the door and confronted them; but conventionality checked her. She waited until Isabel's light step passed down the hall, and Carey walked back to the car; then she ran across the room, pulled back the curtain, and pushed up the sash of the window.

"Stephen!" she called. "Stephen!"

To her own ears her voice was harsh and dry; but to Stephen, stepping into the car, it was merely arresting.

"Who's that?" he called again. "Is that you, Daisy?"

"Yes, it is. I'm here, in the drawing-room. I want to speak to you."

Carey had set the engines in motion again; he raised his head, trying to catch the words above their drumming.

"What is it?" he called. "Do you want me?"

"Yes, I do. I want you now."

This time the voice was sharp and penetrating; without further hesitation he stepped to the ground and passed back across the hall and into the drawing-room.

Daisy, standing in the middle of the room, with agitation and nervous strain written in every line of her figure, fastened her gaze upon him—seeing with an observation born of the moment that he was paler than she had ever known him, that his face looked strained, his eyes very dark.

Had his instincts been less keen than they were to-night, he must have noticed the intentness of her regard; but with senses sharpened to a point, he saw in a flash all that her glance portended, all that it inevitably presaged.

"Well?" he said very quietly; and Daisy, with her eyes still upon his face, repeated the word.

"Well?"

Then, manlike, he sought for the worst at once.

"Well?" he said. "What is it? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"As if you didn't know!" She cried out suddenly. "What a fool you must think I am—never to know, never to see what all Waterford sees and knows!"

He drew back a step, steadying his nerves.

"And may I ask what it is that all Waterford sees and knows?"

"Why, that you're forgetting me—that you're forgetting that you're a married man—that this Costello girl——"

"Stop!" said Carey, so violently that her voice failed and died away. "I know where you got this idea from. I know the reliable source from which it comes."

Daisy swayed a little. "Stephen! Stephen, does she matter as much as that?"

Carey checked his vehemence. "I cannot have a girl slandered."

"Then she's more to you than me? You put her before me?"

Again his feelings surged within him, driving the blood to his face.

"Have you ever had to complain of that?" he demanded. "Have I ever failed in the bargain of our marriage? Oh, I've held to it well! You've had nothing to complain of!"

"But now it's different! Stephen, it's true what I said? Isn't it? Isn't it? She matters to you now; you put her before me now?"

Carey stood silent.

"Stephen! Stephen!" Her voice rose, straining his tautened nerves.

"For God's sake, let me alone!" he cried suddenly. "Haven't I done all a man could do? Haven't I made you a position, and earned you money, and given you a house? What more does a woman ask from her husband!"

"Stephen!" she cried again.

In her distress it seemed that she could only articulate his name; and with each repetition came the added pain of a soul struggling into existence. Poor, trivial Daisy, who had sipped so fastidiously at the cup of life, was tasting its dregs in those bitter moments. "Oh, Stephen!" she cried wildly. "Tell me it's not true! Tell me it's all a lie, and I'll

believe you!" She ran forward and caught his arm.

But the cry fell on deaf ears; Carey's nerves were strained to snapping-point. At the touch of her hand all the selfish manhood in him revolted against her.

"Let me alone!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I given enough? Haven't you drained me dry—you, Norrises?"

It was the first brutal word he had ever spoken to her, and she bent under it. With a piteous little gesture, she threw out her hands and burst into tears.

It was the last straw—this sound of woman's weeping. He turned upon her savagely. "Be quiet!" he said. "Don't bring the house about our ears!"

She sobbed on, immersed in her misery. "Daisy! Be quiet! I tell you I can't bear this!"

A louder, longer, more despairing sob was all that answered him.

"Very well, then!" With the quick, nervous step of a man resolved, he walked to the door.

As she heard the handle turn, she looked round, her fair hair dishevelled, her face flooded with tears.

"Stephen! Stephen, where are you going?"

Carey never paused, never looked back. "I'm going up to town. I'm going to Lady Lane."

The words paralysed her. Never in the five years of their married life had he slept out of his own house—never had he spoken in this voice of cold dislike. A great terror surged over her, and the little card house of her contentment swayed as in a tornado.

"Stephen!" she cried. "Stephen, don't leave me! Don't go! Stephen!"

But the cry was lost in the swish and splash of the car, as it fled past the house.

CHAPTER XXVII

A stifflingly hot morning; a house imbued with the sense of desertion and the close, pervading breath of city air, uncleansed by even a day's rain! Such was the atmosphere in which Carey was to enact the most fruitful scenes of the drama he called his life!

At ten o'clock on the morning follow-

ing his night of stress and passion, he descended from his bedroom at Lady Lane and walked into the breakfast-room. It was characteristic, this breakfast-room—characteristic of Ireland—characteristic of Irish family life. Here all the books of the house were collected in a tall, glass-fronted bookcase; here stood the ink-stained table at which Ted did his lessons each day when his father had gone to work; here were ranged the two immense globes from which Daisy, Mary and Tom Norris had made acquaintance with the heavens and the earth in their youthful days, and which were now a source of instruction and amazement to Daisy's children; here, also, stood the old-fashioned work-table that had belonged to Daisy's mother, and the big iron safe in which Stephen kept the documents that he brought home with him from the office. It was a common room; but to those who knew it, it held that homeliness that lies in common things. Many a wet day Daisy had found quiet enjoyment in that familiar atmosphere over a book or a cup of tea; and many a winter night Stephen had returned, tired and cold, to find calm solace in a pipe over the fire. But the time for solace, like the season of fires, was past by many months. As he walked into the room on this sultry summer morning, the empty grate stared at him in all its blank ugliness, and a coating of dust lay thick upon the work-table and the globes.

Involuntarily a murmur of disgust escaped him, and walking across the room, he threw open the window; but even here the air was hot and festering, for yesterday's rain had not been sufficient to scour the streets after three dry weeks, and the odours that assailed him were unsavoury. Another expression of impatience dropped from him, and he turned back into the room at the moment that the door behind him opened and Mrs. Brien, the charwoman, appeared.

Mrs. Brien was a woman of sixty—inquisitive, talkative, lazy—but, as Mrs. Power would have said, "a decent creature." She came into the room now, and stood looking at Carey, whose office she washed but once a week, and in whom she took a proprietary interest.

She looked at him for a minute or two

in silence; then, as he made no attempt to speak, she broached the subject that had brought her from the lower regions.

"An' what about me wettin' you a sup a tay, sir?" she began. "Shure, you must be perished alive for the want of a bit to ate!"

Carey looked at her, then looked back again at the window. "Thank you, Mrs. Brien," he said, "but I don't want anything. I'm not hungry."

Seen in the full light of morning, his face seemed to Mrs. Brien to be strangely unlike itself; it was set and pale, and his eyes had the hollow look of a man who has not slept.

"An', shure, isn't that a foolish thing, now!" she was constrained to say. "The Lord knows you must be wantin' somethin'—wid nayther bit nor sup passin' your lips these twelve hours. What harm if you had a dhrup a whiskey itself last night, after the long dhrive you had!"

Here Carey's patience suddenly gave way. "Oh, for goodness' sake, go away and don't bother me!" he cried. "I thought you were supposed to keep this place clean?" He passed his hand over the work-table, and showed it to her, black with dust.

She looked at it without confusion. "Well now, if that isn't a quare thing!" she said with interest. "An' meself afther scrubbin' this room as clane as a barrack-yard yesterday mornin'! But, shure, 'tisn't dirt it is at all, 'tis on'y dust."

Carey shook his head hopelessly. "Oh, go away!" he said again. "If you have no work to attend to, I have."

Her face expressed dismay. "Work! An' is it go down to the office you will, widout a bit to ate?"

"I'm not going to the office; I've just telephoned to say so. I have work to do here."

"Well, of course you knows your own business; an' 'tisn't for the likes of a poor woman like me to be dhrillin' you about what you ought to be doin'—"

Carey took out his handkerchief, wiped his fingers violently, and crossing to the safe, opened it with an ostentatious clatter of keys.

"Are you going—or will I have to put you out?"

"I'm goin', sir—I'm goin'." She sidled

slowly to the door, but on the threshold paused and looked back. "I'll come in agin, to see will you be havin' that sup a tay!"

He groaned, then made a wide gesture of relief as he saw her go, and heard her feet—in a pair of his cast-off boots—flapping away into the distance.

With her departure, a change seemed to pass over him; the mask of caution dropped from his face, displaying a light of sudden, feverish energy. Restraining himself to methodical action with evident difficulty, he threw open the heavy door of the safe and lifted out the bundles of family documents, which it was his habit to keep under his personal supervision. They were not a very imposing array, but such as they were, they represented the march of the Carey family, from the day when Barny Carey, in the first pride of affluence, had seen fit to make a will. Taking them carefully in both his hands, he blew the dust from the pink tape that held them together, and carried them across the room to the ink-stained writing-table. There, he drew up a chair and, seating himself, began a careful perusal of the papers, taking them in order, one by one. The task was absorbing, and he buried himself in it, to the exclusion of all outward sights and sounds. Now and then, as he read, his latent excitement seemed to break bounds, and he would pass his hand nervously across his forehead, pull his chair nearer to the table, or, seizing a pen, would dip it in the ink and make rapid notes from the documents before him.

His task was at its height, his nervous attention fixed, when the hall-door bell pealed with a sudden clanging vigour that echoed through the quiet house. At the sound he gave a start, and made a large blot on the paper before him; then he smiled grimly at his jarred nerves, and settled to his work again, as he heard Mrs. Brien flap down the hall. Some milkman or baker, he told himself! Even charwomen had to live! And the more surely to avoid disturbance, he planted his elbows on the table and put his hands over his ears.

In this new attitude he heard nothing of the colloquy at the door nor of the passage of steps that followed it; he

heard nothing of the opening of the breakfast-room door under Mrs. Brien's tentative hand, or the apologetic scraping of her feet on the threshold. But another and subsequent sound he did hear—the familiar tones of Father James's voice sounding suddenly close behind him; and, hearing it, his hands dropped from his ears, and he wheeled round so sharply that Mrs. Brien jumped back in alarm.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "I hope I done no harm. But how could I refuse his rividence!"

Father James put up his hand. "That's all right, my good woman! Sure, what harm would it be! Go on now back to your work."

Not daring to oppose the priest, Mrs. Brien reluctantly withdrew, and Father James was left to contemplate Carey's angry face—his sharp, interrogative glance—the hand that had shot out instinctively to cover the papers spread upon the table. He looked at him for a moment in silence, then his soul's absorbing thought broke from him in one word.

"Stephen! Stephen! Stephen!" he said; and never were love and rebuke and pity so blended in a human voice.

Carey made no response. By set and deliberate purpose he began to collect his papers into a heap.

Father James followed the movement; then he shook his head sadly. "You're gone a long way away from me, Stephen, when you think I'd be spying on you!"

Carey flushed, and with a sudden gesture flung the papers back upon the table. "You can see them if you like!" he cried. "And if you have come here to-day to preach to me, Father James, I'd have you to remember that I'm thirty-eight years old, and that I've heard a sermon nearly every Sunday of my life!"

He pushed back his chair, rose abruptly, and walked across the room to the cheerless grate. It had been bound to come—this moment of conflict, and now that it was here, he would meet it like a man! Standing there, resolute and defiant, he struck the first blow.

Father James met the words, met the antagonistic glance; and in the humble simplicity of his heart prayed that he might do the right.

"Stephen," he said gently, "I have been talking to Daisy; I know it all."

Carey threw up his head in swift indignation. "Then the whole crowd knows! Oh, this is intolerable!"

"Easy, boy! Easy! No one else knows. No one only me knows what passed between you—not even Mary. Her trouble seems to have made a woman of the poor child, all of a sudden."

He searched Carey's face for any softening, but there was none, and he put out his hand toward him in sudden supplication.

"Stephen, Stephen, have you no thought that she's your wife—that she's——"

But Carey flung out his arms in a sharp, uncontrolled gesture.

"Father James," he cried, "I've remembered her for five years! Now I'm remembering no one but myself!"

There was revolt and passion in the cry; and Father James, with his knowledge of life, with his instinct of race, admitted with a sinking heart that here was no playing with fire, but a great conflagration induced by a strong hand.

"Stephen!" he exclaimed.

But Carey's tongue was loosed, and his words rushed forth, a torrent that laughed at flood-gates.

"Look here, Father James!" he cried. "You think you know me—you think you've known me all these years since my father died; but you've never known me. Never! Never! What have I seemed to you? A plodding, industrious, sensible man—the sort of man to do well—to marry—to settle down! Oh, we both know the cant! But underneath all that—far down—fathoms down—I have been something quite different all the time. I tell you I have had big dreams—I am my father's son!" He paused and drew a quick, sharp breath.

"You've thought me content—you've thought me satisfied; but I can tell you often and often, sitting in my office, living out the petty routine, playing the eternal game, the world has risen up before me till my head swam. I've wanted it all, all, all, I tell you—success—riches—women!" He wiped his damp forehead with the back of his hand and took another sharp, hard breath.

"Oh, I've kept it under—you needn't remind me of that. But a volcano is quiet till the fire breaks out!" He stopped once more to look defiance at the old priest standing before him with fear in his heart and faith and prayer in his soul.

"I've kept it under. I've worked and plodded and slaved till I thought I had reconciled myself; but I find that I was wrong. I suddenly find that for me, even for me—the respectable citizen, the cut-and-dried lawyer—there's life to be lived; and, by God, do you think I'll refuse it?"

"Stephen! Stephen! What are you saying?"

"What you hear. Just exactly what you hear. I've found a woman who is gold and wine beside the women I have known, and I'm going to have her, if hell stood between us!"

Father James looked at him quietly and steadily. "'Tis easier to bridge hell than to bridge life, Stephen."

The gentle, sober tone steadied Carey. "I don't understand you."

"I think you do, Stephen. What I mean is that a man can never undo any single thing that he has done."

Once again Carey wiped his forehead; then he thrust at his antagonist again with renewed fierceness. "I see what you mean! I've expected this—I'm prepared for it. But I'll have it without any of your philosophy; I'll have it in brutal facts. I'm a man who has had to live in spite of the world—a man who has had to work—had to marry—had to conform in every way. I know that I have a wife——"

"And children, Stephen."

Carey's mouth hardened. "Yes—and sons," he corrected. "I have a wife and sons; but a wife who has no more susceptibility than a doll, and sons who cannot fail to make their way, for they will have money and a pack of relations—the two passports to success in this damned country. Am I to stand back because Fate has thrust me into this position? Am I to refuse what the gods give?"

"Stephen, you're mad!"

"Am I mad? Is this mad?" He walked back to the table and caught up a sheaf of papers. "When you came, I

was going through my papers—no one shall say I left my wife unprovided for."

"Stephen! Stephen, boy! Is it you that are speaking? To pay off your wife with money!"

"My wife! The doll out of the shop window!"

"A doll! A doll, is it? I wish you could have seen her to-day. Faith, Stephen, 'twas a doll with the paint washed off!"

Carey's wrath boiled. "Daisy!" he cried. "Daisy! Is it always to be Daisy! I tell you it's life, not toys, I'm playing with now."

"But that's not life, Stephen! That's not life! It's neither life nor love—but just the temptation of the flesh."

Carey turned on him with fierce contempt. "And what does a priest know of a man's temptations?"

A very humble look came over Father James's face, and for a moment he stood silent; then he raised his head slowly, and something akin to illumination shone in his eyes.

"Don't be too sure about that, Stephen. Priests are men too—and there's more than one sort of temptation. You wouldn't think to look at me now that I had a besetting sin once—and that sin pride—would you?"

Carey was silent—silent and ironical.

"Well, I had, then—I had." Father James's voice dropped. "'Twas long ago, before your time, when I was one of David Marsden's curates down at Ballykarney. He's dead these thirty years—the Lord have mercy on him!—but he was a big man in his own little way, a great aristocrat and a well-read man, too; and whatever the reason of it was, he took a fancy to me from the first, and I raw from Maynooth. I never could rightly understand it, but he was always friendly to me in his old-fashioned, grand sort of a way; and often after the early Mass, when I'd be after preaching, he'd come up to me in the chapel yard and put his hand on my shoulder.

"'Mr. Baron,' he'd say, as we walked together to the gate. He'd never put the 'Father' to our names, always the 'Mister.' 'Mr. Baron, you have a brogue that could be cut with a knife; but, 'pon my

word, you'd coax the birds off the bushes with that tongue of yours!"

"And so it went on, Stephen, from one thing to another. It seemed like as if his fancy for me was contagious, for people outside Ballykarney began taking notice of me too; and I began to be asked up to Waterford to preach charity sermons. At last I was made a curate at one of the city churches. You heard all that, maybe, long ago; but what you never heard was that pride began to grow up in me—pride that I was picked out before older and better men to teach the Word of God—and pride that the space round my confessional used to be black with penitents of a Saturday night. Then it came that people began to flatter me and to call me lucky; they began to say that I had a grand future in front of me, and that the bishop had me in mind for a big parish. But, mind you, Stephen, there's a queer way in all these things! People said I was a great man; but the old bishop—the Lord have mercy on him!—knew better, and the Almighty knew better still. I wasn't a great man, and time was to learn it to me.

"Well, Stephen, the years passed on—Easter and Advent and Christmas—and one by one the parishes fell in, and one by one other men got them; and sick and sore and sorry grew my heart, and less and less they called me lucky, till at last I would see them looking at me out of the corner of their eye, and hear them whispering behind my back, 'Poor James Baron! His chance has passed him by!'

"Well, Stephen, my heart went near to breaking all those years, though nobody ever knew it; and then at last—at long and at last—the parish came. It came—and I fifty-five years old—and what do you think it was? What do you think it was, Stephen? What but Scarragh—Scarragh, a bit of a mountain-side with the grazing of a handful of goats! I tell you I had black thoughts the night I knew it first. I had thoughts of refusing it altogether, and going out to America. In America, I said to myself, a man can find his level!" He paused, and threw a quick glance at Carey from under his lashes. "But the Almighty—thanks be to Him!—put sense into me, Stephen—and I said nothing and went where I was

told; but the first Sunday that I said mass in my little barn of a chapel there was never a sorer man. I tell you that, priest and all as I was, there was red rebellion in me when I turned round to preach to the handful of a congregation—savages, I think I called them in my arrogance and pride!

"But, Stephen, God's ways are queer! I stood there, not knowing how. I was going to put my tongue to a sermon, when my eyes fell on an old man kneeling on the bare flags near the altar rails. I had seen the old fellow the day before, and somebody had said to me, 'That's old Darby Farrell of the mountain; he's all alone up there now; his six sons are dead, and his three grandchildren are after going to America last week.' The words came back to my mind as I stood there looking at him. His poor old bones were doubled up with the rheumatism and the work, his fingers were that twisted that he could hardly pass the rosary beads through them, and his face had the look of starvation in it; but his eyes were fixed on the tabernacle, and his lips were moving all the time, and I would have taken my oath then and there that he was thanking God!

"I tell you, if the Almighty had put out His hand and touched me that minute, I couldn't have felt it more. All of a sudden my pride melted, and I spoke to those poor, simple people as I had never spoken in a grand city church; and when the mass was over, I went back to my little bit of a house and I burned every sermon I ever wrote. That's many a year ago now, Stephen, but there hasn't been a day since then that I haven't blessed God on my bended knees; for when I walk out on my bit of a mountain and see the plants sprouting up out of the earth, and look up at the sky and see the stars shining—each one in its own course, each one in its own place—I see things that, maybe, I'd never have seen all my life long if I was a great man with a big congregation and a big church—and perhaps a big debt harassing my mind."

Father James stopped. Without artificiality, without self-consciousness, he had told his story. With fierce persistency Carey had closed his ears to the

simple sentiment lying within it, but against his will the truth behind the sentiment had penetrated his brain. It was the pronouncement of a man thirty years older than himself—thirty years nearer the grave—thirty years further removed from human prejudice, from human passion. Fear gripped him—an appalling fear—the fear of renouncing that which he coveted.

"That's all very well!" he cried suddenly. "That's all very well for you, but not a word of it applies to me—not a word of it."

Father James had seen this attitude before; he had seen it in the condemned criminal, refusing to make his peace with God; he had seen it in the sick and sorry of soul, coming with lagging steps and hot, rebellious hearts to the tribunal of confession, and never once had his courage failed before it.

"Stephen," he said quietly, "can you dare to tell me that? Can you look down into your soul, and dare to tell me that you are so big a man that you are exempt from the common lot that falls to us all?"

"I'm choosing the common lot—I'm going the common way!"

"You're going the coward's way!"

In the might of his zeal, the shabby figure of Father James seemed to tower in the silent room; there was grandeur in his rugged face, power in his rough voice. He was fighting for the soul he loved, and the weapons he used were eternal.

"Stephen," he cried, "your duty is plain before you! You married Daisy, and the day you married her you shut every life away from her but the life with you. You gave your word to the Almighty God to keep and guard her. Are you a man at all, that you're forgetting that?"

With sudden violence Carey struck the table. "Haven't you finished yet? Good God, haven't you finished yet?"

"Not yet, Stephen! Not yet! There's one thing yet I have to say. It's the remembering of a day long ago, when you and I stood like this, and faced out bitter things. 'Twas twelve months after the poor father's death, and it seemed that something near to ruin was staring you in the face. I remember the little

room in your lodgings as if it was yesterday, and I remember the pain that was in my heart to see the old look coming on your young face that ought to be turning toward nothing but amusement. I remember it well, Stephen; I remember it well. You stood for a long time with never a word and never a sigh; then, all of a sudden, you turned on me, fiercelike and determined.

"'I'll live it down, Father James!' you cried out. 'I'll live it down; but, by God, if ever I have sons of my own, they'll never have a hell of their father's making!'"

It was the old priest's last arrow, and it sped home swift and true. For a long space Carey stood, silent and white; then, like a man dazed, he went forward and put his hands roughly on Father James's shoulders.

"Go away! Go away!" he said hoarsely. "I've had enough!"

Father James made no resistance; he went quietly across the room, but at the door he paused solemnly and looked back.

"Stephen," he said gently, "may the Almighty God bless and help you!" Then he turned and passed into the hall.

Until the last footfall had died into silence, and the thud of the closing door had echoed through the house, Carey never moved; then, haltingly, unsteadily, after the manner of a man who has suffered long illness, he walked back to the table, seated himself at his old place, and, throwing his arms out across the scattered papers, let his head fall forward into his hands.

CHAPTER XXVIII

There are periods in the life of every man when mind and body seem dissociated, and time and space become as vague conceptions failing to touch the personal; when events loom up like a fleet of ships that, rudderless and with tattered sails, plough headlong to destruction before the hurricane of Fate.

Such a period of cloud and stress enveloped Carey. No recollection of time, no consciousness of place moved him, as



he cowered in his attitude of despair. He felt maimed, mentally and physically; and with the shame of mutilation, his courage ebbed.

The minutes passed, sultry and leaden; the usual sounds of an empty house started out of the silence—the cracking of the furniture, the scraping of a mouse, the faint flutter of the hideous paper decoration in the grate; then from overhead came the thud and shuffle of Mrs. Brien's feet as she made up his bedroom, the banging of the basin and jug on the marble-topped washstand, the scraping of the casters as she pulled the bed this way and that. At another time these descriptive noises would have driven him to action, now they did not penetrate even the outer wall of his absorption. He sat numbed and impotent, broken by the storm.

Time passed—a quarter of an hour, half an hour, an hour; then at last a new sound broke the quiet—the loud, imperious ringing of the hall-door bell. He heard it as he had heard the rest, without interest, without fear, without curiosity. All the world might come now! Nothing mattered.

Upstairs, Mrs. Brien also heard it, and paused in her noisy cleaning of the bedroom.

"Let ye ring agin—whoever ye are!" she said to herself, considering her feet and the long flight of stairs.

As though the unseen visitor were conscious of her remark, the bell clashed forth once more—this time with such vigour that she dropped the dust-pan and brush that she was holding.

"How impatient ye are—whoever ye are!" she muttered as she tramped downstairs, straightening her dirty apron as she went.

Passing along the hall, she took an inquisitive glance at the closed door of the breakfast-room; then she hastily pulled down her sleeves and opened the hall door an inch or two.

Through this aperture she took a grudging look at the intruder, and either her heart softened or there was something unusually interesting in the appearance of the visitor, for she opened the door another inch.

"Good-morning, miss!" she hazarded.

in her most amiable tones. "I suppose 'tis Mrs. Carey you're after wantin'?"

The visitor flushed a deeper red than that which already mantled her cheeks.

"No," she said quickly. "It's Mr. Carey I want to see. He's here, isn't he?"

Mrs. Brien took a closer survey of the youthful figure and expressive face, and a dozen questions made medley in her brain.

"Mr. Carey?" she repeated. "Sure, 'tis at the office Mr. Carey always do be at this time a the day!"

The visitor took a step nearer to the hall door. "I know! I know that! But I was at the office and he's not there. So he must be here. He is, isn't he? Do tell me."

Long afterward, in the privacy of her family circle, over a teapot of stewing tea, Mrs. Brien was wont to declare that the look which accompanied this appeal would have melted the heart of a stone; so her reply when it came was becomingly soft.

"Well," she said, "'twouldn't be wishin' for me to be tellin' you a lie, an' 'tis inside by himself in the breakfast-room he is this very minute. But I don't know at all, God help me, that I ought to be disturbin' him."

"But you will? You will?" In her insistent eagerness the visitor stepped across the threshold. "It's very particular—I promise you he won't be vexed."

Mrs. Brien shook her head weakly, and drew back into the hall giving ingress to the intruder.

"Well, all I can say is, God help me, if I'm doin' wrong!" She shook her head once more, led the way down the hall, and very tentatively knocked on the breakfast-room door.

Impatience spread over the visitor's face. "Knock again!" she urged.

"Shure, I'd be in dhread, miss! 'Tisn't an hour since I heard the hall door shuttin' on another visitor—and maybe he's thinkin' 'tis enough of it he had."

"Then, let me!"

"Oh, don't, miss! Don't, for God's sake! 'Tis as much as my place is worth."

"Then go away, and let me do it alone. I'm not afraid of him." The girl put her

hands on the charwoman's shoulders and pushed her from the door. "Go back to your work, and he won't even know that you let me in."

The woman yielded; and with a quick gesture, at once triumphant and excited, her conqueror turned the handle of the door and walked into the breakfast-room.

The opening of the door was sharp and sudden; Carey wheeled round in his chair, then sat motionless.

"Isabel!"

Isabel closed the door softly and securely, then turned and looked at him.

It would have been difficult—it would have been well-nigh impossible, to guess at the thoughts, the questions that held sway in her mind at that curious moment—at the war of sensations that clashed within her. In the expression of her eyes, in the poise of her young body, in her eager, parted lips was the flowering of some subtle promise—the outpouring of that mystic essence of womanhood that had enchained Carey by its strange and secret suggestion in his first vision of her at Fair Hill.

She stood there, waiting, expectant; and as he made no sign, she tiptoed across the room and paused beside his chair.

"I came," she said.

It was a breath—a mere whisper—but it ran like wine through his blood. For one conquering moment all things became dim; the knowledge of her presence wrapped him like a perfumed garment; he turned to her, holding out his hands.

With a little cry she caught them.

"Ah!" And I thought that you were angry!"

A flood of warmth, of passionate relief swept through the words. She confessed herself in that brief sentence—laid bare her heart without fear or shame.

"I know something happened last night, but I don't know what it was." Her tongue, loosed by her returned confidence, ran on in swift explanation. "I saw nobody at all at breakfast this morning; and Julia told me that you went up to town last night on business, and that Mary and Father James went up with Tom at nine this morning. At first I was afraid, and wandered about the gar-

den, wondering what I had better do; and then suddenly—suddenly." Her fingers tightened about his, her eyes besought his understanding. "I felt that whatever had happened—whatever it was—I must come to you. So I came! Was it any harm?"

Again the confession of allegiance—the sweet, spontaneous confession in eyes and voice and words. In sudden torture of mind, Carey freed his hands.

"Was it any harm? Oh, it was! You are angry!"

"No."

"Then what?" Doubt ran through her words like a fine vibration.

"Nothing. Nothing."

"Then why did you turn away?"

"Did I turn away?" He was striving blindly to gain time, attempting vainly to compound with fate.

"Yes, you did. Oh, I don't understand! You must be either sorry I came—or glad. You must be either pleased or angry. Which are you? Which? Which?"

"Glad." The words slipped out.

Again she gave a little cry, seizing upon the admission. "Ah, then nothing else matters!" With a sudden gracious movement she dropped to her knees beside him, and, looking up, strove to read his face.

"If you are glad, nothing else matters! Nothing else in the whole wide world matters! Wasn't that what you said last night?"

There was triumph, love, infinite allurements in the inflections of her voice. She nestled up to him, drawing about her eyes that web of oblivion that women so deftly weave, shutting from her vision the broader issues of the moment, content in the consciousness of loving and being loved. She caught his hand again and held it against her cheek, and the warmth of the contact passed into him, thrilling him. The wild appeal of the blood woke in him, and with it the opposing cry of his will.

He withdrew his hand suddenly, almost pushing her from him.

"Isabel," he said, "we must forget last night! Do you understand? We must forget last night! It's past and dead and done with. We must forget it!"

Never afterward could Isabel remember what she did in that moment, when the blood receded to her heart, ebbing from her face, her hands, her feet; and then rushed back, a torrent that sang in her ears. It seemed to her that the world had slipped away—that she was alone with Carey in space, in some vague and nebulous place, where time and circumstance did not exist. When at last her tongue found words, her voice assailed her ears, an uncontrolled, unfamiliar thing.

"What do you mean? We must forget last night?"

Then, for the first time since she had entered the room, he felt the impulse to stand up, not from the sense of courtesy, but from the blind, human instinct of facing peril or pain upon one's feet rather than crouching in a seat. He rose, and stood before her, one hand holding the back of his chair, the other resting on the papers that still lay upon the table. There was something inexpressibly hopeless in the pose of his body—something final and tragic that sent the blood back once more to her heart.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, in sudden articulate fear. "What is it? Don't stand like that. Don't look like that."

"It's nothing—but that we must forget last night. That we must forget it."

She stared at his drawn face. "But why? But why? Oh, but you're teasing me! It's some joke!" She tried to laugh; but it was a laugh that withered away, and in the silence that succeeded—the close, stifling silence that blent itself with the atmosphere of the room, the fear within her turned to panic.

"Oh, say something! Make me understand! I'll feel that I am going mad if you don't make me understand. Last night you said that nobody existed but me—that I was the one thing in the world that made you want to live—that—"

Carey threw out his hands. "Stop! For the sake of God, stop! I tell you there was no last night. We dreamt it. It never was."

She faltered a little, but her courage was a strong thing. With a swift impulse, intensely ardent, intensely feminine, she moved toward him again.

"Something has happened that I don't

understand. But, look, look, I care for you! I care!" She made a wide, proud gesture, offering herself to him. "I care!"

There was all love—all tenderness—all yielding in the movement and in the words; in both it seemed that nature had struck the chord of a great harmony.

Carey heard it—his soul vibrated to it, but he turned away, blindly, inarticulately.

"What is it? Don't you care any more?"

He was silent.

"Tell me! Tell me! I must know."

Fear rushed in again over her voice, marring the music. Her words trembled as she strove to make him meet her glance.

"I can't explain. We must forget, that's all. I can't explain."

She drew back very slowly, as though her movements were accommodating themselves to some strange slow alteration taking place within her mind.

"Then you're sorry for last night?"

"No! By God, I'm not!"

The cry was torn from him, but he disowned it even as he gave it utterance. "No! I don't mean that. I *am* sorry for it."

Her eyes blazed. "But you're not!" The first thing was the true one. You do care. I do matter to you." She stepped forward, catching his arm.

"Look at me! You must. You must. Nothing in the world can put last night away. What does anything else matter? We care for each other. I'm much more mad now than I was last night; then I was afraid—I was afraid even to let you kiss me; but afterward, when I was alone in my own room in the dark I knew that I had imagined all the fear. If you had come for me then, I'd have gone with you out of the house, and not cared who saw. If you were a tramp, walking the roads from one town to another, I'd rather walk them with you than be married to a king. I never knew I could feel so much. It's all here—choking me!" She put her hand to her throat. "'Tis that that made me come here to-day—the feeling that I must tell you."

She stopped—breathless, passionate, reckless in her prodigal giving. The

emotions of her ancestors were racing through her—her blood was proving itself in a riot of feeling.

Carey listened—each word, each quickly taken breath searing him like a flame. At last his endurance broke.

"Stop!" he said. "Stop! It's all over. It's all over, I tell you. We were mad last night; we're sane to-day."

It was a torrent of water on a kindled fire, and the fire hissed up to meet it, quivering and fierce.

"You mean that? Truly, really, honestly you mean that?"

"Yes, I do."

No words in his life had cost him what those two words cost, but he said them steadily.

"You mean it? After all that you said? After all that I said?"

He bent his head.

"Then some one has been here? Some one has changed you?" She flashed round upon him, her body trembling, her eyes alight with question. Her emotions were swaying her from one pole to the other; it was a toss of a coin whether love or hate turned the scale.

He stood rigid—rigid as he had been in Father James's presence.

"I told you I had no defence to make. I know I seem a criminal and a coward; but you are young, you will forget—and it doesn't matter about me. I can only say thank God I didn't ask you to come with me last night!"

Isabel's face flamed. "You say that?" "You say, 'thank God,' you didn't ask me to come with you last night?"

"I do."

"Then I say 'thank God' too!"

The scale had turned. Her face was white with rage—her whole being quiv-

ered with it. She seemed the very figure of fury—of outraged pride.

"I told you while ago that I cared for you," she said when she could command her voice. "Now I tell you that I feel nothing—nothing—nothing but that I hate you. I loathe you; I detest you. You are one of the rest—just one of the rest. What a fool I was ever to have thought that you were different! What a fool! What a fool! I'm all right to dance with and to flirt with, when there's nothing better to do; but next morning, when you've had time to think——"

"Isabel!"

"Next morning you can say 'thank God I'm well out of it!'"

"Isabel!" He stood impotent before the sweeping gale of her rage. All the man in him cried appreciation of her scorn; all the passion in him urged him to one act—to seize her in his arms, to hold her as he had held her last night, covering her lips with kisses, hiding his face in the dark cloud of her hair. But he made no movement; he stood stonily silent, seeing with the eyes of his mind the thronging ghosts that surged between them.

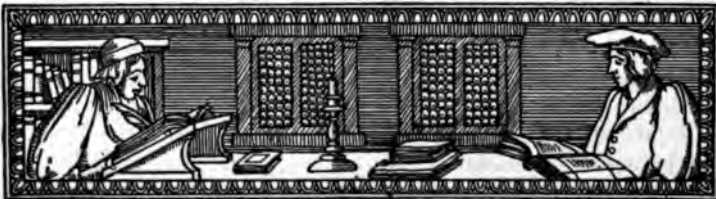
And Isabel saw only the mask—the set face, the impassive figure.

"Oh!" she cried again, "I wonder now, when I look at you, how I could ever have been so mad as to care! I wish I had words enough to tell you all I feel. To say that I hate you is nothing—nothing——"

She drew a sharp breath, and their eyes met in a long, eloquent glance.

"I feel—I feel that I could kill you!" she said; and turning suddenly, she ran to the door, ran down the hall and out into the close, deserted street.

(To be concluded)



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The Macmillan Company:

Critical Miscellanies. By John Morley.
Vol. IV.

This fourth volume of the collection of Mr. Morley's essays contains the following: "Machiavelli," "Guicciardini," "A New Calendar of Great Men," "John Stuart Mill, An Anniversary," "Lecky on Democracy," "A Historical Romance," "Democracy and Reaction."

Sherman, French and Company:

Literary and Biographical Essays. A Volume of Papers by the Way. By Charles William Pearson.

The literary essays cover such topics as "The Art of Poetry," "Early American Poetry," "The English Language," while the biographical chapters treat of Pope, Macaulay, Browning, Martineau, Lincoln, Longfellow, Washington and others.

VERSE

Richard G. Badger:

The "Rimas" of Gustavo A. Becquer. Translated by Jules Renard.

This is believed to be the first translation into English of the great Spanish poet's work.

A Passing Voice.

A collection of short poems published anonymously.

Quivira. By Harrison Conrad.

Containing about one hundred short poems, the main theme of which is the life and atmosphere of the West.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

Verses. By Mary Moffat Cunningham.

About sixty short poems on various themes.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

De Namin' ob de Twins and Other Sketches from the Cotton Land. By Mary Fairfax Childs.

A volume of dialect poems and stories, dealing with the old time negro and showing the love that existed between families and their household servants.

Kyo Bun Kwan (Tokyo):

Films of Blue. By John Ingram Bryan.

A volume of short poems.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Voice of Mizraim. By John Walter Paisley.

Containing about thirty short poems.

Sherman, French and Company:

A Threefold Cord. Poems of Religion, Literature and Humanity. By Charles William Pearson.

The sub-title indicates the nature of the poems. There are about one hundred in all.

ART, DRAMA

Henry Frowde:

(For the University of Oxford.)

The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Being a Collection of Fourteen Plays which have been Ascribed to Shakespeare. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Bibliography, by C. F. Tucker Brooke, B.Litt.

The editor states that this volume is designed to satisfy a need which during the past two generations has been variously and often expressed. Thus his ambition has been to provide an accurate and complete text, with adequate critical and supplementary matter, of all those plays which can, without entire absurdity, be included in the "doubtfully Shakespearian" class.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Richard Wilson, R.A. By Beaumont Fletcher.

An account of a little known painter. The author writes in his preface, "There are few painters whose lives are of more pathetic interest than the life of Richard Wilson. His fate was to reveal an originality and an exquisiteness in landscape, distinguishing him clearly from his contemporaries, and yet to fail of the fame, no less than the fortune, of every one of his equals." The book is illustrated with twenty-two reproductions of Wilson's works and a portrait of the artist, and is supplied with appendices on Wilson's pictures in galleries and auction rooms, the authorities consulted, etc.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

The Macmillan Company:

My Memoirs. By Alexander Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang.

This fourth volume covers the period from 1830 to 1831. The work will be complete in six volumes.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

John Thadeus Delane. Editor of *The Times*. His Life and Correspondence. Two volumes. By Arthur Irwin Dasent.

Mr. Delane's private diaries and correspondence during his long tenure of power cover the period between Sir Robert Peel's return to office and Disraeli's last administration, and describe at first hand, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Crimean War and the Fall of the "Coalition" Cabinet, the Ascendency of Palmerston, the Indian Mutiny, the Death of the Prince Consort and the seclusion of the Court after 1861, Delane's Controversy with Cobden and Bright, the Schleswig-Holstein Dispute, the Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867, the Fenian Conspiracy, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, and the Recrudescence of the Eastern Question.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Edgar Allan Poe. By John Macy.

In the series of The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans, edited by De Wolfe Howe. This is a brief biography of Poe, issued with special reference to the forthcoming Poe centenary which will be celebrated next winter.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY*Broadway Publishing Company:*

Universal Peace. By Victor Hugo Duras.

In the opening chapter the author writes as follows: "In this treatise it is my purpose to deal primarily with the causes that bring about international arbitration, pointing out the causes that have brought about the adjustment of international dispute without resort to the force of arms, or war." It is my further purpose to point out that while peace and war are antithetic, they are still relative and comparable conditions, and that Universal Peace is possible only by the establishment of a system of International Government."

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Heavenly Life. By James Allen.

Containing ten short essays pointing out the pathway to true happiness. They are as follows: "The Divine Centre," "The Eternal Now," "The 'Original Simplicity,'" "The Unfailing Wisdom," "The Might of Meekness," "The Righteous Man," "Perfect Love," "Perfect Freedom," "Greatness and Goodness" and "Heaven in the Heart."

Henry Holt and Company:

American Insects. By Vernon L. Kellogg.

Second edition revised. In the following extract from the preface the author

gives the aim of this work: "This book is written in the endeavour to foster an interest in insect biology on the part of students of natural history, of nature observers, and of general readers; it provides in a single volume a general systematic account of all the principal groups of insects as they occur in America, together with special accounts of the structure, physiology, development and metamorphoses, and of certain particularly interesting and important ecological relations of insects with the world around them. Systematic entomology, economic entomology, and what may be called the bionomics of insects are the special subjects of the matter and illustration of the book."

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Jewish Question and the Key to its Solution. By Max Green, M.D.

The author handles his subject under the following subdivisions: "The Jewish Question," "Four Possible Solutions of the Problem," "The Fourth Solution Analysed," "The Remedies Inadequate, Because Based on Wrong Diagnosis," "The Jew's Sevenfold Objection to the Claims of Christianity," "The Real Point at Issue Between Judaism and Christianity, or Between Synagogue and Church," "Israel's Mission," "The Prophecies Concerning the Messiah and His Kingdom, and the Fate and Destiny of Israel," "In the Era of Fulfilment," "The Kingdom of Heaven," "The Progress of the Kingdom," "The New Torah of the Messiah," and "The Key to Our Problem's Solution."

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The New Old Healing. By Henry Wood.

This book is an attempt to render helpful truth in familiar terms, and to show the way of its practical application. It is arranged as a treasury of many different, though related topics, to be drawn upon as needed, so that consecutive reading is not essential. The identity of the new and old spiritual and psychical healing laws and forces is shown and their working utility explained.

The Macmillan Company:

Social Psychology. An Outline and Source Book. By Edward Alsworth Ross.

A new branch of social science is opened up by Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, in this book. He writes: "The time has come to hand over the results of my reflections to my fellow-workers, in the hope of provoking discussions which will part the wheat from the chaff and set it to producing an hundredfold." He considers the nature and scope of social psychology, the problems of suggestibility, the mob

mind, conventionality and imitation, conditions affecting the sway of custom, interference and conflict, union and accumulation, compromise, public opinion.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Religion and Medicine. The Moral Control of Nervous Disorders. By Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D.; Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D.; Isador H. Coriat, M.D.

Setting forth the principles, and the methods by which these principles have been applied, that underlie the notable experiment in practical Christianity known as the Emmanuel Church Movement. The fundamental conception of this work is that a great number of disorders, half nervous and half moral, which are widely prevalent in American and English society, can be alleviated and cured by means which are psychological and religious.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

(Cambridge University Press.)

The Imitation of Christ, or The Ecclesiastical Music. By Thomas A Kempis. An English Translation Edited by J. H. Srawley, D.D.

One of the four volumes now ready in The Cambridge Devotional Series.

Paul the Mystic. A Study in Apostolic Experience. By James M. Campbell, D.D.

In the preface the author writes in regard to Paul: "He was the kind of man who could not be content to dwell on the outside of religion, but sought to reach that which was furthest within. He is generally thought of merely as a consummate logician—a skilful system-builder. He was much more than that. He was first of all a poet, and afterward a logician. He writes with the exuberant imagination of a true Oriental, often sublimely indifferent to logical sequence, and displaying a subtilty of thought incomprehensible to the mere grammarian or textual critic."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Cardinal Newman and His Influence on Religious Life and Thought. By Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt.

This work, the author writes, is a modest attempt to deal dispassionately and objectively with some of the fundamental problems which are suggested by the writings of Newman, and which have hitherto received a somewhat one-sided treatment even from those English critics who have made an exhaustive study of the great Cardinal. The author considers "The Oxford Movement," "Newman's Personality," "Why was Newman Converted to Roman Catholicism?" "The Conflict Between Newman and Manning," "Newman's Apologetics," "Pascal and Newman," "Was

Newman a Liberal Catholic?" "Cardinal Newman and Modernism."

Sherman, French and Company:

The Search After Truth. A Book of Sermons and Addresses. By Charles William Pearson.

Embodying messages of faith, hope and love.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Psychical Research and the Resurrection. By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D.

Particular attention is paid to the more important work carried on in this field of investigation since the death of Dr. Richard Hodgson, the late leader of psychical research in America. It also contains a report on communications purporting to have come from Dr. Hodgson since his death.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Grafton Press:

First Impressions of Europe. By Joseph Whitman Bailey.

An account of a tour through Great Britain and the Continent, describing briefly each place of interest visited. The volume is illustrated from photographs.

Harper and Brothers:

Quicksteps through Scandinavia, with a Retreat from Moscow. By S. G. Bayne.

The author tells of his trip through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and part of Russia, describing the different countries and peoples and giving information to the traveller, intending to visit northern Europe. There are many illustrations from photographs collected by the author.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Danton and the French Revolution. By Charles F. Warwick.

The second volume in the author's trilogy of books on the French Revolution. His idea in this series has been to divide the period into three important epochs, each dominated by the man who was most influential therein: First, the epoch of a demand for curbing the monarchy dominated by Mirabeau; second, the epoch for a republicanism dominated by Danton, and third, the epoch dominated by Robespierre. The first volume, *Mirabeau and the French Revolution*, was published about three years ago, and the third, *Robespierre and the French Revolution*, will be issued next spring.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Persia: The Awakening East. By W. P. Cresson, F.R.G.S.

A narrative of a trip across Persia,

taken by the author and his brother, with a view to studying the architectural remains of Persia and Mesopotamia. The book is, however, devoted to a description of present-day Persia rather than to matters connected with Persian art, and gives many interesting facts about the social and commercial conditions of the country.

L. C. Page and Company:

In the Land of Mosques and Minarets. By Francis Miltoun.

A record of the author's travels through Northern Africa. He pictures for his readers Algiers, the "Great White City," the Sahara, Tunis, the Mosque at Kairouan, and many other interesting places which he visited. The volume is illustrated from drawings and paintings done by Blanche McManus.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Motor Days in England. A Record of a Journey Through Picturesque Southern England, with Historical and Literary Observations by the Way. By John M. Dillon.

An account of the impressions and experiences of a cheerful party of Americans during an extended motor trip through England. Pauses were made in great towns; and many a beautiful countryside was visited. The book is also full of descriptions of what is beautiful in landscape or architecture; it embodies comments upon places and buildings sacred and profane, of historical interest that came under the observation of the motorists; and it constitutes, also, a literary pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of many men great in the world of English letters.

Inscriptions of the Nile Monuments. A Book of Reference for Tourists. By Garrett C. Pier.

Composed of a series of translations, with comments and notes by the translator, of the more important and interesting records cut or painted in stone or wood, upon statues and buildings. About one hundred and twenty illustrations from photographs add to the interest of the volume.

Wanderings in Ireland. By Michael Myers Shoemaker.

A journey through Ireland by donkey-cart and jaunting-car, by train and motor, visiting in turn the ruins of bygone days, the busy haunts of modern times, and the lowly hamlet which binds the two.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century. Two volumes. By E. A. Brayley Hodggets.

An account of the lives and characters

of Alexander I., Nicholas I., Alexander II., and the present Czar, and of the general development of Russian society and people during that century. It is full of anecdotes, both of the emperors themselves and of the generals and statesmen, poets and artists and courtiers, both men and women, of the time. It is not so much a political history as an intimate account of the men and motives that lay beyond events.

Norway at Home. By Thomas B. Wilson, M.A.

An account of the life and occupation of the people of Norway, in which the information and statistics have been brought down to the present time. It also gives the history of the important political changes which have recently been made.

The Passer-by in London. A Tribute to Wren Gibbons and John Stow. With Some Romance and History of the Old City. By W. S. Campbell.

An account of many of the attractive and yet little known "sights" of London. The volume is illustrated with more than one hundred and twenty photographs, including all the spires and towers of Wren's city churches. There are chapters on "Old London," "Wren," "Grinling Gibbons and his Work," "Some Ancient Doorways," "The Hidden Statuary and Carvings of London" and "Nooks and Corners."

A History of the Ancient Egyptians. By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D.

The latest volume in the Historical Series for Biblical Students. It is based upon the author's larger *History of Egypt*, which appeared about two years ago.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

English Poems. Edited by Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph.D. and Harry G. Paul, A.M.

Including representative selections from fifty-four of the chief British poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson. The material chosen is, at the same time, representative of the successive periods of English literary history; and it includes a number of poems that lend themselves to comparative study.

Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

The latest issue in the series of Eclectic Readings. It is a collection of thirty-four popular stories from the mythology and folk-lore of Japan, few of which have ever before been told in English. They are here retold in a simple and pleasing manner, which is well adapted

to interest children in the strange and unfamiliar fairy tales of the Land of the Rising Sun. Each story is illustrated by a full-page picture drawn by a Japanese artist.

The Phonographic Institute Company:

A Manual of Language Lessons. By F. R. Heath.

Including chapters on Grammar, Missing Word Exercises, Synonyms, Definition and Use of Words, Capitalisation, Punctuation, Composition, Correspondence, Forty-two Lessons in Spelling, Etymology and Homonyms.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Schoolmaster. A Commentary upon the Aims and Methods of an Assistant-Master in a Public School. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

What the author says of teaching is designed to indicate the spirit in which he believes a man should enter upon the pedagogical vocation, the attitude he should take toward his pupils, and the group of qualities which he should sedulously cultivate. Among the assets of a successful pedagogue Mr. Benson thinks sympathy with boys, tact, dignity, firmness, good-natured irony are of prime importance.

Benj. H. Sanborn and Company:

Virgil's *Æneid*. Books I.-VI. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by H. R. Fairclough, Ph.D., and Seldon L. Brown, A.M.

Some of the special features in the work are: (1) A specimen translation. (2) A series of questions on each book. (3) A list of the figures of speech occurring frequently in the poem. (4) A large number of instructive illustrations. (5) An introduction which dwells largely upon the personality of the poet. (6) The marking of the long vowels in the text of Book I.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Last Duchess of Belgrade. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

A tragic story in the time of the French Revolution. Just out of a convent, her guardian arranges a marriage for Mlle. Trimousette with a Duke of the Court of Louis XVI. Duke Belgarde marries the young girl, but neglects her, caring only for his own amusement. During the revolution the Duke is arrested and thrown into prison, and then he learns that his neglected wife is the only friend he has.

Young Lord Stranleigh. By Robert Barr.
The wealthy Lord Stranleigh is ap-

pealed to by a stock-broker on the verge of bankruptcy, owing to the underhand work of a syndicate owning a gold mine in South Africa. Lord Stranleigh, who pretends to know nothing of business methods, buys up the stock at once and virtually becomes owner of the mine. The syndicate plots to secure all they can from the mine before its occupation by the new owner. Stranleigh, discovering their plan, makes the trip in his own private yacht, *The Lady in White*, reaching South Africa a week before *The Rajah*. He allows them to load the vessel and sail away, but overtakes them on the sea, presents to the captain a document showing that he had purchased *The Rajah* from its owners in London, and persuades him to enter his employ. Thus his gold is taken from the mine for him and he is permitted to land it without the knowledge of the syndicate, at the head of which stands Conrad Schwartzbrod, who in the meantime is in a quandary as to the whereabouts of *The Rajah* and the cargo of ore which was to have been landed at Lisbon. Lord Stranleigh proves too much for the wise old Schwartzbrod, and all his scheming is in vain. While Schwartzbrod is wondering where the ore is Lord Stranleigh is having it smelted and stored away in an old copper mine in Cornish. When a great panic is threatening he places at the disposal of the Bank of England his two thousand tons of gold.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.

Seated at his window one night in January, peering through the dense fog, Jack Hilliard's reverie is broken by the sound of a beautiful voice sending forth into the night strains of a light opera. He rushes down the stairs and up the street, but in the meantime the singer vanishes. Disappointed, Hilliard returns to his apartment. All else failing in his search for the lady of the beautiful voice, he resorts to the personal column of the New York newspaper. This results in her granting him an interview, provided he will be driven to the house blindfolded. She disguises her features during the interview by wearing a black mask. They are both much impressed, but she tells him that they are never to meet again. They are, however, brought together in Italy, where she is the prima donna in a comic opera. Trouble arises when she is arrested for representing herself as a princess. The villain appears in the shape of a prince claiming her as his wife. He, however, is removed from the scene of action through a duel, and Hilliard wins the hand of the beautiful Capricciosa.

Broadway Publishing Company:

A Counterfeit Citizen. By Sam Scudder.

In an introductory note the publishers write that they are not only presenting an entertaining story but are placing before the American people, in fictional form, one of the most powerful impeachments of the Naturalisation evils in this country that have ever been put into print. That there are thirteen million voters in the United States, of which five millions are of foreign extraction, and that of these five millions, one million five hundred are fraudulent.

Bunny Publishing Company:

The Human Note. By St. Lawrence Chandler, Marquis of Eckersley.

The first novel of this author, who, while being an American business man, still bears the title of the Marquis of Eckersley. There is rather an interesting story connected with his acquiring this title. Some years ago while engaged in philanthropic work in Chicago he came in contact with an elderly gentleman with whom he became fast friends. Later Mr. Chandler discovered that this man was the Duke of Livingstone, who was living quietly on American soil in order to recuperate his much encumbered estate in England. The old man being deeply grateful for the care bestowed upon him by his young friend legally adopted him as his son and heir, which gave him the title of Marquis of Eckersley. The plot of his novel runs as follows: Seated at the dinner table, Count Polo approaches Prince Nicholas Polisky on the subject of the one hundred thousand rubles which he owes the Prince for cards and other debts. They are both men high up in the banking business of Russia and by way of experiment the Count offers to cancel his debt by giving the Prince his note of hand tattooed on a man's back. They both agreed that this would be legal, and proceeded immediately to carry out their plans. The Count instructed a servant to see that a man for the purpose was secured and also a sailor to do the tattooing. A young man, stupefied by liquor, is made their tool. He happened to be an American sent to Russia as a spy by the Socialists of Chicago. The next morning on awakening from his stupor he finds himself locked in a room of a palatial mansion. He loses no time, but escapes through the windows. The only trace left of their "human note" is a hat marked "Dunlap," "Fred Hoxley," "Chicago." He is followed to America, where he eludes his pursuers for a time. He is finally captured, however, and the note, which was made payable in one year, was duly cashed in St. Petersburg.

The Century Company:

Diana of Dobson's. By Cecily Hamilton.

The attractive and clever Diana grows restless and unhappy in the monotony and narrowness of her life as one of the London shop-girls. "I sometimes feel—I feel to-night"—Diana says—"as if I would give my immortal soul to live, just live—for a week." Her wish is suddenly gratified, when she finds she has inherited three hundred pounds. Immediately she decides to have a glorious time as long as the small fortune lasts. This glorious time, the duration of which is one short month, consists of Paris gowns, a trip to Switzerland, and two love affairs. Penniless once more, Diana gives it all up and returns to London, where she is unable to secure another position, and in consequence suffers many hardships. But the outcome is a happy one, for the right man appears just at the right time. "And so, in the wind of the morning, they began life together. The world had need of neither of them, but they had need of each other."

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Vigorous Daunt: Billionaire. By Ambrose Pratt.

"Vigorous Daunt," vain but courageous, and possessor of boundless wealth, is the hero of this exciting tale. He is ever ready for anything daring even to impersonating a king.

A Bottle in the Smoke. By Cooke DonCarlos.

An historical tale of monastic and quasi-regal life in England during the rules of Kings Henry II. and Richard I. at the close of the twelfth century. The chief scene of the story is the famed Benedictine monastery of Bradfield House at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, which at the period was ruled over by Abbot Samson, one of a line of thirty-three Abbots, who successively were in charge of its affairs from King Canute's time to the era of the monastery's dissolution by Henry VIII.

Harper and Brothers:

Sir Richard Escombe. A Romance. By Max Pemberton.

A story of English life during the rule of George II. It deals with the life of the daring young nobleman, Sir Richard Escombe, and his love for the fascinating Kitty Dulcimore. This romance is now being dramatised.

The Shoulders of Atlas. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

This story, the scenes of which are laid in a small New England town, depicts the life and character of some of its people. It deals with the life of an

elderly couple, Sylvia Whitman and her husband, who come into possession of a large fortune, but who have lived their narrow and hardworking life so long that they are unable to enjoy the newly acquired treasure. Horace Allen, the principal of the village school, falls in love with Rose Fletcher, a young girl living with the Whitmans, and whom Sylvia Whitman believes to be the rightful heir to the fortune. She does not confess her belief, however, until the eve of the girl's wedding. Then it is discovered that she has been mistaken. Another interesting character is Lucy Ayres, who becomes infatuated with Horace Allen, and jealousy leads her to attempt by poisoning the death of two women whom she believes to be her rivals.

Laird and Lee:

The Night Riders. A Thrilling Story of Love, Hate and Adventure. Graphically Depicting the Tobacco Uprising in Kentucky. By Henry C. Wood.

The story deals with the pretty daughter of a poor widow who keeps tollgate through the influence of a mean but well-to-do old squire who insists upon marrying the girl—and is abetted by her mother. She, however, is in love with the squire's ne'er-do-well nephew, whom the old fellow plots to get into the hands of the law as a tollgate raider, in order to get rid of him as a rival.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Princess Dehra. By John Reed Scott.

A sequel to *The Colonel of the Red Hussars*, the scene of which was also laid in Valeria. The same characters which played a prominent part in *The Colonel of the Red Hussars* are again introduced in the new volume. It is the story of a struggle for the throne, in which Archduke Armand wins through his own daring and fighting, aided by the quick wit and cleverness of the Princess Dehra, with whom he is in love.

George Thiell Long:

That Man from Wall Street. By Ruth Everett.

A story of studio life.

John W. Luce and Company:

Julie's Diary. A Personal Record.

The experiences of a young woman's life as revealed by her diary.

The Macmillan Company:

The Open Window. Tales of the Months. Told by Barbara.

A collection of twelve stories bound together by the unusual device of making each story correspond to a month,

and thus showing throughout the year the influence of the seasons on temperament and the human character.

Stories New and Old. Typical American and English Tales. Selected with Introductions by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

This collection is prefaced by an introduction upon the theme of the short story. It includes the following: "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," by William Austin; "Dr. Marigold's Prescription," by Charles Dickens; "Rab and His Friends," by John Brown, M.D.; "Ethan Brand," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Pit and the Pendulum," by Edgar Allan Poe; "Will O' the Mill," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth St. Palaye," by J. Henry Shorthouse; "Quite So," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "King Solomon of Kentucky," by James Lane Allen; "The Game and the Nation," by Owen Wister. Each tale is accompanied by a portrait of its writer.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Cobbler. By Elma A. Travis, M.D.

The chief character is the son of a village cobbler. He is rather a "literary genius," is unconventional and heedless. He marries the daughter of a wealthy neighbour without the knowledge of the girl's father. She, too, has her peculiarities, and it takes them a long time to discover they can live together happily.

The Greater Love. By Anna McClure Sholl.

The story is based on the love of Eleanor Valgrave, who leaves her home in America and goes to Paris to study art, for an English officer who is married to an insane woman.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy.

A new edition of this story of town and country life in England.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Girl and the Game and Other College Stories. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

Containing a number of amusing stories of undergraduate adventures and difficulties, sentiment and struggle. The second part of the book consists of eight short essays called "Talks With a Kid Brother," and covers such subjects as "The First Day at College," "Hazing," "Making the Team and Missing It," "Work and Other Dissipation," "The Nicest Fellow" and "An Unofficial Baccalaureate."

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Half-Smart Set.

Although the young lawyer, Christopher Thorne, son of a man of wealth

and position in Yorkshire, England, has not been brought up to approve of the "half-smart set," he accepts an invitation for a week-end gathering at the house of one of its prosperous members. Falling in love with Patricia, the youngest daughter of the house, he prolongs his visit and is secretly married to her. Owing to the persistence of a former suitor they promptly announce their marriage, after which they set out to spend a delightful honeymoon on the Continent, despite the disapproval of both their parents. Later Christopher brings his wife to his father's home, but finding that she is made miserable there, he rents a small cottage and they live very happily until the elder Thorne, bent on separating the young couple, devises a business trip to Russia for his son, painting the prospects in such brilliant colours that Patricia urges her husband to accept his father's proposition. Matters are made so disagreeable for the young wife in her husband's absence that she finally turns to her "half-smart set" and shares in its pleasures and follies. But notwithstanding the gay life she leads, and also all the scheming and plotting of the Thorne family, "Pat," as she is familiarly called by every one, is true in her devotion to Christopher, and shortly after his return from Russia all their troubles are smoothed over and they decide to settle down to a quiet life in one of the London suburbs.

JUVENILE

Harper and Brothers:

Adventures of Pirates and Sea-Rovers. By Howard Pyle, Rear-Admiral J. H. Upshur, Paul Hull, Reginald Gourlay and Others.

Another story for boys in the Harper's Young People Series. The story is told of how the French in 1697, aided by buccaneers, assailed and sacked Carthagena, the eastern treasure-town of the Isthmus. There are also exciting tales of New England colonial pirates and treasure-hunts.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

David the Giant Killer and Other Tales of Grandma Lopez. By Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr.

Mrs. Lopez visits the home of her grandchildren and amuses them with her many tales founded on the Bible stories.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Four Plays for Children. By John Jay Chapman.

Written in blank verse of a scholarly and poetical character. The plays can be acted by young children, as the stage settings are simple and the thought is

clear and direct. The plays are: "The Lost Prince," "The Hermits," "King Ithuriel," "Christmas in Leipsic."

L. C. Page and Company:

Anne of Green Gables. By L. M. Montgomery.

A farmer and his spinster sister decide to adopt a young boy from the orphan asylum, but by mistake the little girl Anne is sent to them. The story deals with the girl's life at the farm. She is bright and lively and a great lover of nature. When she grows to young womanhood the brother dies and Anne is then able to show her appreciation for the care bestowed upon her by helping the sister, who has grown old and feeble.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Arcadia Press:

A Little Land and a Living. By Bolton Hall.

The author here sets forth the advantages of life in the country. It is supplementary to his volume entitled *Three Acres and Liberty*, which was published about a year ago. In the preface he states that "those who are facing the problem of rearing a family on a weekly wage, with the purchasing power of the dollar decreasing, will find much in this book to encourage them to reach out for a better, saner living, through cultivation of the little lands."

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Materials and Methods of Fiction. By Clayton Hamilton.

A discussion of the general principles which form the foundation for the writing of fiction. The work is intended both for the student and the general reader.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Roosevelt and the Republic. By John W. Bennett.

In the preface the author states that this is not a biography of President Roosevelt; that it deals with Roosevelt the man only in so far as his peculiarities throw light upon Roosevelt the office-holder.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Present Days Problems. A Collection of Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions. By William H. Taft.

Consisting of the following addresses delivered in various parts of the world during Mr. Taft's career as Governor-General of the Philippines and as Secretary of War, and covering a wide field of administrative and economic discussion: "Inaugural Address as Civil Governor of the Philippines," "The Inau-

guration of the Philippine Assembly," "China and her Relations with the United States," "Japan and her Relations with the United States," "An Appreciation of General Grant," "The Army of the United States," "The Panama Canal," "A Republican Congress and Administration, and their Work from 1904 to 1906," "The Legislative Policies of the Present Administration," "The Panic of 1907," "Southern Democracy and Republican Principles," "Labour and Capital," "The Achievements of the Republican Party," "Recent Criticism of the Federal Judiciary," and "Administration of Criminal Law."

C. O. Farwell:

An Essay on the Distribution of Livelihood.
By Rossington Stanton.

This essay enunciates new principles of production and distribution, and mathematically adjusts population to the productive organism.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Long Life and How to Attain It. By Pearce Kintzing, M.M.

The author, who has long been professor in a medical college in Baltimore, gives simple, sane, practical advice by which the every-day man and woman may ward off disease, preserve health and prolong life.

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Embracing Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology, and Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Biography from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Based on the Third Edition of the Real encyklopädie, Founded by J. J. Herzog, and Edited by Albert Hauck. Prepared by more than Six Hundred Scholars and Specialists, Under the Supervision of Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief), with the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors). Vol. I. (Aachen-Basilians).

According to the prospectus issued by the publishers, the purpose of this work is to put in the hands of clerical and lay students of all classes and degrees of learning the fruits of modern interpretation and research. In matters of controversy, the aim has been to present the views of the latest and highest scholarship, with due regard to divergent opinions, separate articles being written, where it seemed desirable, by scholars having different views. The work will be complete in twelve volumes.

The Grafton Press:

The Witchcraft Delusion in Colonial Connecticut. 1647-1697. By John M. Taylor.

In the Grafton Historical Series. Giving a history of witchcraft as practised

in Connecticut in the seventeenth century. The author states that he has written the story of witchcraft from authoritative sources, and that it should prove of interest and value as a present-day interpretation of that strange delusion which for a half century darkened the lives of the forefathers and foremothers of the colonial days.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Influence of Montaigne.

The Spirit of Montaigne.

Compiled and Edited by Grace Norton.

The first deals with his personal relations to some of his contemporaries, and his literary relations to some later writers. The subject is discussed in three parts: I. Some Comments on Montaigne, by French and English Writers From His Own Day to Ours. II. Some Casual Allusions to Montaigne and His Essays in French and English Writers. III. Some Plagiarisms from the Essays in French and English Writers.

The second volume is a continuation of the work done in "The Influence of Montaigne," but deals with vaguer illustrations of that influence as it may be traced in French and English literature.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Small Country Place. By Samuel T. Maynard.

This volume, written by one who has spent many years teaching botany and horticulture, gives much practicable and valuable information in regard to the arrangement and care of a small place in the country. The author discusses such subjects as the growing of farm and garden crops, the care of the horse, the cow, poultry, and bees, and gives plans of orchards, vegetable and flower gardens, lawns, roads, walks, etc.

Why Worry? By George Lincoln Walton, M.D.

The aim in this volume is, first, to make aware of his own condition the nervously afflicted (the worrier, the chronic doubter, the hypochondriac, the timid, and the sleepless); second, to stimulate genuine desire to establish equipoise and willingness to do one's own share in this accomplishment, and finally to suggest in detail the course of self-training which shall contribute to this end.

Righthandedness and Lefthandedness. With Chapters Treating of the Writing Posture, The Rule of the Road, etc. By George M. Gould, M.D.

The author discusses his subject under the following chapter headings: "The Origin of Righthandedness," "Why is a Particular Child Righthanded or Lefthanded?" "The Rule of the Road," "Study of a Case of Two-Handed Synchronous Writing," "Visual Func-

tion the Cause of Slanted Handwriting; Its Relation to School Hygiene, School Desks, Malposture, Spinal Curvature, and Myopia," "The Pathologic Results of Righteyedness and Lefteyedness," "A Patient's Struggle for Right-Eye Function," and "The Nomenclature of Dextral, Sinistral, and Attentional Organs and Functions."

Longmans, Green and Company:
(Columbia University Press.)

Ohio Before 1850. A Study of the Early Influence of Pennsylvania and Southern Populations in Ohio. By Robert E. Chad-dock, Ph.D.

In the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the faculty of political science of Colum-bia University.

Mayhew Publishing Company:

A Pocketful of Limericks. Written and Compiled by Ralph A. Lyon.

A collection of about fifty short non-sense verses, many of which have been reprinted from various newspapers and periodicals.

The McClure Company:

The Vegetable Garden. By Ida D. Bennett.

This volume deals with the various vegetables that form the staple of the small garden. It has chapters on fertilis-ers, insecticides, and garden tools. Com-plete tables, compiled by the editors of *Suburban Life*, at the end of the vol-ume, summarise all information concern-ing planting and the succession of crops. There are also many interesting photographs.

Mount Tom Press:

Inspired Millionaires. A Forecast. By Gerald Stanley Lee.

Short essays dealing with the various money problems in America to-day.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Comrades Four. By Edward R. Rich.

A volume of reminiscences by one who, during the Civil War, was a mem-ber of Company E, First Maryland Cavalry, Confederate States Army.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Wilderness Homes. A Book on the Log Cabin. By Oliver Kemp.

A book on log cabins and how to build them. Giving practical advice for the person who anticipates a "home" in the woods. The volume contains many interesting illustrations.

L. C. Page and Company:

The House in the Water. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A book of animal stories. The book takes its title from the first story in

which the author tells of the life of that tireless little worker, the beaver. The other stories are: "The White-slashed Bull," "When the Blueberries are Ripe," "The Glutton of the Great Snow," "When the Truce of the Wild is Done," "The Window in the Shack," "The Re-turn of the Moose," "From the Teeth of the Tide," "The Fight at the Wal-low" and "Sonny and the Kid."

In the Woods and on the Shore. By Rich-ard D. Ware.

The author tells of hunting caribou, the black moose, the bear, and other animals in Newfoundland and New Brunswick. He also writes of the trout of the Nepisiguit, and deals with other subjects of interest to the sportsman. He gives many details of camp life. The volume is illustrated with photo-graphs taken from life.

University of Pennsylvania:

The George Leib Harrison Foundation for the Encouragement of Liberal Studies and the Advancement of Knowledge. 1896-1906.

The George Leib Harrison Foundation was created in 1896 by gift of Charles C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. The present volume in-cludes an historical statement of the creation and administration of the Foundation, and the academic and sub-sequent record of the 173 holders of Fellowships and Scholarships during its first ten years.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most pop-ular new books, in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Mac-millan.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmil-lan.) \$1.50.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Mac-millan.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmil-lan.) \$1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.



5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Some Ladies in Haste. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. My Lost Duchess. Williams. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. A Fountain Sealed. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Great Issue. Walter. (Doscher.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Into the Primitive. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Orphan. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Voice of the City. Henry. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Fate's a Fiddler. Pinkham. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
3. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Silver Blade. Walk. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Spanish Jade. Hewlett. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Voice of the City. Henry. (McClure.) \$1.00.
6. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Meryl. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
3. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. The Spanish Jade. Hewlett. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.
5. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

3. The Sixth Speed. Rath. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife, Vorse. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Mystery of the Four Fingers. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Zollenstein. Ferguson. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. As the Hague Ordains. Anonymous. (Holt.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. and Mrs. Villiers. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) \$1.50.
5. The Black Bag. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Last Egyptian. (Anonymous.) (Stern.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Lost Court. D'Alpens. (McClure.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Shoulders of Atlas. Freeman. (Harper.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. In the Dead of Night. McIntyre. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancient Law. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Nun. Bazin. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
6. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Cheerful Smugglers. Butler. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Great Secret. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Golden Rose. Rives. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (Musson.) \$1.25.
4. The Under Groove. Stringer. (Musson.) \$1.25.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Heart of the Red Fir. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
3. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Primadonna. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	325
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	237
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	150
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	99
5. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.....	78
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.....	55

Vol. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1908

UNIV. OF MICH.
JUL 28 1908

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THE

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IV Spofford Brooke's "Four Victorian Poets"	MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER	599
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

PRICE, 25 CENTS

\$2.50 PER YEAR

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, Publishers, 372 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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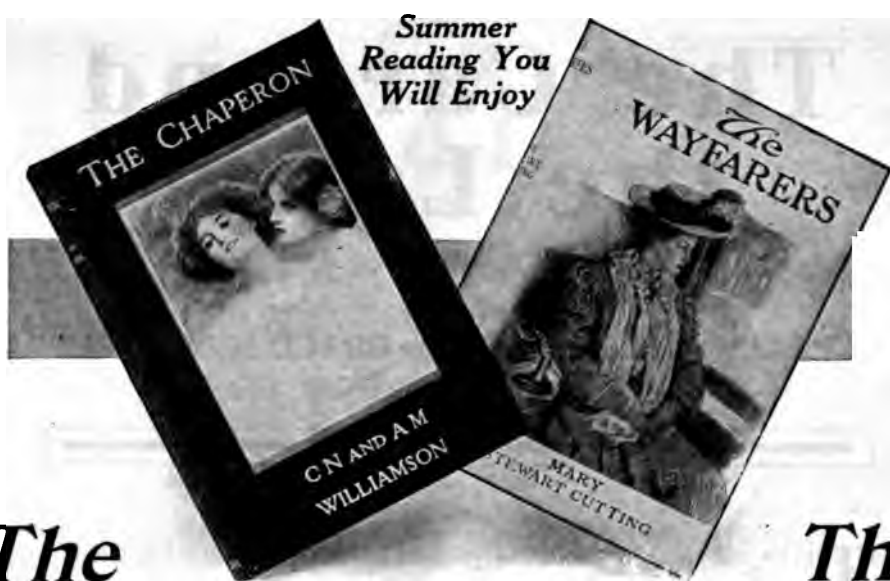
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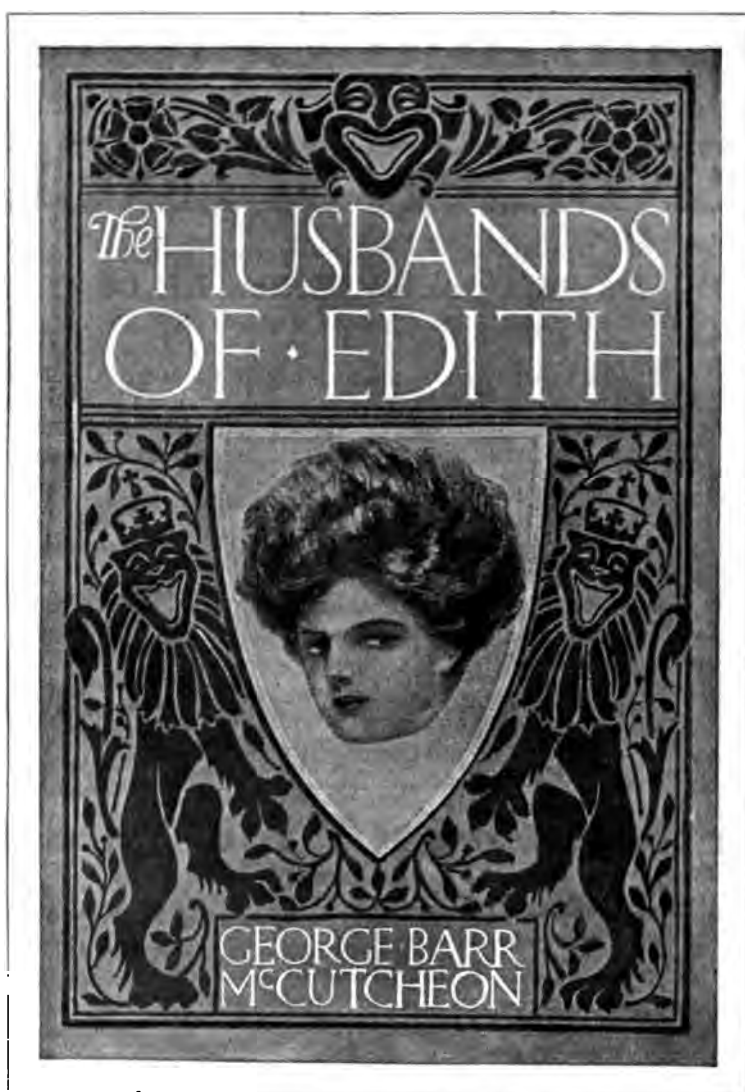
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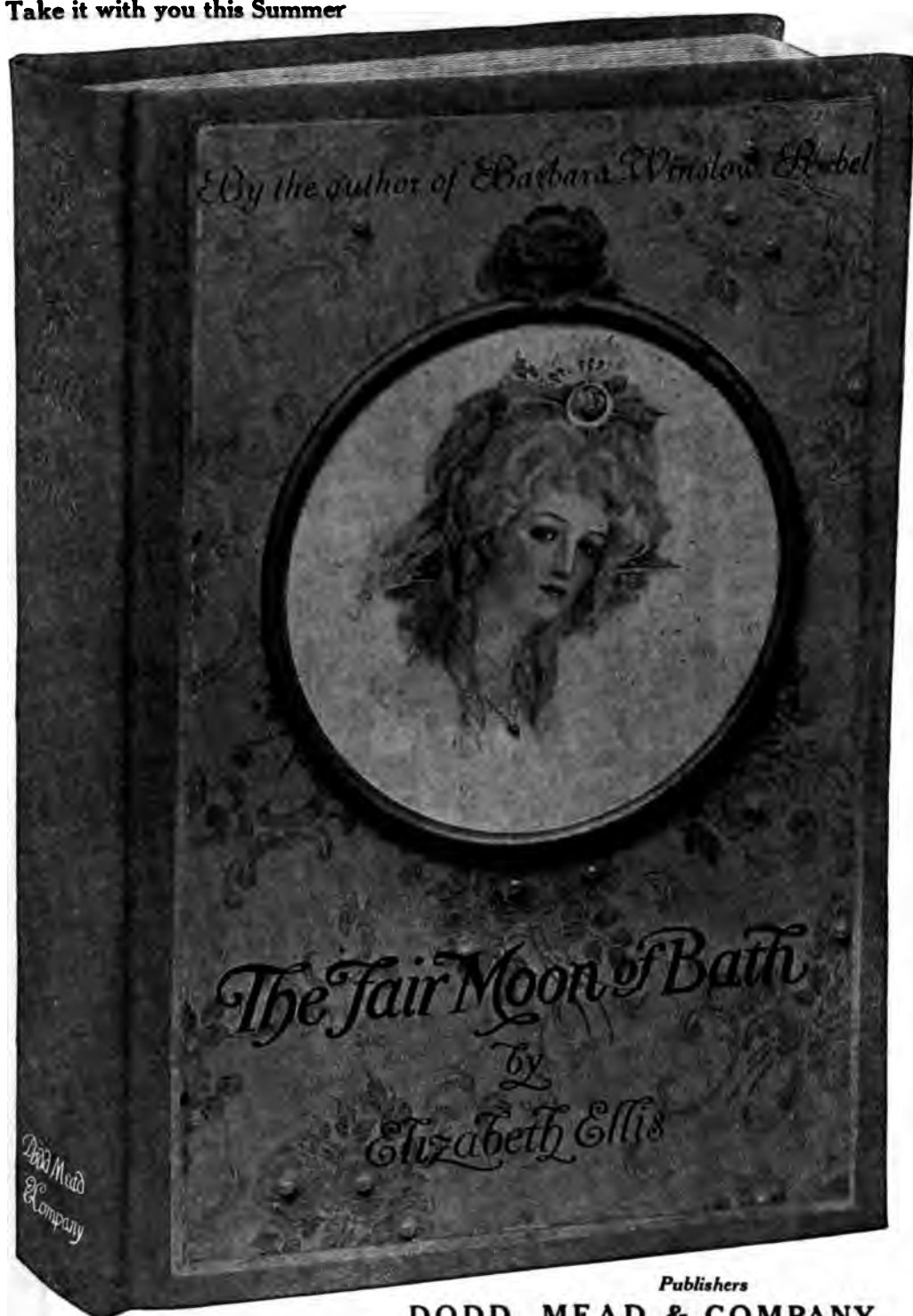
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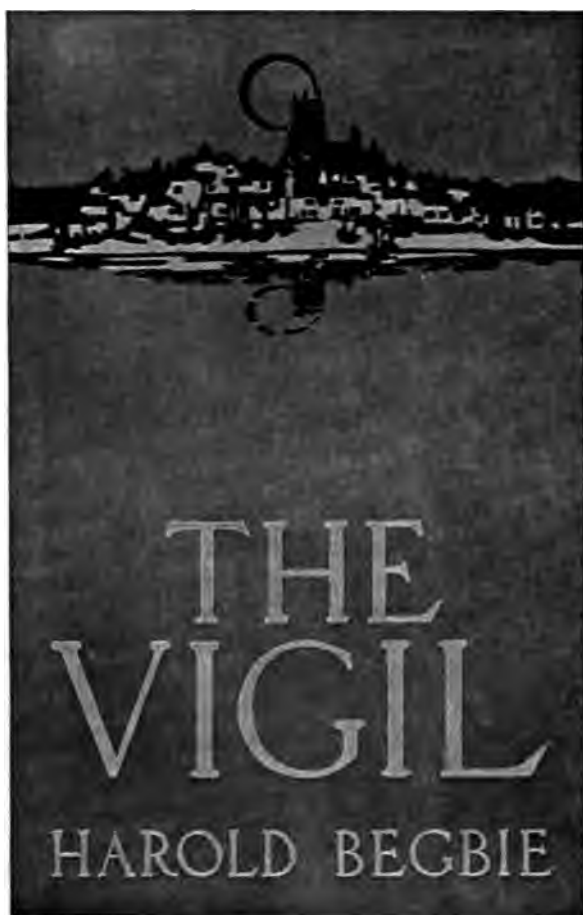
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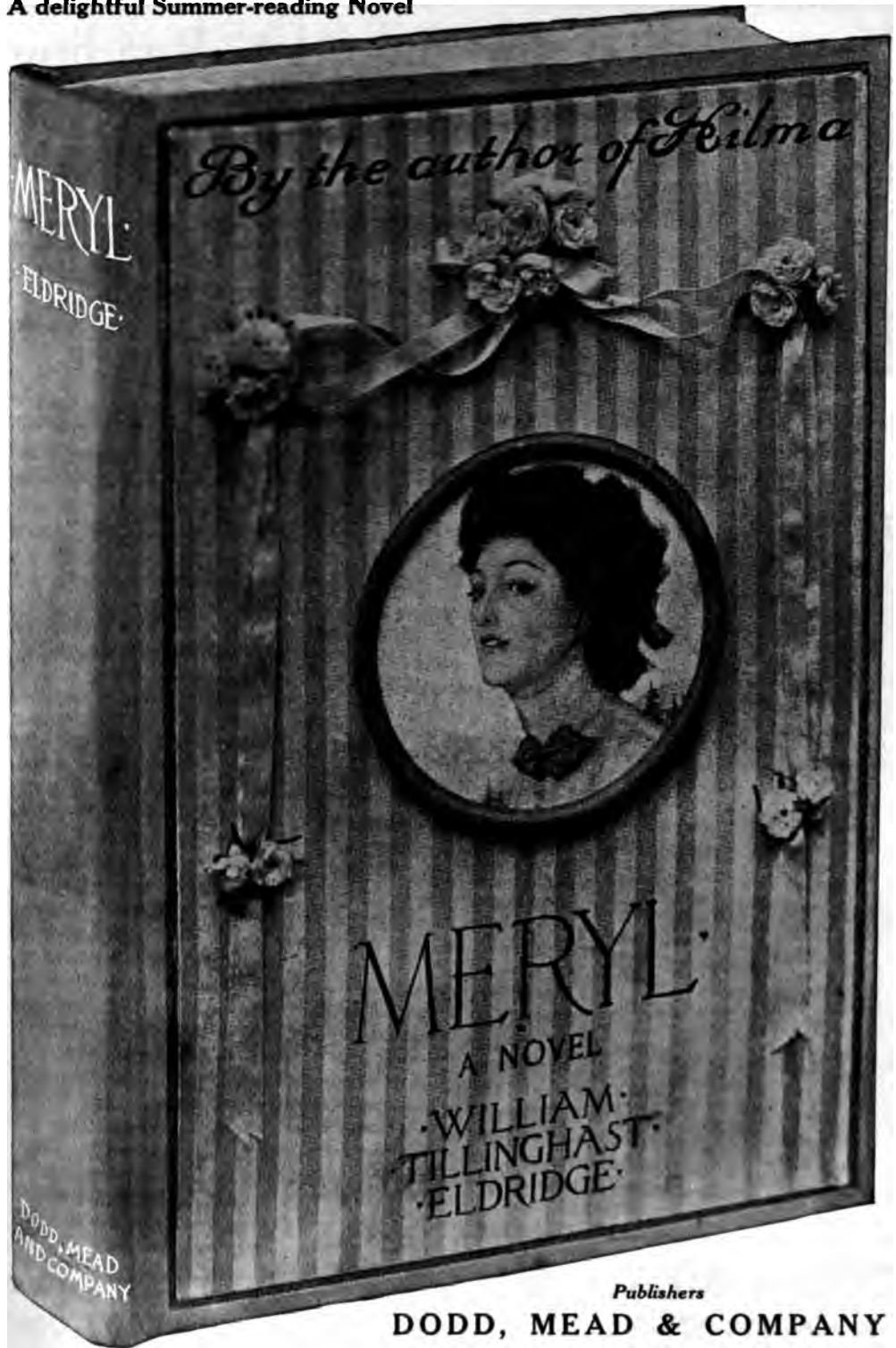
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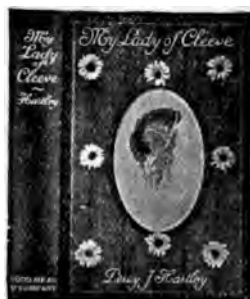


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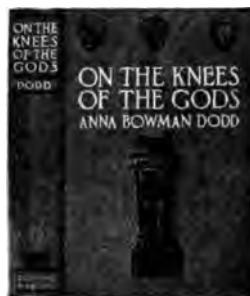
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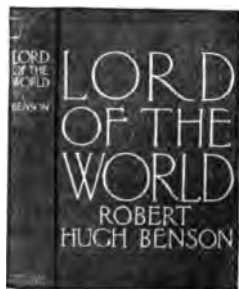
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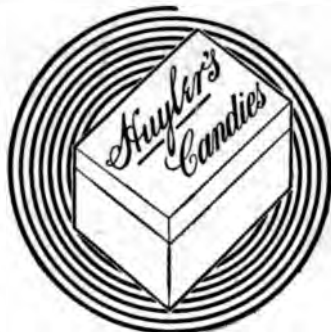
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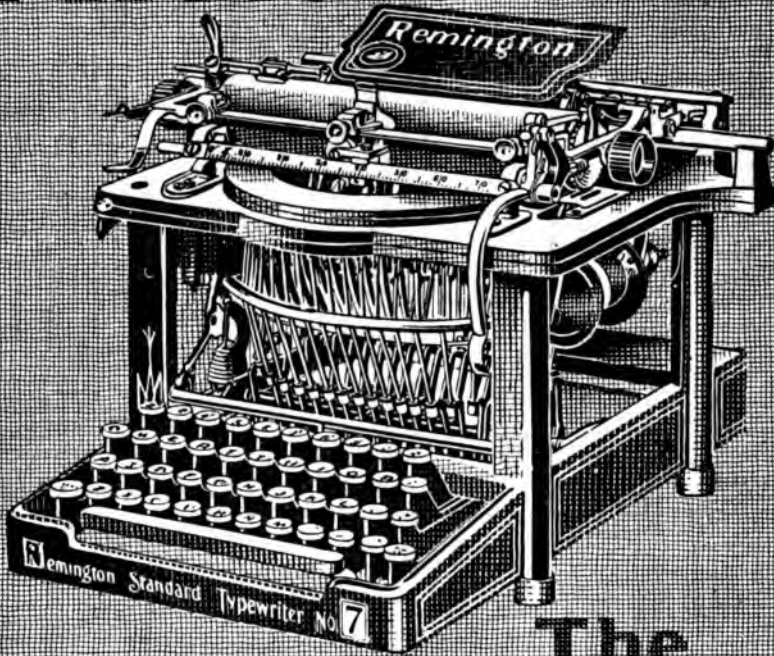
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